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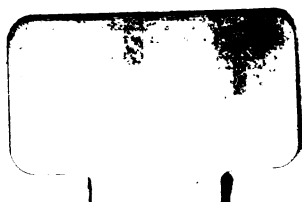
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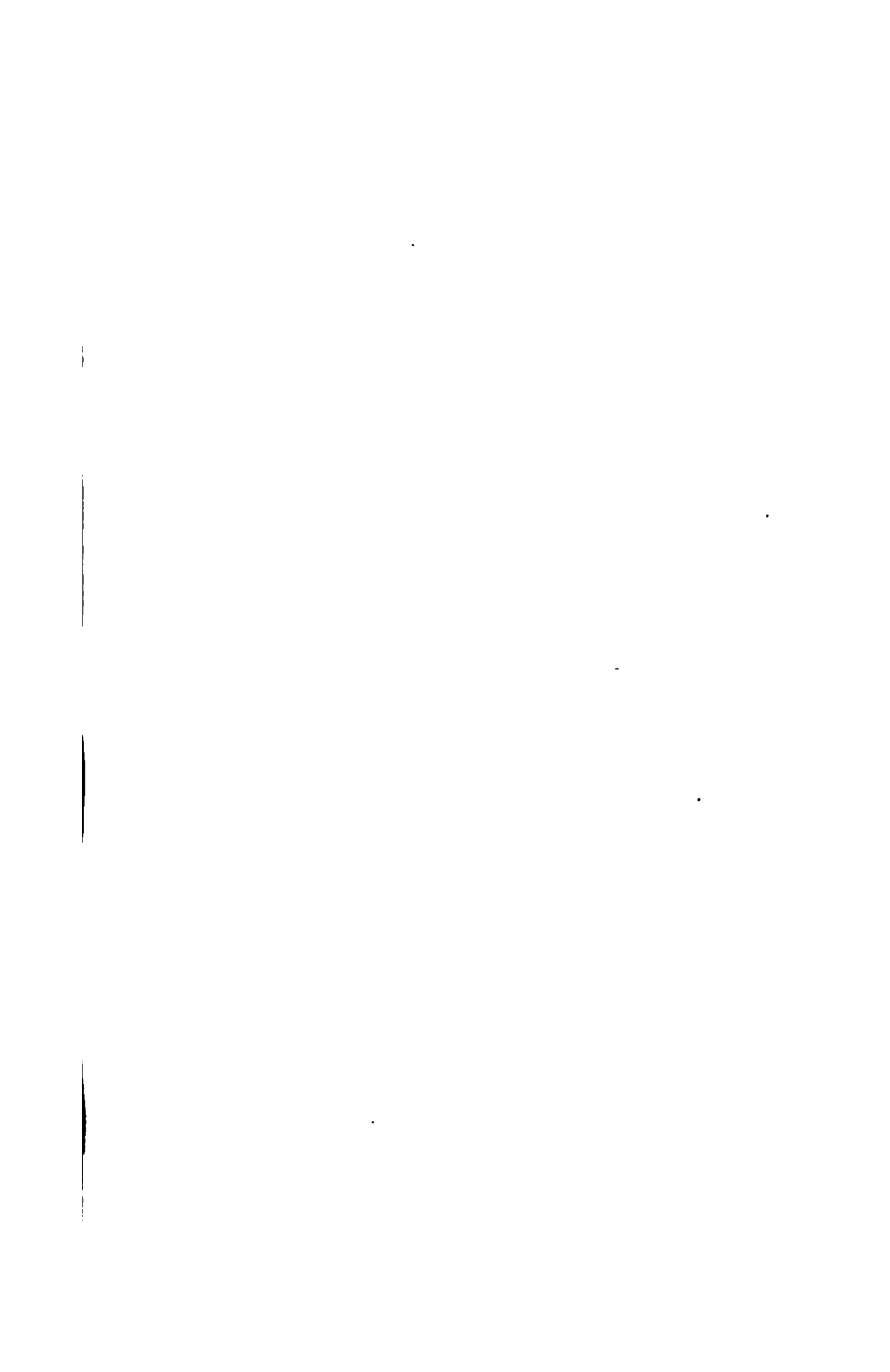




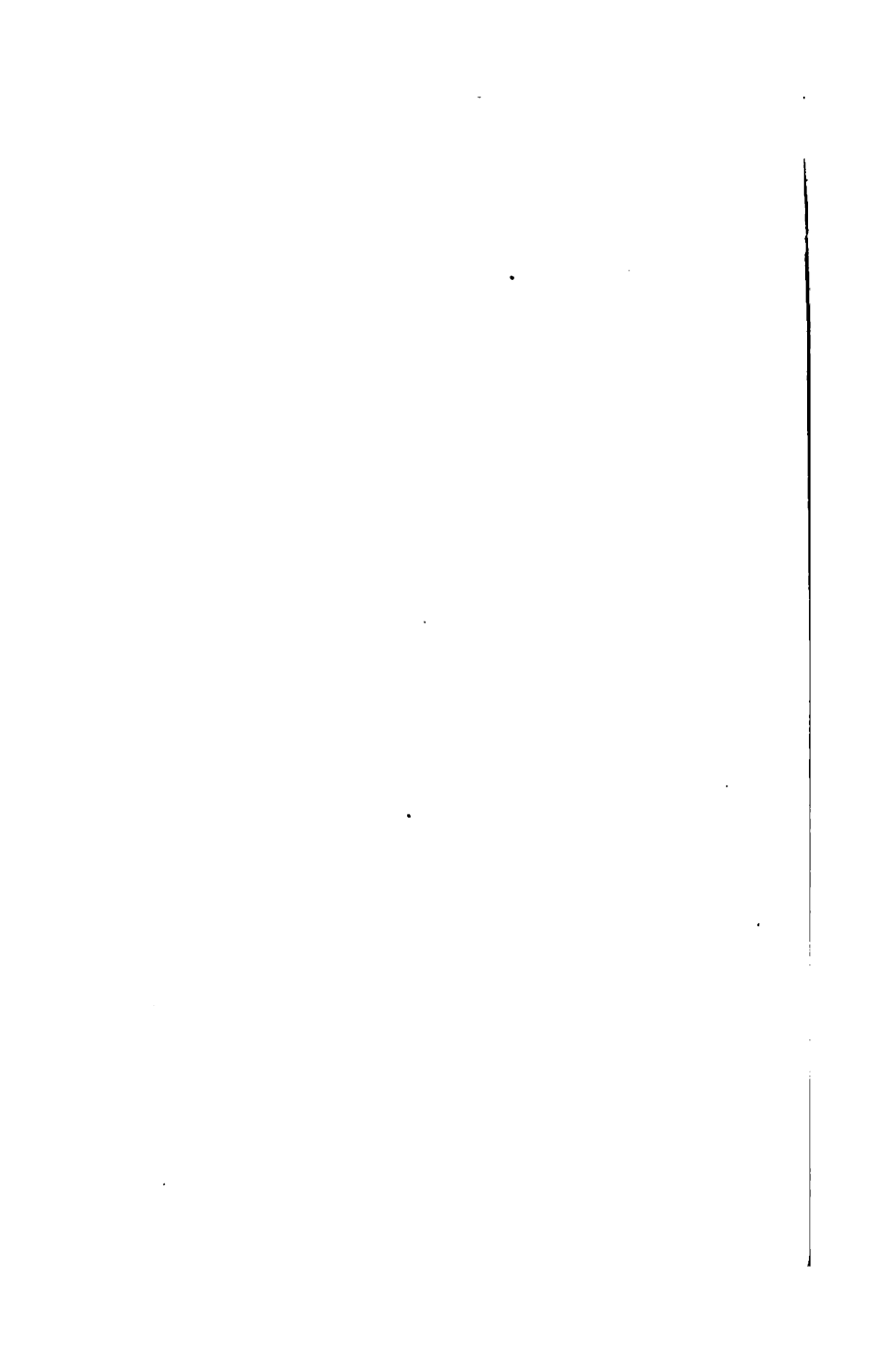
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MONTGOMERY'S POEMS.







Frontispiece.

THE WORLD BEFORE THE FLOOD.

"At length, with solemn step, amidst the scene—
Enoch stood forth."—P. 98.

[REDACTED]

1

POEMS.

BY

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

A MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR.

A New Edition, with Illustrations.

LONDON:
ROUTLEDGE, WARNE, & ROUTLEDGE,
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A MEMOIR
OF
JAMES MONTGOMERY.*

JAMES MONTGOMERY was born November 4, 1771, in the little town of Irvine, in Ayrshire ; a place which has also had the honour of giving birth to John Galt, and of being for about six months the abode of Robert Burns, when a youth, who was sent there to learn the art and mystery of flax-dressing, but his master's shop being burnt, he quitted Irvine and that profession at the same time. The house in which Burns resided does not seem to be now very positively known, but it was in the Glasgow Vennel. The house where Montgomery was born is well known. It is in Halfway Street, and was pointed out to the writer by the zealous admirer and chronicler of all that belongs to genius, Mr. Maxwell Dick, of Irvine, in whose possession are some of the most interesting of the autograph copies of Burns' Poems, especially the *Cotter's Saturday Night*.

The house of Montgomery, at the time of his birth and till his fifth year, was a very humble one. His father was the Moravian minister there, and probably had not a large congregation. We know how the ministers of this pious people will labour on in the most physically or morally desolate scene, if they can hope but to win one soul. The cottage, of late years inhabited by a common weaver, consists of two rooms only on the ground floor, one of which was occupied by the loom. The chapel, which used to stand opposite, is now pulled down. This cottage

* Taken chiefly from the interesting notice of James Montgomery, by William Howitt, in his "Homes and Haunts of the British Poets."

is located in a narrow alley, back from the street. When sixty years of age, the poet visited his birthplace, and was received there by the provost and magistrates of the town with great honour; in his own words, "the heart of all Irvine seemed to be moved on the occasion, and every soul of it, old and young, rich and poor, to hail me to my birthplace." Accompanied by his townsmen, he visited the cottage of his birth, and was surprised to find the interior marked by a memorial of his having been born there. Mr. Dick, who was present on this occasion, said, that no sooner had he entered the first room, which used to be, as it is still, the sitting-room, than the memory of his childhood came strongly back upon him, and he sat down and recounted various things which he recollected of the apartment, and of what had taken place in it.

The year after this visit to his birthplace, Montgomery received an official letter from the authorities, stating that, as the town-chest contained one of the original manuscripts of the poet Burns, it was requested that he would enrich this depository with a similar gift. He accordingly sent them the original copy of "The World before the Flood" in manuscript, which is there preserved.

In his fifth year he returned with his parents to Grace Hill, a settlement of the Moravian Brethren, near Ballymena, in the county of Antrim, in Ireland; where his parents had resided previously to the year of the poet's birth. When between six and seven he was removed to the seminary of the Brethren at Fulneck, in Yorkshire. In the year 1783 his parents were sent out as missionaries to the West Indies, to preach to the poor slave the consoling doctrine of another and a better world, "where the wretched hear not the voice of the oppressor," and "where the servant is free from his master." There they both died. One lies in the island of Barbadoes, the other in Tobago.

Beneath the lion-star they sleep,
Beyond the western deep,
And when the sun's noon-glory crests the waves,
He shines without a shadow on their graves.

In the Fulneck academy, amongst a people remarkable for their ardour in religion, and their industry in the pursuit of useful learning, James Montgomery received his education.

He was intended for the ministry, and his preceptors were every way competent to the task of preparing him for the important office for which he was designed. His studies were various : the French, German, Latin, and Greek languages ; history, geography, and music ; but a desire to distinguish himself as a poet soon interfered with the plan laid out for him. When ten years old he began to write verses, and continued to do so with unabated ardour till the period when he quitted Fulneck, in 1787 ; they were chiefly on religious subjects.

This early devotion to poetry, irresistible as it was, he was wont himself to regard as the source of many troubles. It retarded his improvement at school, he has said, and finally altered his destination in life, compelling him to exchange an almost monastic seclusion from society, for the hurry and bustle of a world, which, for a time, seemed disposed to repay him but ill for the sacrifice. It is not to be supposed, however, that his opinion of this change remained the same. In whatever character James Montgomery had performed his allotted work in this world, he would have performed it with the same conscientious stedfastness. In his heart, the spirit of his pious parents, and of that society in which he was educated, would have made him a faithful servant of that Master, whom he has so sincerely served. Whether he had occupied a pulpit here, or had gone out to preach Christianity in some far-off and savage land, he would have been the same man, faithful and devout. But it may well be questioned whether in any other vocation he could have been a tenth part as successfully useful as he has been. There was need of him in the world, and he was sent thither, spite of parentage, education, and himself. There was a talent committed to him that is not committed to all. He was to be a minister of God, but it was to be from the hallowed chair of poetry, and not from the pulpit. There was a voice to be raised against slavery and vice, and that voice was to perpetuate itself on the rhythmical page, and to kindle thousands of hearts with the fire of religion and liberty long after his own was cold. There was a niche reserved for him in the temple of poetry, which no other could occupy. It was that of a bard who, freeing his most religious lays from dogmas, should diffuse the love of religion by the religion of love. He himself has shown how well he knew his appointed business, and how sacredly he

had resolved to discharge it, when, in *A Theme for a Poet*, he asks,—

What monument of mind
Shall I bequeath to deathless fame,
That after-times may love my name?

And after detailing the characteristics of the principal poets of the age, he adds :—

*Transcendent masters of the lyre !
Not to your honours I aspire ;
Humbler, yet higher views
Have touched my spirit into flame ;
The pomp of fiction I disclaim :
Fair Truth ! be thou my muse :
Reveal in splendour deeds obscure—
Abase the proud, exalt the poor.*

*I sing the men who left their home,
Amidst barbarian hordes to roam,
Who land and ocean crossed,—
Led by a lead-star, marked on high
By Faith's unseen, all-seeing eye,—
To seek and save the lost ;
Where'er the curse on Adam spread,
To call his offspring from the dead.*

*Strong in the great Redeemer's name,
They bore the cross, despised the shame,
And, like their Master here,
Wrestled with danger, pain, distress,
Hunger, and cold, and nakedness,
And every form of fear ;
To feel his love their only joy,
To tell that love their sole employ.*

The highest ambition of James Montgomery was, then, to do that by his pen which his brethren did by word of mouth. He had not abandoned that great object to which he had as an orphan been, as it were, dedicated by those good men in whose hands he had been left ; he had only changed the mode of attaining it. At the very time that he quitted their tranquil asylum and broke forth into the world, he was, unknown to himself and them, following the unseen hand of Heaven. His lot was determined, and it was not to go forth into the wilderness of the

north or south, of Labrador or South Africa, but of the active world of England. There wanted a bold voice, of earnest principle, to be raised against great oppressions; a spirit of earnest duty, to be infused into the heart of poetic literature; and a tone of heavenly faith and confidence given to the popular harp, for which thousands of hearts were listening in vain; and he was the man. That was the work of life assigned to him. He was to be still of the *UNITAS FRATRUM*—still a missionary;—and well has he fulfilled his mission!

Fulneck, the chief settlement of the Moravian Brethren in England, at which we have seen that Montgomery continued till his sixteenth year, is about eight miles from Leeds. It was built about 1760, which was near the time of the death of Count Zinzendorf.* It was then in a fine and little-inhabited country. It is now in a country as populous as a town, full of tall chimneys vomiting out enormous masses of soot rather than smoke, and covering the landscape with an eternal veil of black mist. The villages are like towns for extent. Stone and smoke are equally abundant. Stone houses, door-posts, window-frames, stone floors and stone stairs, nay, the very roofs are covered with stone slabs, and when they are new, are the most completely-drab buildings. The factories are the same. Where windows are stopped up, it is with stone slabs. The fences to the fields are stone walls, and the gate-posts are stone, and the stiles are stones reared so close to one another, that it is tight work getting through them. Not a bit of wood is to be seen except the doors, water-spouts, and huge water-butts, which are often hoisted in front of the house on the level of the second floor, on strong stone rests. The walls, as well as wooden frames in the fields, are clothed with long pieces of cloth, and women stand mending holes or smoothing off knots in them, as they hang. Troops of boys and girls come out of the factories at meal times, as blue as so many little blue-devils, hands, faces, clothes, all blue from weaving the fresh-dyed yarn. The older mill-girls go cleaner and smarter, all with coloured handkerchiefs tied over their heads, chiefly bright red ones, and look very continental. Dirty rows of children sit on dirty stone door-sills,

* The chief of the Moravians in England, where he first introduced the sect in 1737. He died at Chelsea in 1760.

and there are strong scents of oat-cake, and Genoa oil, and oily yarn. There is a general smut of blackness over all, even in the very soil and dust. And Methodist Chapels—Salems and Ebenezers—are seen on all sides. Who that has ever been in a cloth-weaving district, does not see the place and people?

The visitor to Fulneck, on approaching it from the high road, will observe, after a tolerably-long walk, a long row of stately roofs, with a belfry, or cupola, crowned with a vane in the centre. These are the roofs of the Moravian settlement of Fulneck, the front looking towards a fine valley, on the opposite slope of which are noble woods, and a stately old brick mansion. That is the house, and that the estate of a Mr. Tempest, who will have no manufactory on his land. This is the luckiest tempest that was ever heard of; for it keeps a good open space in front of Fulneck clear, though it is elbowed up at each end, and backed up behind with factories, and workpeople's houses; and even beyond Mr. Tempest's estate you see other tall, soot-vomiting chimneys rearing themselves on other ridges; and the eternal veil of Cimmerian smoke-mist floats over the fair, ample, and beautifully-wooded valley, lying between the settlement and these swarthy apparitions of the manufacturing system, which seem to long to step forward and claim all—ay, and finally to turn Fulneck into a weaving-mill, as they probably will one day.

The situation, were it not for these circumstances, is fine. It has something monastic about it. The establishment consists of one range of buildings, though built at various times. There are the school, chapel, master's house, &c., in the centre, of stone, and a sisters' and brothers' house, of brick at each end, with various cottages behind. A fine broad terrace-walk extends along the front, a furlong in length, being the length of the buildings; from which you may form a conception of the stately scale of the place, which is one-eighth of a mile long. From this descend the gardens, play-grounds, &c., down the hill for a great way, and private walks are thence continued as far again, to the bottom of the valley, where they are further continued along the brook side, amongst the deep woodlands. The valley is called the Tong valley; the brook the Tong; and Mr. Tempest's house, on the opposite slope, Tong Hall.

At the left hand, and as you stand in front of the building, look-

ing over the valley, lies the burial-ground, or, as they would call it in Germany, the "Friedhof," or court of peace. It reminds one much of that of Herrnhut, except that it descends from you, instead of ascending. It is covered with a rich green turf, is planted round and down the middle with sycamore trees, and has a cross walk, not two or three, like Herrnhut. Mr. Wilson, the director, on being asked by the writer whether this arrangement had not originally a meaning—these walks forming a cross—said he believed it had, and that the children were buried in a line, extending each way from the centre perpendicular walk, along the cross walk, from a sentimental feeling that they were thus laid peculiarly in the arms of Jesus, and in the protection of his cross. The grave-stones are laid flat, just as at Herrnhut, and of the same size and fashion. Here, however, we miss the central row of venerable tombs of the Zinzendorf family, and those simple memorial stones lying around them, every one of which bears a name of patriarchal renown in the annals of this society of devoted Christians. Yet even here we cannot avoid feeling that we walk amid the ashes of the faithful descendants of one of the most remarkable and most ancient branches of God's church, whose history Montgomery has so impressively sketched in a few lines:—

When Europe languish'd in barbarian gloom,
Beneath the ghostly tyranny of Rome,
Whose second empire, cowed and mitred, burst
A phoenix from the ashes of the first;
From persecution's piles, by bigots fired,
Among Bohemian mountains Truth retired.
There, midst rude rocks, in lonely glens obscure,
She found a people, scatter'd, scorn'd, and poor;
A little flock through quiet valleys led,
A Christian Israel in the desert fed;
While roaming wolves that scorn'd the shepherd's hand,
Laid waste God's heritage through every land.
With these the lovely exile sojourn'd long;
Soothed by her presence, solaced by her song,
They toil'd through danger, trials, and distress,
A band of virgins in the wilderness,
With burning lamps amid their secret bowers,
Counting the watches of the weary hours,
In patient hope the Bridegroom's voice to hear,
And see his banner in the clouds appear.

But when the morn returning chased the night,
These stars that shone in darkness, sunk in light.
Luther, like Phosphor, led the conquering day,
His meek forerunners waned, and pass'd away.

Ages rolled by ; the turf perennial bloom'd
O'er the lorn relics of those saints entomb'd :
No miracle proclaim'd their power divine,
No kings adorn'd, no pilgrims kiss'd their shrine ;
Cold and forgotten, in the grave they slept :
But God remember'd them :—their Father kept
A faithful remnant ; o'er their native clime
His spirit moved in his appointed time ;
The race revived at His Almighty breath,
A seed to serve him from the dust of death.
" Go forth, my sons, through heathen realms proclaim
Mercy to sinners in a Saviour's name."
Thus spake the Lord ; they heard and they obey'd ;
—Greenland lay wrapp'd in nature's heaviest shade ;
The gaunt barbarians met them on the shore
With joy and wonder hailing from afar,
Through polar storms, the light of Jacob's star.

The internal arrangements of the establishments are just the same as at all their settlements. The chapel, very much like a Friends' meeting-house, only having an organ ; and the bedrooms of the children are large, ventilated from the roof, and furnished with the same rows of single curtainless beds, with white coverlets, reminding you of the sleeping-rooms of a nunnery.

When Montgomery removed from Fulneck, the views of his friends were so far changed, that we find him placed by them in a retail shop, at Mirfield, near Wakefield. Here, though he was treated with great kindness, and had only too little business, and too much leisure to attend to his favourite pursuit, he became exceedingly disconsolate, and after remaining in his new situation about a year and a half, he privately absconded, and with less than five shillings in his pocket, and the wide world before him, began his career in pursuit of fame and fortune. His ignorance of mankind, the result of his retired and religious education,—the consequent simplicity of his manners, and his forlorn appearance,—exposed him to the contempt of some, and to the compassion of others, to whom he applied. The brilliant bubble of patronage, wealth, and celebrity, which floated before

his imagination, soon burst, and on the fifth day of his travels he found a situation similar to the one he had left, at the village of Wath, near Rotherham. A residence in London was the object of his ambition ; but wanting the means to carry him thither, he resolved to remain in the country till he could procure them. Accordingly, he wrote to his friends amongst the Moravian Brethren, whom he had forsaken, requesting them to recommend him to his new master, conscious that they had nothing to allege against him, excepting the imprudent step of separating himself from them ; and not being under articles at Mirfield, he besought them not to compel him to return. He received from them the most generous propositions of forgiveness, and of an establishment more congenial to his wishes. This he declined, frankly explaining the causes of his late melancholy, but concealing the ambitious motives which had secretly prompted him to withdraw from their benevolent protection. Finding him unwilling to yield, they supplied his immediate necessities, and warmly recommended him to the kindness of the master he had chosen. It was this master, with whom he remained only twelve months, that, many years afterwards, in the most calamitous period of Montgomery's life, sought him out amidst his misfortunes, not for the purpose of offering consolation only, but of serving him substantially by every means in his power. The interview which took place between the old man and his former servant, the evening previous to his trial at Doncaster, ever lived in the remembrance of him who could forget an injury, but not a kindness. No father could have evinced a greater affection for a darling son ; the tears he shed were honourable to his feelings, and were the best testimony to the conduct and integrity of James Montgomery.

A curious incident, worth relating here, is told in Holland and Everett's life of the poet, as occurring at the time when he waited at Wath for his testimonials from Fulneck, before being engaged by his new master. Aware of the proximity of Wentworth House, and having heard of the affable and generous character of its noble owner, Earl Fitzwilliam, the young adventurer conceived the idea of presenting him with a copy of verses. Accordingly, with a fluttering heart in his bosom, and a fairly-transcribed copy of his poem in his pocket, he proceeded to

Wentworth Park, where he had the good fortune to meet his lordship. The verses were presented, read by the earl on the spot, and in return the young poet received a golden guinea—the first money which his poetry procured for him.

From Wath he removed to London, having prepared his way by sending a volume of his manuscript poems to Mr. Harrison, then a bookseller in Paternoster-row. Mr. Harrison, who was a man of correct taste and liberal disposition, received him into his house, and gave him the greatest encouragement to cultivate his talents, but none to publish his poems; seeing, as he observed, no probability that the author would acquire either fame or fortune by appearing at that time before the public. The remark was just; but it conveyed the most unexpected and afflicting information to our youthful poet, who yet knew little of the world, except from books, and who had permitted his imagination to be dazzled with the accounts which he had read of the splendid success and magnificent patronage which poets had formerly experienced. He was so disheartened by this circumstance, that, on an occasion of a misunderstanding with Mr. Harrison, he, at the end of eight months, quitted the metropolis, and returned to Wath, where he was received with a hearty welcome by his former employer. While in London, having been advised to turn his attention to prose, as more profitable than verse, he composed an Eastern story, which he took one evening to a publisher in the east end of the town. Being directed through the shop, to the private room of the great man, he presented his manuscript in form. The prudent bookseller read the title, marked the number of pages, counted the lines in a page, and made a calculation of the whole; then, turning to the author, who stood in astonishment at this summary mode of deciding on the merit of a work of imagination, he very civilly returned the copy, saying—"Sir, your manuscript is too small—it won't do for me; take it to K—, he publishes those kind of things." Montgomery retreated with so much confusion from the presence of the bookseller, that, in passing through the shop, he dashed his unfortunate head against a patent lamp, broke the glass, spilt the oil, and, making an awkward apology to the shopmen, who stood tittering behind the counter, to the no small mortification of the poor author, he

rushed into the street, equally unable to restrain his vexation or his laughter, and retired to his home, filled with chagrin at this ludicrous and untoward misfortune.

On his journey from London to Wath, which was made in one of the heavy coaches of those days, Montgomery was so much struck by the countenance and appearance of his *ris-à-vis* traveller, that the impression never left his mind. He was stern and silent, with a gloomy visage, like that of a Cortes or Pizarro. His figure was tall and thin; he had an atrabilious countenance, with a spasmodic twitching of the muscles of the face, and a blue beard reaching almost to his keen eyes, from the occasional glances of which Montgomery shrank as from the fascination of a rattlesnake. "He was," said Montgomery, "precisely one of those persons whom you feel it would be unsafe to offend." On the arrival of the coach at Nottingham, this mysterious stranger left it, and Montgomery read upon the label of his portmanteau, "Hon. Capt. Byron." No doubt, therefore, that this remarkable individual was no other than the father of the afterwards celebrated poet Lord Byron, who was on his way to Newstead Abbey.

From Wath, where Montgomery had sought only a temporary residence, he removed in 1792, and engaged himself with Mr. Gales of Sheffield, as an assistant in his business of auctioneer. Gales was also a bookseller, and printed a newspaper, in which popular politics were advocated with great zeal and ability. To this paper Montgomery contributed essays and verses occasionally; but though politics sometimes engaged the service of his hand, the Muses had his whole heart, and he sedulously cultivated their favour; though no longer with those false, yet animating hopes, which formerly stimulated his exertions. In 1794, when Mr. Gales left England, to avoid a government prosecution for an alleged libel, a gentleman, to whom Montgomery was an almost entire stranger, enabled him to undertake the publication of the paper* on his own account; but it was a perilous situation on which he entered; the vengeance which was ready to burst upon his predecessor soon fell upon him.

* Originally called the *Sheffield Register*, but soon after it came under Montgomery's management it bore the name of the *Iris*; he conducted that paper for thirty-one years.

At the present day it would scarcely be believed, were it not to be found in the records of a court of justice, that in 1795 Montgomery was convicted of a libel on the war then carrying on between Great Britain and France, by publishing, at the request of a stranger whom he had never seen before, a song written by a clergyman of Belfast, *nine months before the war began*. This fact was admitted in the court; and though the name of this country did not occur in the libel, nor was there a single note or comment of any kind whatever affixed to the original words, which were composed at the time and in censure of the duke of Brunswick's proclamation and march to Paris, he was pronounced *guilty*, and sentenced to three months' imprisonment, and a fine of twenty pounds. Mr. M. A. Taylor presided on this occasion. The first verdict delivered by the jury, after an hour's deliberation, was "*Guilty of publishing*." This verdict, tantamount to an acquittal, they were directed to reconsider, and to deduce the malicious intention, not from the circumstances attending the publication, but from the words of the song. Another hour's deliberation produced the general verdict of "*Guilty*."

Scarcely had Montgomery, then but about twenty-three years of age, returned to his home, when he was again called upon to answer for another offence. A riot took place in the streets of Sheffield, in which, unfortunately, two men were shot by the military. In the warmth of his feelings he detailed the dreadful occurrence in his paper. The details were deemed a libel, and he was again sentenced to six months' imprisonment, and a fine of thirty pounds. The magistrate who prosecuted him on this occasion is now dead, and Montgomery would be the last man in the world who could permit anything to be said here in justification of himself, which might seem to cast a reflection on the memory of one who afterwards treated him with the most friendly attention, and promoted his interest by every means in his power.

The active imagination of Montgomery had induced him to suppose that the deprivation of liberty was the loss of every earthly good; in confinement he learned another lesson, and he bore it with fortitude and cheerfulness. In York Castle he had opportunities of amusement, as well as leisure for study; and he found kindness, consolation, and friendship, within the walls

of a prison. Writing to one of his friends at this time, he says of his prison companions,—“There are four well-behaved persons, who have lived in the most respectable circles, and seen better days ; and also eight of the people called Quakers, who are confined for refusing to pay tithes. There are three venerable grey-headed men amongst them. One of the old Quakers is my principal and best companion ; a very gay, shrewd, cheerful man, with a heart as honest and as tender as his face is clear and shining.” Another was Joseph Brown, who afterwards died in prison, after a confinement of two years, and in whose memory Montgomery wrote a well-known and greatly-admired poem. During confinement he wrote, and prepared for the press, a volume of poems, which he published, in 1797, under the title of “Prison Amusements.”

The poet's first imprisonment was, in many respects, the bitterest ; but it was during the second term that the view from his window, commanding the meadows along the Ouse, with their walks, trees, and a particular windmill, caused in him such intense longings for liberty, that the moment he was liberated he hurried out of the court, descended to the Ouse, and perambulated its banks, where he had seen the people so often walking. The poet's account of this enjoyment of his restored liberty is extremely touching : “One fine morning, in the middle of April,” says he, “I was liberated. Immediately I sallied forth, and took my walk in the direction from whence, with feelings which none but an emancipated captive can fully understand, I looked back upon the castle walls to the window of that very chamber from which I had been accustomed to look forward with wishful eye and with hope, upon the ground which I was now treading with a spring in my step, as though the very ground were elastic under my feet. While I was thus traversing the fields, in the joy of liberty long wished for and come at last, I diverged from the track, now to the right, then to the left, like a butterfly fluttering here and there, just to prove my legs that they were no longer under restraint, but might tread where they pleased, and that I was in reality abroad in the world again,—not gazing at a section of landscape over stone walls that might not be scaled ; nor, when in the castle-yard the ponderous gates or the little wicket happened to be opened, looking up the street from a particular point which

might not be passed. To some wise people this may appear very childish, even in such a stripling as I then was, but the feeling was pure and natural."

The castle is spacious. It consists of buildings of different dates and styles, and an ample court. No part of it is old, except a large round tower, called Clifford's Tower, which stands on a mount just within the walls. The rest consists of four buildings. One is the Court-house, in which the county assizes are held, parallel with the river Ouse, from which it is but a few hundred yards distant. Opposite to this is what was once the felons' and crown-prisoners' prison; a building with several Ionic columns in the centre, and two at each end. This has of late years been chiefly occupied by a turnkey's family, and the female prisoners. The large area between these buildings is closed at one end by the debtors' prison, and at the other by Clifford's Tower. Between the tower and the turnkey's house just mentioned stands the new felons' prison. This, as well as the outer court walls and entrance gate, is built of solid stone in castellated style. The room occupied by Montgomery is now in the turnkey's house, and is the bedroom of the servant.

The most extraordinary scene in the place is an iron cage in the lobby of the keeper's house, containing the irons of some of the most signal malefactors, and the weapons with which they committed their murders. Among these are Dick Turpin's shackles, with a massy bar of iron, about two feet long, and more than twenty-eight pounds weight, which were put on his legs when he had twice escaped out of the castle; and a girdle of iron to put round his waist, with chains and iron handcuffs for his hands. There is also a piece of the skull of Daniel Clarke, murdered, as it is said, by Eugene Aram.

From the time of his imprisonment in this place, Mr. Montgomery continued to reside in Sheffield. For the long period of half a century he was essentially bound up with the literary and social progress of the place. Editing, for the greater part of that period, the *Iris* newspaper, on which his name and writings conferred a popular celebrity; and from time to time sending forth one of his volumes of poetry, there is no question that the influence of his taste and liberal opinions has been greatly instrumental in the growth of that spirit of intelligence and moral culture which highly distinguished Sheffield. With the

religious world, as was to be expected, James Montgomery has always stood in high esteem, and in the most friendly relation. Through his own exertions, the proceeds of his pen, and a pension of £150 a year, in testimony of his poetic merit, the poor orphan who set out from the little shop at Mirfield to seek fame and fortune with less than five shillings in his pocket, for some years retired to an enjoyment of both ; and no man ever reached the calm sunshine of life's evening with a purer reputation, or a larger share of the grateful affection of his townsmen, or of the honour of his countrymen in general. One of his oldest friends, from whose written statements were obtained some of the facts here given, sketched during his lifetime the following well-merited character of James Montgomery :—" It may be said, that nature never infused into a human composition a greater portion of kindness and general philanthropy. A heart more sensibly alive to every better, as well as every finer feeling, never beat in a human breast. Perhaps no two individuals, in manners, pursuits, character, and composition, ever more exactly corresponded with each other, than Montgomery and Cowper. The same benevolence of heart, the same modesty of deportment, the same purity of life, the same attachment to literary pursuits, the same fondness for solitude and retirement from the public haunts of men ; and to complete the picture, the same ardent feeling in the cause of religion, and the same disposition to gloom and melancholy. His person, which is rather below the middle stature, is neatly formed : his features have the general expression of simplicity and benevolence, rendered more interesting by a hue of melancholy that pervades them. When animated by conversation, his eye is uncommonly brilliant, and his whole countenance is full of intelligence. He possesses great command of language ; his observations are those of an acute and penetrating mind, and his expressions are frequently strikingly metaphorical and eloquent. By all who see and converse with him he is esteemed ; by all who know him, he is beloved."

Strangers visiting Sheffield will have a natural curiosity to see where Montgomery so many years resided, and whence he sent forth his poems and his politics. That spot is in the Hartshead ; one of the most singular situations for such a man and purpose often to be met with. Luckily, it is about the centre of the

town, and not far to seek. Going up the High-street, various passages under the houses lead to one common centre—the Hartshead—a sort of *cul de sac*, having no carriage road through, but only one into it, and that not from the main street. The shop, which used to be the *Iris* office, is of an odd ogee shape, at the end of a row of buildings. It has huge, ogee-shaped windows, with dark-green shutters. The door is at the corner, making it a three-cornered shop. It was, at the time the writer visited it, a pawnbroker's shop, the door and all round hung with old garments. The shelves were piled with bundles of pawned clothes, ticketed. The houses round this strange hidden court, in which it stands, are nearly all public-houses, with low eating-houses, and dens of pettifogging lawyers; and, strange to say, even the pawnbroker's shop was afterwards converted into another beer-house!

But, leaving the beer-house of the Hartshead,—says Mr. Howitt, writing in 1845,—we shall find the poet of religion and refinement residing at the Mount, on the Glossop road, the WEST END of Sheffield. It is, apparently, at least a mile and a half from the old *Iris* office, and is one regular ascent all the way. The situation is lovely, lying high; and there are many pleasant villas built on the sides of the hill in their ample pleasure-grounds, the abodes of the wealthy manufacturers. The Mount, *par excellence*, is the house, or rather terrace, where Montgomery lived. It is a large building, with a noble portico of six fine Ionic columns, so that it seems a residence fit for a prince. It stands in ample pleasure-grounds and looks over a splendid scene of hills and valleys.

In the drawing-room hung the portrait of the Incognita, on whom the beautiful lyric under that title was written. As is there stated, he saw the picture at Leamington; it hung, in fact, in his lodgings, and completely fascinated his fancy—and no wonder. It was afterwards purchased by one of his friends, and presented to him. It is evidently a family portrait, by Lely, or Kneller more probably; at all events, by a master. The picture is of the size of life, three-quarters figure; and its subject is a slender young lady in a pale silk dress. She is very beautiful, and the expression of her countenance is very amiable. All that Montgomery could learn from his landlady was, that it had belonged to Sir Charles Knightly, of

Warwickshire ; and there can, therefore, be little doubt that this fascinating creature, fit to inspire any poet, was one of his family.

Below the Mount, on the other side of the road, lie the botanic gardens. These, stretching down the hill-side, are charmingly situated. "The kind and active poet, though in his seventy-fifth year"—continues Mr. Howitt—"accompanied me to see them. You enter by a sort of Grecian portico, and to the right hand, along the top of the gardens, see a fine, long conservatory, in which the palms, parasitical, and other tropical plants are in the most healthy state. The curator, a very sensible Scotchman, seemed to have a particular pleasure in pointing out his plants to us. What struck me most was, however, not so much the tropical plants, as the size to which he has cultivated certain plants which we commonly see small. The common, sweet-scented heliotrope, in a pot, was at least five feet high, and had a stem quite woody, and at least an inch in diameter. It formed, in fact, a tree, and being in full bloom, filled all the conservatory with its odour. The fuchsias were the same, though this is not so unusual. They were tied up to rods, and reaching to the very roof, formed archways hung with their crimson blossoms. The scarlet geraniums were the same ; had stems nearly as thick as one's wrist, and were not, I suppose, less than twelve feet high. How much superior to the dwarf state in which we usually keep this magnificent plant ! which in Australia forms the lofty perennial hedge of gardens, mingled with some woody shrub. The curator said that they cut all the side branches from these plants quite close, in the autumn or early spring, and that they shoot out afresh and flower.

"The gardens themselves are extensive and beautifully varied. In one place you come to secluded waters and thickets ; in another to an open wide lawn, all filled with beds of every imaginable kind of roses in glowing masses ; in another, to the remains of the original forest, with its old trees and heathery sward, and with fine views over the neighbouring valleys in different directions. It is a most delightful place for walking in, and was naturally a great resort and luxury of the poet's. We traversed it, I suppose, for a couple of hours, and talked over a multitude of poets and poetry. At the gate I took my adieu of James Montgomery, the most genuinely-religious poet of the

age. The visitor to those pleasant gardens will find the memory of the poet beautifully commemorated by several trees which he planted ; two of which are Chilian pines, at the head of the principal walk, and immediately in front of the conservatory."

Montgomery died suddenly at the Mount ; life passing away in sleep, on the afternoon of Sunday, April 30th, 1854, in the eighty-third year of his age. His townspeople honoured him by a public funeral, and he was interred in a beautiful spot of the cemetery, near the western end of the church ; one of his own beautiful hymns being sung over the uncovered grave, at the conclusion of the usual burial service, by the choir of the parish church and the children of the boys' and girls' charity schools, to which the poet had long been a benefactor, and to which he left bequests in his will.

Sheffield has been poetically fortunate. It has had the honour, not to give birth to two eminent poets—a mere accident, but to produce them. Neither Montgomery nor Elliott were born in Sheffield ; but there their minds, tastes, and reputations grew. In both poets are strongly recognizable the intellectual features of a manufacturing-town. They are both of a popular and liberal tendency of mind. They, or rather their spirits and characters, grew amid the physical sufferings and the political struggles of a busy and high-spirited population, and by these circumstances all the elements of freedom and patriotism were strengthened to full growth in their bosoms. Montgomery came upon the public stage, both as a poet and a political writer, long before Elliott, though the difference of their ages was not so great as might be supposed from this fact, being only about ten years.

It is not intended here—pursues Mr. Howitt—to compare or to contrast the intellectual characters of these two genuine poets. They are widely different. In both, the spirit of freedom, of progress, of sympathy with the multitude, and of steady antagonism to oppression, manifest themselves, but with much difference of manner. Both possess great vigour and fervour ; but in Montgomery the decorums of style are more strictly preserved, We feel that he received his education in a very different school to that of Ebenezer Elliott. In the still halls and gardens of

the Moravian brethren, Montgomery imbibed the softness of bearing, and that peculiarly religious tone which distinguish him. Amidst the roughest and often most hostile crowd of struggling life, Elliott acquired a more fiery and battling aspect, and he learned involuntarily to thunder against evils, where Montgomery would reason and lament. Yet it would be difficult to say in which all that characterizes real patriotism, and real religion, most truly resides. In very different walks, they both did gloriously and well, and we will leave to others to decide which is the greater poet of the two. Elliott, by both circumstance and temperament, was led to make his poetry bear more directly and at once upon the actual condition of the working classes; Montgomery displayed more uniform grace, and in lyrical beauty far surpassed his townsman, though not in the exquisite harmony of many portions of his versification. But they are not now to be compared, but to be admired; and nothing is more beautiful than to find in what tone and manner they spoke of each other. Montgomery gave Ebenezer Elliott the highest praise for his genius, and was for years, in the *Iris*, the only one who could or would see the merit of the great, but unacknowledged bard; while Elliott modestly dedicated his poem of "Spirits and Men" to the author of "The World before the Flood," "as an evidence of his presumption and his despair."

James Montgomery was essentially a religious poet. The son of religious parents, and belonging to a pre-eminently religious body, the Moravian brethren, the spirit of that parentage, education, and association, is deeply diffused through all that he has written. Perhaps there are no lyrics in the language which are so truly Christian; that is, which breathe the same glowing love to God and man, without one tinge of the bigotry that too commonly eats into zeal as rust into the finest steel. We have no dogmas, but a pure and heavenly atmosphere of holy faith, filial and fraternal affection, and reverence of the great Architect of the universe, and of the destinies of man. There is often a tone of melancholy, but it is never that of doubt. It is the sighing of a sensitive heart over the evils of life; but ever and anon this tone rises into the more animated one of conscious strength and well-placed confidence; and terminates in that psalm of happy triumph to which the Christian only can ascend. There is no "dealing damnation round the land" in the religious

poetry of James Montgomery; we feel that he has peculiarly caught the genuine spirit of Christ; and a sense of beauty and goodness, and of the glorious blessedness of an immortal nature, accompanies us through all his works. That is the spirit which, more than all other, distinguishes his lyrical compositions; and how many, and how beautiful are they!

But it is not merely in the lyrical productions of his muse that Montgomery has indicated the deep feeling of piety that lives as a higher life in him; in every one of those larger and very beautiful poems, in which we might have rather supposed him bent on indulging his literary ambition, and sitting down to a long and systematic piece of labour, which should remain a monument of the more continuous if not higher flights of his genius, we perceive the same still higher object of a sacred duty towards God and man. In no instance has he been content merely to develop his poetical powers, merely to aim at amusing and delighting. Song has been to him a holy vocation, an art practised to make men wiser and better, a gift held like that of the preacher and the prophet, for the purposes of heaven and eternity. In every one of those productions are still recognized the zealous and devoted spirit of one of that indefatigable and self-renouncing people, who from the earliest ages of the Christian Church have trod the path of persecution, and won the burning crown of martyrdom; and in the present age continue to send out from their still retreats in Europe an increasing and untiring succession of labourers, male and female, to the frozen regions of the north, and to the southern wilds of Africa, to civilize and Christianize those rude tribes, which others, bearing the Christian name, have visited only to enslave or extirpate.

The "Wanderer of Switzerland," the poem which first won him a reputation, is a glowing lyric of liberty, and denunciation of the diabolical war-spirit of the revolutionary French, and is animated by the most sacred love of country, and of the hallowed ground and hallowed feelings of the domestic hearth.

In "Greenland," the poet celebrates the missionary labours of the body to which his parents and brother belonged.

The "West Indies" is a heroic poem, on one of the most heroic acts which ever did honour to the decrees of a great nation—the abolition of the slave-trade. But it was a work not

merely of triumph over what was done, but of incentive to what yet remained to do—to the abolition of slavery itself. Time has shown what a stupendous mustering of national powers that achievement has demanded. What a combination of all the eloquence, and wisdom, and exertions, of all the wisest, noblest, and best men of, perhaps, the most glorious period of our history, was needed ! Time has shown that the very slave-trade was only abolished on paper. Like a giant monster, that hideous traffic laughed at our enactments, and laughs at them still, having nearly quadrupled the number of its annual victims since the great contest against it was begun. But amongst those whose voices and spirit have been in fixed and perpetual operation against this vile cannibal commerce, none more effectually exercised their influence than James Montgomery. His poem, arrayed in all the charms and graces of his noble heart, has been read by every genuine lover of genuine poetry. It has sunk into the generous heart of youth ; and who shall say in how many it has been in after years the unconscious yet actual spring of that manly demand for the extinction of the wrongs of the African, which all good men in England, and wherever the English language is read, still make, and will make till it be finally accomplished ? What fame of genius can be put in competition with the profound satisfaction of a mind conscious of the godlike privilege of aiding in the happiness of man in all ages and regions of the earth, and feeling that it has done that by giving to its thoughts the power and privileges of a spirit, able to enter all houses at all hours, and stimulate brave souls to the bravest deeds of the heroism of humanity ?

There are great charms of verse displayed in the poem of *The West Indies*. One would scarcely have believed the subject of the slave-trade capable of them. But the genial, glowing descriptions of the West Indian Islands, and of the torrid magnificence of the interior of Africa, show a master-hand :—

Regions immense, unsearchable, unknown—
Bask in the splendour of the solar zone ;
A world of wonders,—where creation seems
No more the works of Nature, but her dreams,—
Great, wild, and beautiful.

While the white villains of Europe, desecrating the name

~~SECRET~~

[illegible]

as has 'Bible' which is 'book' - the same goes with the
unstable the source of truth & eternal correctness This question
of the unstable and the source of the good over the wisdom
of the mindless source is dealing with morality and a fall
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Shashan had never been mentioned. Alongside published
the "Journal of Nature" is 1922: "From my a First" is 1922: "A
Shashan Shashan," 1925; the "Pelican Island," a long poem
published in 1925, and in 1925 collected works first appeared

In the preceding sketch of James Montgomery we are enabled to add a few particulars, relating to the deceased poet and his works, borrowed from the preface to Dr. Willmott's recently illustrated edition of his selected poems:—

With "the memory of the just" continues to be blessed, from antiquity has a claim to be remembered. He did his work, and did it well. He was a true poet, a kind friend, an honest poetist, and a sincere Christian. Persecuted by the ultrarights, and abandoned by the Jacobins (as the contending factions were called in those days), he dared to be impartial in praise and blame. He was respected by all parties: Poel nen-

sioned him, and Brougham asked his advice on the education of the people. With all his fancy, he was a practical man, and successfully put off the poet to become the chairman of a Gas-company.

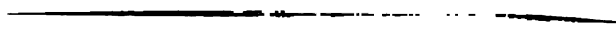
He was never married, but in the loving solicitude of womanly friendship the reader sees a reflection of the tenderness which comforted Cowper, whom in temperament he resembled ; for we learn from himself that his disposition was gloomy and irritable, "forecasting the fashion of uncertain ills." On one occasion, after intrusting the MS. of "Prose by a Poet" to the Guard of the Mail, with the strictest injunctions to watch over its safety, he walked two miles on the London road to be quite sure that the precious packet had not been dropped at the beginning of the journey ; and at another time, being seized while walking in the fields, with sudden apprehensions of immediate death, he wrote his name with a pencil on a slip of paper, in order that his body might be safely carried to his house. He seems to have suffered constitutionally from what are called low spirits ; unlike his friend Southey, who wrote to him :—"As for me, the skylark on a summer morning is not more joyous than I am ; and if I had wings on my shoulders I should be up with her in the sunshine, carolling for pure joy." The pensiveness and melancholy of his disposition are traced in all his poetry. Mrs. Holland told him : "In many lines of Javan's love, his tenderness, and his regrets, your thoughts were too full of James Montgomery. He sat for your hero, and the picture was drawn to the life ;" and Southey writes of the "Peak Mountains,"—"This poem is your own true strain ; it has the passion, the melancholy, and the religious ardour, which are the elements of all your poetry."

Up to middle age, Montgomery was a "stated" member of no Christian community ; but the associations of childhood were fresh in his memory, and on his forty-third birthday he expressed a desire to be re-admitted into Moravian fellowship. His wish was gratified, December 6, 1814 ; but as the Society had no chapel in Sheffield, he continued his connection with the Methodists. He was, indeed, in the true sense of the word, Catholic in all his tastes and feelings ; joining frequently in public worship with Churchmen and Dissenters, helping every good work, and showing himself a cordial fellow-labourer with Romanists and Quakers in the wide field of local charity and

love. He never willingly failed to go to church on Ascension Day, and often expressed a wish that all sects of Christians might meet together on Holy Thursday—one vast congregation—to worship God in the name of their Common Saviour. My own recollections confirm the favourable view, though I was in the poet's company but for a single morning, which the lines of Wordsworth, with a slight subtraction of years, may describe :—

We talked with open heart and tongue,
Affectionate and true ;
A pair of friends, though I was young,
And Matthew seventy-two.

Every reader perceives his musical ear. Once he was a "smattering musician," "strummed" the harpsichord at school, and almost "blew out his brains with a hautboy ;" he abandoned the practice, but never lost the passionate love of the art. And it is observable in his versification, which is uniformly sweet and flowing ; his couplets combine the grace of Parnell, and the naturalness of Goldsmith, with a richer melody. His hand forgot its cunning in blank verse. The "Pelican Island" contains numerous examples of what Ebenezer Elliot called the "clicks" of Kehama, and is frequently flat and prosaic. Some of his Lyrics are charming ; and the "Common Lot" might be bound up with the "Elegy" of Gray. Mrs. Montague exceeded the privilege of flattery, when she assured the Poet, that she knew no character "so sublime as that of Enoch," in the "World before the Flood ;" for his strength lay in fancy and pathos. He himself traced the secret of "his moderate success" to the direction of his abilities to a right object. He followed no leader in poetry, and belonged to no school, but appealed to universal principles, to imperishable affections, and to the elements of our common nature. Hence the young, the tender, and the devout, have listened with their hearts to the poet who sang of love, in all its beautiful aspects of home and spiritual life. His seat in the Temple of Fame may not be among the highest, but it is safe, and he will always have his tablet on the wall.



THE WANDERER OF SWITZERLAND.

PART I.

A Wanderer of Switzerland and his family, consisting of his Wife, his Daughter, and her young Children, emigrating from their Country, in consequence of its subjugation by the French in 1798, arrive at the Cottage of a Shepherd beyond the Frontiers, where they are hospitably entertained.

Shepherd. Wanderer ! whither dost thou roam ?
Weary Wanderer, old and gray !
Wherefore hast thou left thine home
In the sunset of thy day ?

Wanderer. In the sunset of my day,
Stranger ! I have lost my home :
Weary, wandering, old and gray,
Therefore, therefore do I roam.

Here mine arms a wife enfold,
Fainting in their weak embrace ;
There my daughter's charms behold,
Withering in that widow'd face.

These her infants—Oh, their sire,
Worthy of the race of TELL,
In the battle's fiercest fire,—
In his country's battle fell !

Shep. Switzerland then gave thee birth ?
Wand. Ay—'twas Switzerland of yore ;
But, degraded spot of earth !
Thou art Switzerland no more .

O'er thy mountains, sunk in blood,
Are the waves of ruin hurl'd ;
Like the waters of the flood
Rolling round a buried world.

Shep. Yet will Time the deluge stop ;
Then may Switzerland be blest :
On St. Gothard's hoary top
Shall the Ark of Freedom rest.

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Wand. No !—Irreparably lost,
On the day that made us slaves,
Freedom's Ark, by tempest tost,
Founder'd in the swallowing waves.

Shep. Welcome. Wanderer as thou art,
All my blessings to partake ;
Yet thrice welcome to my heart,
For thine injured country's sake.

On the western hills afar,
Evening lingers with delight,
While she views her favourite star
Brightening on the brow of night.

Here, though lowly be my lot,
Enter freely, freely share
All the comforts of my cot,
Humble shelter, homely fare.

Spouse ! I bring a suffering guest,
With his family of grief ;
Give the weary pilgrims rest,
Yield the exiles sweet relief !

Shep.'s Wife. I will yield them sweet relief :
Weary pilgrims ! welcome here ;
Welcome, family of grief !
Welcome to my warmest cheer.

Wand. When in prayer the broken heart
Asks a blessing from above,
Heaven shall take the Wanderer's part,
Heaven reward the stranger's love.

Shep. Haste, recruit the failing fire,
High the winter-faggots raise :
See the crackling flames aspire ;
Oh, how cheerfully they blaze !

Mourners ! now forget your cares,
And, till supper-board be crown'd,
Closely draw your fireside chairs ;
Form the dear domestic round.

Wand. Host ! thy smiling daughters bring,
Bring those rosy lads of thine :
Let them mingle in the ring
With these poor lost babes of mine.

Shep. Join the ring, my girls and boys ;
This enchanting circle, this
Binds the social loves and joys ;
'Tis the fairy-ring of bliss !

- Wand.* O ye loves and joys ! that sport
 In the fairy-ring of bliss,
 Oft with me ye held your court ;
 I had once a home like this,
 Bountiful my former lot
 As my native country's rills ;
 The foundations of my cot
 Were her everlasting hills.
 But those streams no longer pour
 Rich abundance round my lands ;
 And my father's cot no more
 On my father's mountain stands.
 By an hundred winters piled,
 When the glaciers, dark with death,
 Hang o'er precipices wild,
 Hang—suspended by a breath ;
 If a pulse but throb alarm,
 Headlong down the steeps they fall ;—
 For a pulse will break the charm,—
 Bounding, bursting, burying all.
 Struck with horror, stiff and pale,
 When the chaos breaks on high,
 All that view it from the vale,
 All that hear it coming, die :—
 In a day and hour accurst,
 O'er the wretched land of TELL,
 Thus the Gallic ruin burst,
 Thus the Gallic glacier fell !
- Shep.* Hush that melancholy strain ;
 Wipe those unavailing tears :
- Wand.* Nay—I must, I will complain ;
 'Tis the privilege of years :
 'Tis the privilege of Woe,
 Thus her anguish to impart :
 And the tears that freely flow
 Ease the agonizing heart.
- Shep.* Yet suspend thy griefs awhile :
 See the plenteous table crown'd :
 And my wife's endearing smile
 Beams a rosy welcome round.
 Cheese from mountain-dairies prest,
 Wholesome herbs, nutritious roots,
 Honey from the wild-bee's nest,
 Cheering wine, and ripen'd fruits :
 These, with soul-sustaining bread,
 My paternal fields afford :—
 On such fare our fathers fed ;
 Hoary pilgrim ! bless the board.

PART II.

After Supper, the Wanderer, at the desire of his Host, relates the sorrows and suffering of his Country during the invasion and conquest of it by the French, in connection with his own Story.

Shep. Wanderer ! bow'd with griefs and years
Wanderer, with the cheek so pale !
Oh, give language to those tears !
Tell their melancholy tale.

Wand. Stranger-friend ! the tears that flow
Down the channels of this cheek,
Tell a mystery of woe
Which no human tongue can speak.

Not the pangs of " Hope deferr'd "
My tormented bosom tear :—
On the tomb of Hope interr'd,
Scowls the spectre of Despair.

Where the Alpine summits rise,
Height o'er height stupendous hurl'd :
Like the pillars of the skies,
Like the ramparts of the world :

Born in Freedom's eagle nest,
Rock'd by whirlwinds in their rage,
Nursed at Freedom's stormy breast,
Lived my sires from age to age.

High o'er Underwalden's vale,
Where the forest fronts the morn ;
Whence the boundless eye might sail
O'er a sea of mountains borne :

There my little native cot
Peep'd upon my father's farm :—
Oh it was a happy spot,
Rich in every rural charm !

There my life, a silent stream,
Glid along, yet seem'd at rest ;
Lovely as an infant's dream
On the waking mother's breast.

Till the storm that wreck'd the world,
In its horrible career,
Into hopeless ruin hurl'd
All this aching heart held dear.

On the princely towers of Berne
Fell the Gallic thunder-stroke ;
To the lake of poor Lucerne,
All submitted to the yoke.

Reding then his standard raised,
Drew his sword on Brunnen's plain ;
But in vain his banner blazed,
Reding drew his sword in vain.

Where our conquering father's died ;
Where their awful bones repose ;
Thrice the battle's fate he tried,
Thrice o'erthrew his country's foes.

Happy then were those who fell
Fighting on their fathers' graves !
Wretched those who lived to tell
Treason made the victors slaves.

Thus my country's life retired,
Slowly driven from part to part ;
Underwalden last expired,
Underwalden was the heart.

In the valley of their birth,
Where our guardian mountains stand ;
In the eye of heaven and earth,
Met the warriors of our land.

Like their sires in olden time,
Arm'd they met in stern debate ;
While in every breast sublime
Glow'd the SPIRIT OF THE STATE.

Gallia's menace fired their blood ;
With one heart and voice they rose ;
Hand in hand the heroes stood,
And defied their faithless foes.

Then to heaven in calm despair,
As they turn'd the tearless eye,
By their country's wrongs they swore
With their country's rights to die.

Albert from the council came
(My poor daughter was his wife ;
All the valley loved his name ;
Albert was my staff of life) !

From the council-field he came ;
All his noble visage burn'd ;
At his look I caught the flame ;
At his voice my youth return'd.

Fire from heaven my heart renew'd ;
Vigour beat through every vein ;
All the powers, that age had hew'd,
Started into strength again.

Sudden from my couch I sprang,
Every limb to life restored ;
With the bound my cottage rang,
As I snatch'd my father's sword.

This the weapon they did wield
On Morgarten's dreadful day ;
And through Sempach's iron field
This the ploughshare of their way.

Then, my spouse ! in vain thy fears
Strove my fury to restrain ;
O my daughter ! all thy tears,
All thy children's, were in vain.

Quickly from our hastening foes,
Albert's active care removed,
Far amidst the eternal snows,
These who loved us,—these beloved.

Then our cottage we forsook ;
Yet as down the steepes we pass'd,
Many an agonizing look
Homeward o'er the hills we cast.

Now we reach'd the nether glen,
Where in arms our brethren lay ;
Thrice five hundred fearless men,
Men of adamant were they.

Nature's bulwarks, built by Time,
'Gainst Eternity to stand,
Mountains terribly sublime,
Girt the camp on either hand.

Dim behind, the valley brake
Into rocks that fled from view ;
Fair in front the gleaming lake
Roll'd its waters bright and blue.

'Midst the hamlets of the dale,
Stants, with simple grandeur crown'd,
Seem'd the mother of the vale,
With her offspring scatter'd round.

'Midst the ruins of the dale,
Now she bows her hoary head,
Like the widow of the vale
Weeping o'er her children dead.

Happier then had been her fate,
Ere she fell by such a foe,
Had an earthquake sunk her state,
Or the lightning laid her low !

Shep. By the lightning's deadly flash
Would her foes had been consumed !
Or amidst the earthquake's crash
Suddenly, alive, entomb'd !

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THE WANDERER OF SWITZERLAND.

"Sudden from my couch I sprang,
Every limb to life restored."--P. 6.

Why did justice not prevail ?
Wand. Ah ! it was not thus to be !
Shep. Man of grief ! pursue thy tale
 To the death of Liberty.



PART III.

The Wanderer continues his Narrative, and describes the Battle and Massacre of
 Unterwalden.

Wand. From the valley we descried,
 As the Gauls approach'd our shores,
 Keels that darken'd all the tide,
 Tempesting the lake with oars.

Then the mountain-echoes rang
 With the clangour of alarms :
 Shrill the signal-trumpet sang ;
 All our warriors leap'd to arms.

On the margin of the flood,
 While the frantic foe drew nigh ;
 Grim as watching wolves we stood,
 Prompt as eagles stretch'd to fly.

In a deluge upon land
 Burst their overwhelming might ;
 Back we hurl'd them from the strand,
 Oft returning to the fight.

Fierce and long the combat held—
 Till the waves were warm with blood ;
 Till the blooming waters swell'd,
 As they sank beneath the flood.

For on that triumphant day,
 Unterwalden's arms once more
 Broke Oppression's black array,
 Dash'd Invasion from her shore.

Gaul's surviving barks retired,
 Muttering vengeance as they fled ;
 Hope in us, by Conquest fired,
 Raised our spirits from the dead.

From the dead our spirits rose,
 To the dead they soon return'd ;
 Bright, on its eternal close,
 Unterwalden's glory burn'd.

Star of Switzerland ! whose rays
 Shed such sweet expiring light,
 Ere the Gallic comet's blaze
 Swept thy beauty into night :—

Star of Switzerland ! thy fame
No recording bard hath sung,
Yet be thine immortal name
Inspiration to my tongue !

While the lingering moon delay'd
In the wilderness of night,
Ere the morn awoke the shade
Into loveliness and light :—

Gallia's tigers, wild for blood,
Darted on our sleeping fold ;
Down the mountains, o'er the flood,
Dark as thunder-clouds they roll'd

By the trumpet's voice alarm'd,
All the valley burst awake ;
All were in a moment arm'd,
From the barriers to the lake.

In that valley, on that shore,
When the graves give up their dead,
At the trumpet's voice once more
Shall those slumberers quit their bed !

For the glen that gave them birth,
Hides their ashes in its womb :
Oh, 'tis venerable earth,
Freedom's cradle, Freedom's tomb !

Then on every side begun
That unutterable fight ;
Never rose the astonish'd sun
On so horrible a sight.

Once an eagle of the rock
('Twas an omen of our fate),
Stoop'd, and from my scatter'd flock
Bore a lambkin to his mate.

While the parents fed their young,
Lo ! a cloud of vultures lean.
By voracious famine stung,
Wildly-screaming rush'd between.

Fiercely fought the eagle-twin,
Though by multitudes oppress'd,
Till their little ones were slain,
Till they perish'd on their nest.

More unequal was the fray
Which our band of brethren waged
More insatiate o'er their prey
Gaul's remorseless vultures raged.

In innumerable waves,
Sworn with fury, grim with blood,
Headlong roll'd the hordes of slaves,
And engulf'd us with a flood.

In the whirlpool of that flood,
Firm in fortitude divine,
Like the eternal rocks we stood
In the cat'ract of the Rhine.*

Till by tenfold force assail'd,
In a hurricane of fire,
When at length our phalanx fail'd,
Then our courage blazed the higher.

Broken into feeble bands,
Fighting in dissever'd parts,
Weak and weaker grew our hands,
Strong and stronger still our hearts.

Fierce amid the loud alarms,
Shouting in the foremost fray,
Children raised their little arms
In their country's evil day.

On their country's dying bed,
Wives and husbands pour'd their breath ;
Many a youth and maiden bled,
Married at thine altar, Death !

Wildly scatter'd o'er the plain,
Bloodier still the battle grew ;—
O ye spirits of the slain !
Slain on those your prowess slew :

Who shall now your deeds relate ?
Ye that fell unwept, unknown ;
Mourning for your country's fate,
But rejoicing in your own !

Virtue, valour, nought avail'd
With so merciless a foe ;
When the nerves of heroes fail'd,
Cowards then could strike a blow.

Cold and keen the assassin's blade
Smote the father to the ground,
Through the infant's breast convey'd
To the mother's heart a wound.†

Underwalden thus expired ;
But at her expiring flame,
With fraternal feeling fired,
Lo, a band of Switzers came.

From the steeps beyond the lake,
Like a winter's weight of snow,
When the huge Lavanges break,
Devastating all below ;

* At Schaff hausen.

† An indiscriminate massacre followed the battle.

Down they rush'd with headlong might,
 Swifter than the panting wind ;
 All before them fear and flight !
 Death and silence all behind !

How the forest of the foe
 Bow'd before their thunder strokes !
 When they laid the cedars low ;
 When they overwhelm'd the oaks !

Thus they hew'd their dreadful way ;
 Till by numbers forced to yield,
 Terrible in death they lay,
 The AVENGERS OF THE FIELD.



PART IV.



The Wanderer relates the circumstances attending the death of Albert.

Shep. Pledge the memory of the Brave,
 And the Spirits of the dead :
 Pledge the venerable Grave,
 Valour's consecrated bed !

Wanderer ! cheer thy drooping soul,
 This inspiring goblet take :
 Drain the deep delicious bowl,
 For thy martyr'd brethren's sake.

Wand. Hail !—all hail ! the Patriot's grave,
 Valour's venerable bed !
 Hail ! the memory of the Brave,
 Hail ! the Spirits of the dead !

Time their triumphs shall proclaim,
 And their rich reward be this,—
 Immortality of fame !
 Immortality of bliss !

Shep. On that melancholy plain,
 In that conflict of despair,
 How was noble Albert slain ?
 How didst thou, old warrior, fare ?

Wand. In the agony of strife,
 Where the heart of battle bled,
 Where his country lost her life,
 Glorious Albert bow'd his head.

When our phalanx broke away,
And our stoutest soldiers fell,—
Where the dark rocks dimm'd the day,
Scowling o'er the deepest dell ;

There, like lions old in blood,
Lions rallying round their den,
Albert and his warriors stood ;
We were few, but we were men !

Breast to breast we fought the ground,
Arm to arm repell'd the foe ;
Every motion was a wound,
And a death was every blow.

Thus the clouds of sunset beam
Warmer with expiring light :
Thus autumnal meteors stream
Redder through the darkening night.

Miracles our champions wrought—
Who their dying deeds shall tell ?
Oh, how gloriously they fought !
How triumphantly they fell !

One by one gave up the ghost,
Slain, not conquer'd,—they died free !
Albert stood,—himself an host !
Last of all the Swiss was he !

So, when night with rising shade
Climbs the Alps from steep to steep,
Till in hoary gloom array'd
All the giant-mountains sleep—

High in Heaven their monarch stands,
Bright and beauteous from afar,
Shining into distant lands
Like a new-created star.

While I struggled through the fight,
Albert was my sword and shield ;
Till strange horror quench'd my sight,
And I fainted on the field.

Slow awakening from that trance,
When my soul return'd to day,
Vanish'd were the fiends of Franco—
But in Albert's blood I lay !

Slain for me, his dearest breath
On my lips he did resign :
Slain for me, he snatch'd his death
From the blow that menaced mine.

He had raised his dying head,
And was gazing on my face ;
As I woke,—the spirit fled,
But I felt his last embrace.

Shep. Man of suffering ! such a tale
 Would wring tears from marble eyes !
Wand. Ha ! my daughter's cheek grows pale !
W.'s Wife. Help, O help ! my daughter dies !

Wand. Calm thy transports, O my wife !
 Peace for these dear orphans' sake !
Wand.'s Wife. O my joy ! my hope ! my life !
 O my child ! my child ! awake !

Wand. GOD ! O GOD ! whose goodness gives ;
 God ! whose wisdom takes away ;
 Spare my child !

Shep. ————— She lives ! she lives !
Wand. Lives !—my daughter ! didst thou say ?

GOD ALMIGHTY ! on my knees
 In the dust will I adore
 Thine unsearchable decrees !
 She was dead !—she lives once more !

W.'s Daughter. When poor Albert died, no prayer
 Call'd him back to hated life :
 Oh, that I had perish'd there,
 Not his widow, but his wife !

Wand. Dare my daughter thus repine ?
 Albert ! answer from above ;
 Tell me,—are these infants thine,
 Whom their mother does not love ?

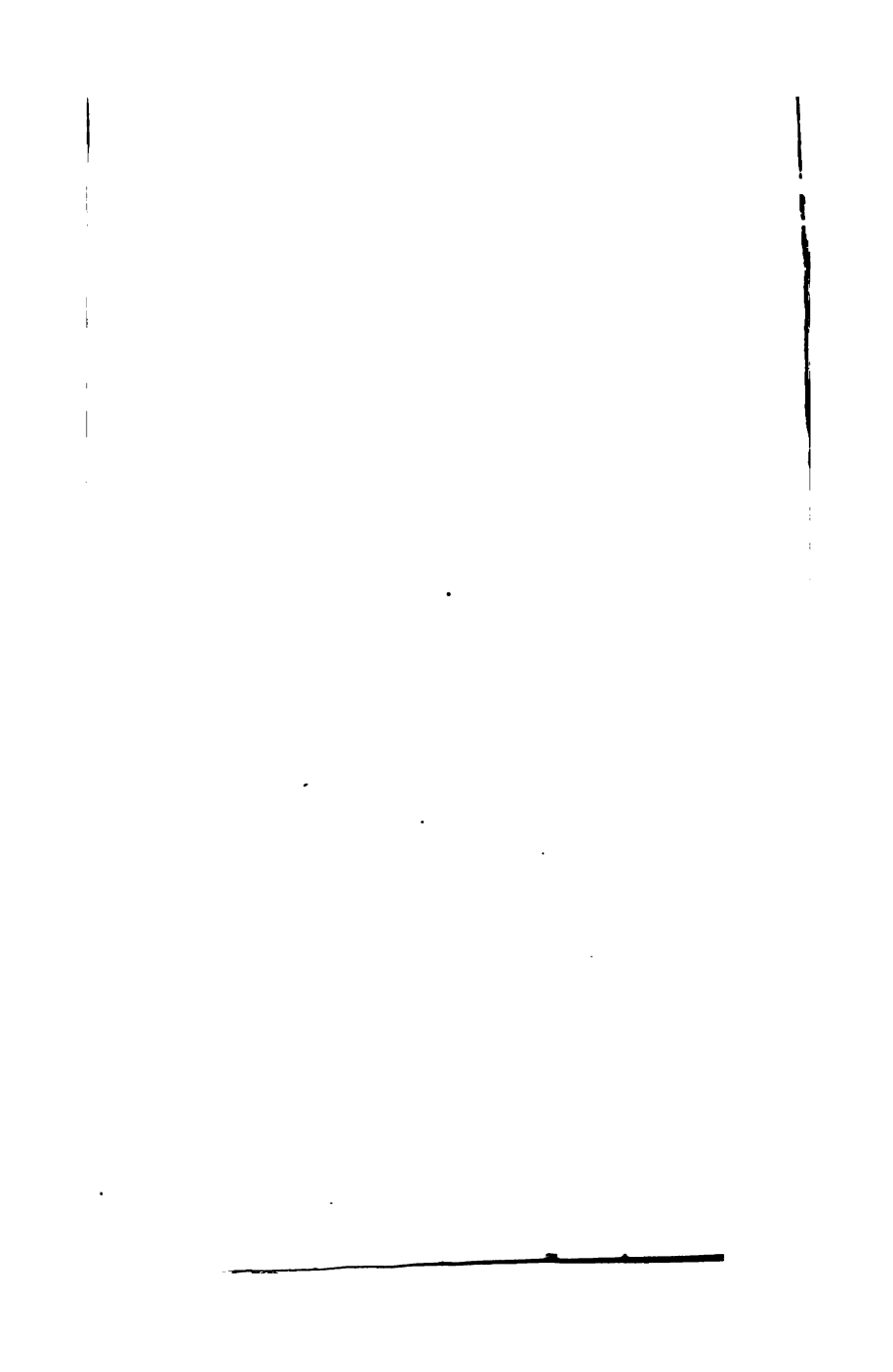
W.'s Daughter. Does not love !—my Father, hear !
 Hear me, or my heart will break !
 Dear is life, but only dear
 For my parents', children's sake.

Bow'd to Heaven's mysterious will,
 I am worthy yet of you :
 Yes !—I am a mother still,
 Though I feel a widow too !

Wand. Mother ! widow ! mourner !—all,
 All kind names in one,—my child !
 On thy faithful neck I fall ;
 Kiss me,—are we reconciled ?

W.'s Daughter. Yes, to Albert I appeal !—
 Albert ! answer from above,
 That my father's breast may feel
 All his daughter's heart of love.

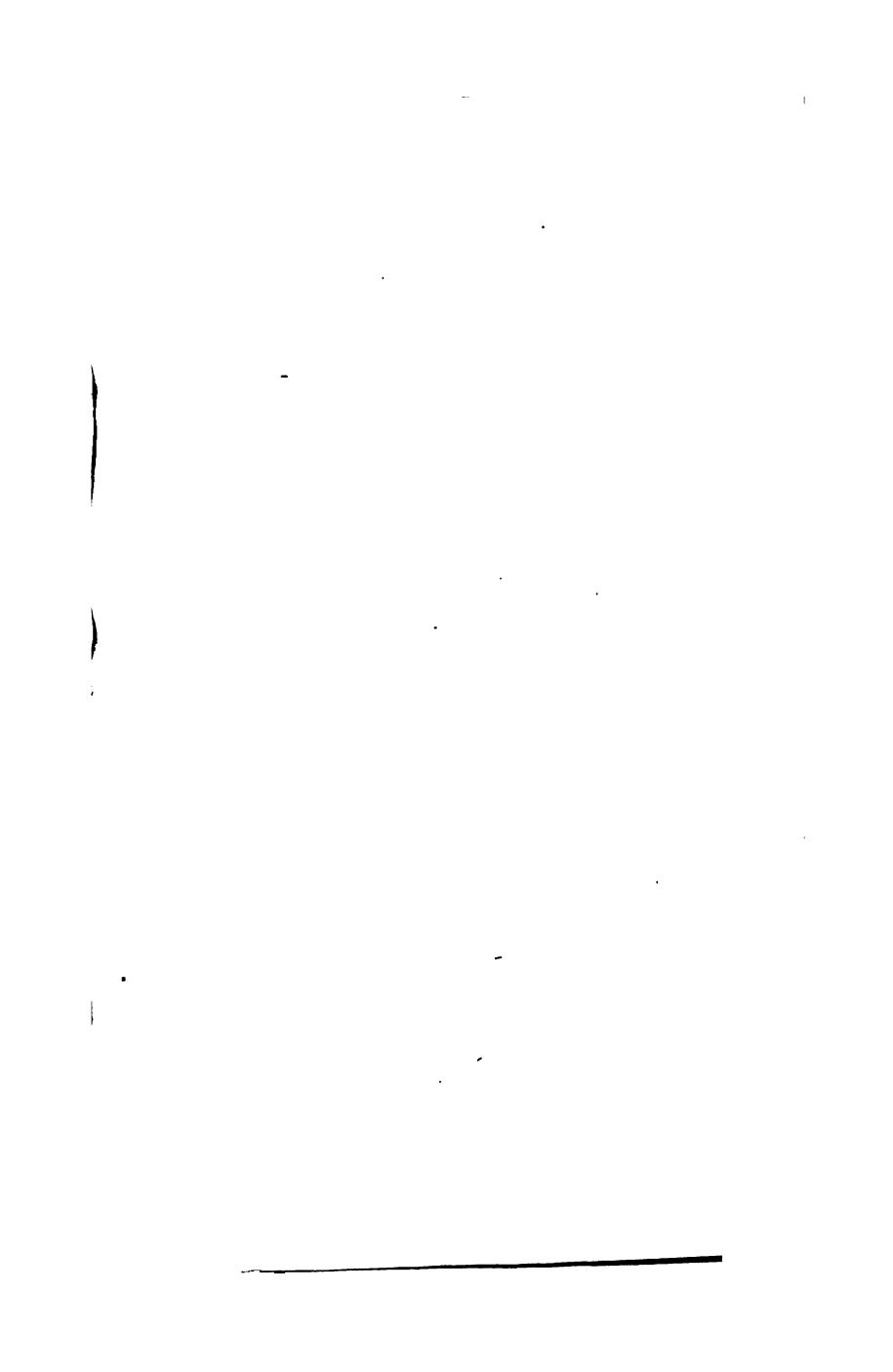
Shep.'s Wife. Faint and way-worn as they be
 With the day's long journey, sire !
 Let thy pilgrim family
 Now with me to rest retire.





THE WANDERER OF SWITZERLAND.

"Many a widow fix'd her eye,
Weeping where her husband bled,
Heedless though her babe was by,
I rattling to his father dead."—P. 13.





Wand. Yes, the hour invites to sleep ;
Till the morrow we must part.—
Nay, my daughter ! do not weep,
Do not weep and break my heart.

Sorrow-soothing, sweet repose
On your peaceful pillows light ;
Angel-hands your eyelids close ;
Dream of Paradise to-night.



PART V.



The Wanderer being left alone with the Shepherd, relates his adventures after the Battle of Unterwalden.

Shep. When the good man yields his breath
(For the good man never dies),
Bright beyond the gulf of death,
Lo ! the land of promise lies.

Peace, to Albert's awful shade,
In that land where sorrow's cease !
And to Albert's ashes, laid
In the earth's cold bosom, Peace !

Wand. On the fatal field I lay
Till the hour when twilight pale,
Like the ghost of dying day,
Wander'd down the darkening vale.

Then in agony I rose,
And with horror look'd around,
Where, embracing, friends and foes,
Dead and dying strew'd the ground.

Many a widow fix'd her eye,
Weeping, where her husband bled,
Heedless, though her babe was by,
Prattling to his father dead !

Many a mother, in despair
Turning up the ghastly slain,
Sought her son, her hero there,
Whom she long'd to seek in vain !

Dark the evening shadows roll'd
On the eye that gleam'd in death ;
And the evening dews fell cold
On the lip that gasp'd for breath.

As I gazed, an ancient dame,—
She was *childless* by her look !—
With refreshing cordials came ;
Of her bounty I partook.

Then, with desperation bold,
Albert's precious corpse I bore
On these shoulders weak and old,
Bow'd with misery before.

Albert's angel gave me strength,
As I stagger'd down the glen ;
And I hid my charge at length
In its wildest, deepest den.

Then returning through the shade
To the battle scene, I sought,
'Mongst the slain, an axe and spade ;—
With such weapons Freemen fought.

Scythes for swords our youth did wield
In that execrable strife :
Ploughshares in that horrid field,
Bled with slaughter, breathed with life !

In a dark and lonely cave,
While the glimmering moon arose,
Thus I dug my Albert's grave ;
There his hallow'd limbs repose.

Tears then, tears too long repress'd,
Gush'd !—they fell like healing balm,
Till the whirlwind in my breast
Died into a dreary calm.

On the fresh earth's humid bed
Where my martyr lay enshrined,
This forlorn unhappy head,
Crazed with anguish, I reclined.

But while o'er my weary eyes
Soothing slumber seemed to creep,
Forth I sprang, with strange surprise,
From the clasping arms of sleep.

For the bones of Albert dead
Heaved the turf with horrid throes,
And his grave, beneath my head,
Burst asunder—Albert rose !

"Ha ! my son—my son !" I cried ;
"Wherefore hast thou left thy grave ?"
"Fly, my father !" he replied ;
"Save my wife—my children save !"

In the passing of a breath
This tremendous scene was o'er ;
Darkness shut the gates of Death,
Silence seal'd them as before.

One pale moment fix'd I stood
In astonishment severe ;
Horror petrified my blood,
I was wither'd up with fear.

Then a sudden trembling came
O'er my limbs ; I felt on fire,
Burning, quivering, like a flame
In the instant to expire.

Shep. Rather like the mountain-oak,
Tempest-shaken, rooted fast,
Grasping strength from every stroke,
While it wrestles with the blast.

Wand. Ay !—my heart, unwont to yield,
Quickly quell'd the strange affright,
And undaunted o'er the field
I began my lonely flight.

Loud the gusty night-wind blew,
Many an awful pause between ;
Fits of light and darkness flew
Wild and sudden o'er the scene.

For the moon's resplendent eye
Gleams of transient glory shed ;
And the clouds, athwart the sky,
Like a routed army fled.

Sounds and voices fill'd the vale,
Heard alternate loud and low ;
Shouts of victory swell'd the gale,
But the breezes murmur'd woe.

As I climb'd the mountains side,
Where the lake and valley meet,
All my country's power and pride
Lay in ruins at my feet.

On that grim and ghastly plain,
Underwalden's heart-strings broke,
When she saw her heroes slain,
And her rocks receive the yoke.

On that plain, in childhood's hours,
From their mothers' arms set free,
Oft those heroes gather'd flowers,
Often chased the wandering bee.

On that plain, in rosy youth,
They had fed their father's flocks,
Told their love, and pledged their truth,
In the shadow of those rocks.

There with shepherd's pipe and song,
In the merry mingling dance,
Once they led their brides along,
Now !—Perdition seize thee, France !

Shep. Heard not Heaven th' accusing cries
Of the blood that smoked around,
While the life-warm sacrifice
Palpitated on the ground ?

Wand. Wrath in silence heaps his store,
To confound the guilty foe ;
But the thunder will not roar
Till the flash has struck the blow.

Vengeance, vengeance, will not stay !
It shall burst on Gallia's head,
Sudden as the judgment-day
To the unexpected dead.

From the Revolution's flood
Shall a fiery dragon start ;
He shall drink his mother's blood,
He shall eat his father's heart ;

Nursed by anarchy and crime,
He—but distance mocks my sight !
Oh, thou great avenger, Time !
Bring thy strangest birth to light.

Shep. Prophet ! thou hast spoken well,
And I deem thy words divine :
Now the mournful sequel tell
Of thy country's woes and thine.

Wand. Though the moon's bewilder'd bark,
By the midnight tempest tost,
In a sea of vapours dark,
In a gulf of clouds was lost ;

Still my journey I pursued,
Climbing many a weary steep,
Whence the closing scene I view'd
With an eye that would not weep.

Stantz—a melancholy pyre !
And her hamlets, blazed behind,
With ten thousand tongues of fire,
Writhing, raging, in the wind.

Flaming piles, where'er I turn'd,
Cast a grim and dreadful light ;
Like funereal lamps they burn'd
In the sepulchre of night ;—

While the red illumined flood,
With a hoarse and hollow roar,
Seem'd a lake of living blood,
Wildly weltering on the shore.

'Midst the mountains far away,
Soon I spied the sacred spot,
Whence a slow consuming ray
Glimmer'd from my native cot.

At the sight my brain was fired,
And afresh my heart's wounds bled :
Still I gazed !—the spark expired —
Nature seem'd extinct !—I fled.

Fled, and, ere the noon of day,
Reach'd the lonely goatherd's nest,
Where my wife, my children lay—
Husband ! father !—think the rest.

PART VI.

The Wanderer informs the Shepherd, that, after the example of many of his Countrymen flying from the tyranny of France, it is his intention to settle in some remote province of America.

Shep. Wanderer ! whither wouldst thou roam ?
To what region far away
Bend thy steps to find a home,
In the twilight of thy day ?

Wand. In the twilight of my day
I am hastening to the West :
There my weary limbs to lay,
Where the sun retires to rest.

Far beyond the Atlantic floods,
Stretch'd beneath the evening sky,
Realms of mountains, dark with woods,
In Columbia's bosom lie.

There in glens and caverns rude,
Silent since the world began,
Dwells the virgin Solitude,
Unbetray'd by faithless man ;—

Where a tyrant never trod,
Where a slave was never known,
But where Nature worships GOD
In the wilderness alone ;—

Thither, thither would I roam ;
There my children may be free :
I for them will find a home,
They shall find a grave for me.

Though my fathers' bones afar
In their native land repose,
Yet beneath the twilight star
Soft on mine the turf shall close.

Though the mould that wraps my clay,
When this storm of life is o'er,
Never since creation lay
On a human breast before :

Yet in sweet communion there,
When she follows to the dead,
Shall my bosom's partner share
Her poor husband's lowly bed.

Albert's babes shall deck our grave
And my daughter's duteous tears
Bid the flowery verdure wave
Through the winter-waste of years.

Shep. Long before thy sun descend,
May thy woes and wanderings cease !
Late and lovely be thine end ;
Hope and triumph, joy and peace !

As our lakes, at day's decline,
Brighten through the gathering gloom,
May thy latest moments shine
Through the nightfall of the tomb !

Wand. Though our Parent periah'd here,
Like the Phoenix on her nest,
Lo ! new-fledged her wings appear,
Hovering in the golden West.

Thither shall her sons repair,
And, beyond the roaring main,
Find their native country there,
Find their Switzerland again !

Mountains ! can ye chain the will ?
Ocean ! canst thou quench the heart ?
No !—I feel my country still,
Liberty ! where'er thou art.

Thus it was in hoary time,
When our fathers sallied forth,
Full of confidence sublime,
From the famine-wasted North.

" Freedom, in a land of rocks
Wild as Scandinavia, give,
Power Eternal !—where our flocks
And our little ones may live !"

Thus they pray'd ;—a secret hand
Led them, by a path unknown,
To that dear delightful land
Which I yet must call my own.

To the Vale of Switz they came :
Soon their meliorating toil
Gave the forests to the flame,
And their ashes to the soil.

Thence their ardent labours spread,
Till above the mountain-snows
Towering Beauty show'd her head,
And a new creation rose !

So, in regions wild and wide
We will pierce the savage woods,
Clothe the rocks in purple pride,
Plough the valleys, tame the floods ;—

Till a beauteous inland-isle,
By a forest-sea embraced,
Shall make Desolation smile
In the depth of his own waste.

There, unenvied and unknown,
We shall dwell secure and free,
In a country all our own,
In a land of liberty !

Shep. Yet the woods, the rocks, the streams,
Unbeloved, shall bring to mind,
Warm with evening's purple beams,
Dearer objects left behind.

And thy native country's song,
Caroll'd in a foreign clime,
When new echoes shall prolong,—
Simple, tender, and sublime,—

How will thy poor cheek turn pale !
And, before thy banish'd eyes,
Underwalden's charming vale,
And thine own sweet cottage rise !

Wand. By the glorious ghost of TELL !
By Morgarten's awful fray !
By the field where Albert fell
In thy last and bitter day !

SOUL OF SWITZERLAND, arise !——
Ha ! the spell has waked the dead :
From her ashes to the skies
Switzerland exalts her head !

See the Queen of Mountains stand,
In immortal mail complete,
With the lightning in her hand,
And the Alps beneath her feet.

Hark ! her voice :—" My sons, awake !
Freedom dawns, behold the day !
From the bed of bondage break,
'Tis your mother calls, obey ! "

At the sound, our fathers' graves,
On each ancient battle-plain,
Utter groans, and toss like waves
When the wild blast sweeps the main.

Rise, my brethren ! cast away
All the chains that bind you slaves ;
Rise ! your mother's voice obey,
And appease your fathers' graves !

Strike !—the conflict is begun ;
Freemen ! soldiers ! follow me !
Shout !—the victory is won,—
Switzerland and Liberty !

Shep. Warrior ! warrior ! stay thine arm !
Sheathe, Oh sheathe thy frantic sword !
Wand. Ah ! I rave !—I faint,—the charm
Flies,—and memory is restored !

Yes, to agony restored
From the too transporting charm :—
Sleep for ever, O my sword !
Be thou wither'd, O mine arm !

Switzerland is but a name !
Yet I feel, where'er I roam,
That my heart is still the same,—
Switzerland is still my home !

THE WEST INDIES:

A POEM, IN FOUR PARTS.

WRITTEN IN HONOUR OF THE ABOLITION OF THE AFRICAN SLAVE-TRADE BY THE BRITISH LEGISLATURE IN 1807.

"Receive him for ever; not now as a servant, but above a servant,—a brother beloved."
ST. PAUL'S EPISTLE TO PHILEMON, v. 15, 16.

TO THE PUBLIC.

There are objections against the title and plan of this piece, which will occur to almost every reader. The Author will not anticipate them: he will only observe, that the title seemed the best, and the plan the most eligible, which *he* could adapt to a subject so various and excursive, yet so familiar and exhausted, as the African Slave Trade,—a subject which had become antiquated, by frequent, minute, and disgusting exposure; which afforded no opportunity to awaken, suspend, and delight curiosity, by a subtle and surprising development of plot; and concerning which public feeling had been wearied into insensibility, by the agony of interest which the question excited, during three-and-twenty years of almost incessant discussion. That trade is at length abolished. May its memory be immortal, that henceforth it may be known only by its memory.

From the Preface to the First Edition.

PART I.

ARGUMENT.

Introduction; on the Abolition of the Slave Trade—The Mariner's Compass—Columbus—The Discovery of America—The West-Indian Islands—The Charibs—Their Extirpation.

"THY chains are broken, Africa, be free!"

Thus saith the island-empress of the sea;

Thus saith Britannia. Oh, ye winds and waves!

Waft the glad tidings to the land of slaves;

Proclaim on Guinea's coast, by Gambia's side,

And far as Niger rolls his eastern tide,

Through radiant realms, beneath the burning zone,

Where Europe's curse is felt, her name unknown,

"Thus saith Britannia, empress of the sea,

Thy chains are broken, Africa, be free!"

Long lay the ocean-paths from man conceal'd;

Light came from heaven,—the magnet was reveal'd,

A surer star to guide the seaman's eye

Than the pale glory of the northern sky;

Alike ordain'd to shine by night and day,
Through calm and tempest, with unsetting ray ;
Where'er the mountains rise, the billows roll,
Still with strong impulse turning to the pole,
True as the sun is to the morning true,
Though light as film, and trembling as the dew.

Then man no longer plied with timid oar,
And failing heart, along the windward shore ;
Broad to the sky he turn'd his fearless sail,
Defied the adverse, woo'd the favouring gale,
Bared to the storm his adamant breast,
Or soft on Ocean's lap lay down to rest ;
While free, as clouds the liquid ether sweep,
His white-wing'd vessels coursed the unbounded deep ;
From clime to clime the wanderer loved to roam,
The waves his heritage, the world his home.

Then first Columbus, with the mighty hand
Of grasping genius, weigh'd the sea and land ;
The floods o'erbalanced :—where the tide of light,
Day after day, roll'd down the gulf of night,
There seem'd one waste of waters :—long in vain
His spirit brooded o'er the Atlantic main ;
When sudden, as creation burst from nought,
Sprang a new world through his stupendous thought,
Light, order, beauty ! While his mind explored
The unveiling mystery, his heart adored ;
Where'er sublime imagination trod,
He heard the voice, he saw the face of God !

Far from the western cliffs he cast his eye
O'er the wide ocean stretching to the sky ;
In calm magnificence the sun declined,
And left a paradise of clouds behind :
Proud at his feet, with pomp of pearl and gold,
The billows in a sea of glory roll'd.

" Ah ! on this sea of glory might I sail,
Track the bright sun, and pierce the eternal veil
That hides those lands, beneath Hesperian skies,
Where daylight sojourns till our morrow rise !"

Thoughtful he wander'd on the beach alone ;
Mild o'er the deep the vesper planet shone,
The eye of evening, brightening through the west
Till the sweet moment when it shut to rest :
" Whither, O golden Venus ! art thou fled ?
Not in the ocean-chambers lies thy bed ;
Round the dim world thy glittering chariot drawn
Pursues the twilight, or precedes the dawn ;
Thy beauty noon and midnight never see,
The morn and eve divide the year with thee."

Soft fell the shades, till Cynthia's slender bow
Crested the farthest wave, then sank below :
" Tell me, resplendent guardian of the night,
Circling the sphere in thy perennial flight,
What secret path of heaven thy smiles adorn,
What nameless sea reflects thy gleaming horn ?"



THE WEST INDIES.

"Then first Columbus, with the mighty hand
✠ grasping genius, weigh'd the sea and land."—P. 22.



Now earth and ocean vanish'd, all serene
 The starry firmament alone was seen ;
 Through the slow, silent hours, he watch'd the host
 Of midnight suns in western darkness lost,
 Till Night himself, on shadowy pinions borne,
 Flew o'er the mighty waters, and the morn
 Danced on the mountains:—"Lights of heaven !" he cried,
 "Lead on ;—I go to win a glorious bride ;
 Fearless o'er gulfs unknown I urge my way,
 Where peril prowls, and shipwreck lurks for prey :
 Hope swells my sail ;—in spirit I behold
 That maiden world, twin-sister of the old,
 By Nature nursed beyond the jealous sea,
 Denied to ages, but betroth'd to me."

The winds were prosperous, and the billows bore
 The brave adventurer to the promised shore ;
 Far in the west, array'd in purple light,
 Dawn'd the New World on his enraptured sight ;
 Not Adam, loosen'd from the encumbering earth,
 Waked by the breath of God to instant birth,
 With sweeter, wilder wonder gazed around,
 When life within and light without he found ;
 When, all creation rushing o'er his soul,
 He seem'd to live and breathe throughout the whole.
 So felt Columbus, when, divinely fair,
 At the last look of resolute despair,
 The Hesperian isles, from distance dimly blue,
 With gradual beauty open'd on his view.
 In that proud moment, his transported mind
 The morning and the evening worlds combined,
 And made the sea, that sunder'd them before,
 A bond of peace, uniting shore to shore !

Vain, visionary hope ! rapacious Spain
 Follow'd her hero's triumph o'er the main ;
 Her hardy sons, in fields of battle tried,
 Where Moor and Christian desperately died.
 A rabid race, fanatically bold,
 And steel'd to cruelty by lust of gold,
 Traversed the waves, the unknown world explored,
 The cross their standard, but their faith the sword ;
 Their steps were graves ; o'er prostrate realms they trod ;
 They worshipp'd Mammon while they vow'd to God.

Let nobler bards in loftier numbers tell
 How Cortez conquer'd, Montezuma fell ;
 How fierce Pizarro's ruffian arm o'erthrew
 The sun's resplendent empire in Peru ;
 How, like a prophet, old Las Casas stood,
 And raised his voice against a sea of blood,
 Whose chilling waves recoil'd while he foretold
 His country's ruin by avenging gold :
 That gold, for which unpitied Indians fell,
 That gold, at once the snare and scourge of hell,
 Thenceforth by righteous heaven was doom'd to shed
 Unmingled curses on the spoiler's head ;

For gold the Spaniard cast his soul away,—
His gold and he were every nation's prey.

But themes like these would ask an angel-lyre,
Language of light, and sentiment of fire;
Give me to sing, in melancholy strains,
Of Charib martyrdoms and Negro chains;
One race by tyrants rooted from the earth,
One doom'd to slavery by the taint of birth!

Where first his drooping sails Columbus fur'd,
And sweetly rested in another world,
Amidst the heaven-reflecting ocean, smiles
A constellation of elysian isles;
Fair as Orion when he mounts on high,
Sparkling with midnight splendour from the sky:
They bask beneath the sun's meridian rays,
When not a shadow breaks the boundless blaze;
The breath of ocean wanders through their vales
In morning breezes and in evening gales:
Earth from her lap perennial verdure pours,
Ambrosial fruits, and amaranthine flowers;
O'er the wild mountains and luxuriant plains,
Nature in all the pomp of beauty reigns,
In all the pride of freedom—NATURE FREE
Proclaims that MAN was born for liberty.
She flourishes where'er the sunbeams play
O'er living fountains sallying into day;
She withers where the waters cease to roll,
And night and winter stagnate round the pole:
Man, too, where Freedom's beams and fountains rise,
Springs from the dust, and blossoms to the skies;
Dead to the joys of light and life, the slave
Clings to the clod; his root is in the grave;
Bondage is winter, darkness, death, despair,—
Freedom, the sun, the sea, the mountains, and the air!

In placid indolence supinely blest,
A feeble race these beauteous isles possess'd;
Untamed, untaught, in arts and arms unskill'd,
Their patrimonial soil they rudely till'd,
Chased the free rovers of the savage wood,
Ensnared the wild-bird, swept the scaly flood,
Shelter'd in lowly huts their fragile forms
From burning suns and desolating storms;
Or, when the halcyon sported on the breeze,
In light canoes they skimm'd the rippling seas;
Their lives in dreams of soothing langour flew,
No parted joys, no future pains they knew,
The passing moment all their bliss or care;
Such as the sires had been, the children were
From age to age; as waves upon the tide
Of stormless time, they calmly lived and died.

Dreadful as hurricanes, athwart the main
Rush'd the fell legions of invading Spain;
With fraud and force, with false and fatal breath
(Submission bondage, and resistance death),

They swept the isles. In vain the simple race
 Kneel'd to the iron sceptre of their grace,
 Or with weak arms their fiery vengeance braved ;
 They came, they saw, they conquer'd, they enslaved,
 And they destroy'd ;—the generous heart they broke,
 They crush'd the timid neck beneath the yoke ;
 Where'er to battle march'd their fell array,
 The sword of conquest plough'd resistless way ;
 Where'er from cruel toil they sought repose,
 Around, the fires of devastation rose.
 The Indian, as he turn'd his head in flight,
 Beheld his cottage flaming through the night,
 And, 'midst the shrieks of murder on the wind,
 Heard the mute bloodhound's death-step close behind.

The conflict o'er, the valiant in their graves,
 The wretched remnant dwindled into slaves ;
 Condemn'd in pestilential cells to pine,
 Delving for gold amidst the gloomy mine.
 The sufferer, sick of life-protracting breath,
 Inhaled with joy the fire-damp blast of death :—
 Condemn'd to fell the mountain palm on high,
 That cast its shadow from the evening sky,
 Ere the tree trembled to his feeble stroke,
 The woodman languish'd and his heart-strings broke ;—
 Condemn'd in torrid noon, with palsied hand,
 To urge the slow plough o'er the obdurate land,
 The labourer, smitten by the sun's quick ray,
 A corpse along the unfinish'd furrow lay.
 O'erwhelm'd at length with ignominious toil,
 Mingling their barren ashes with the soil,
 Down to the dust the Charib people pass'd,
 Like autumn foliage withering in the blast :
 The whole race sunk beneath the oppressor's rod,
 And left a blank among the works of God !

PART II.

ARGUMENT.

The Cane—Africa—The Negro—The Slave-carrying Trade—The Means and Resources of the Slave Trade—The Portuguese—Dutch—Danes—French—and English in America.

AMONG the bowers of paradise that graced
 Those islands of the world-dividing waste,
 Where towering cocoas waved their graceful locks,
 And vines luxuriant cluster'd round the rocks ;
 Where orange-groves perfumed the circling air,
 With verdure, flowers, and fruit for ever fair ;
 Gay myrtle foliage track'd the winding rills,
 And cedar forests slumber'd on the hills ;—

An Eastern plant engrafted on the soil,
 Was till'd for ages with consuming toil ;
 No tree of knowledge with forbidden fruit,
 Death in the taste and ruin at the root,
 Yet in its growth were good and evil found,—
 It bless'd the planter, but it cursed the ground ;
 While with vain wealth it gorged the master's board,
 And spread with manna his luxurious board,
 Its culture was perdition to the slave,
 It sapp'd his life, and flourish'd on his grave !

When the fierce spoiler from remorseless Spain
 Tasted the balmy spirit of the cane
 (Already had his rival in the west,
 From the rich reed ambrosial sweetness press'd),
 Dark through his thoughts the miser purpose roll'd,
 To turn its hidden treasures into gold.
 But at his breath, by pestilent decay,
 The Indian tribes were swiftly swept away ;
 Silence and horror o'er the isles were spread,
 The living seem'd the spectres of the dead.
 The Spaniard saw ; no sigh of pity stole,
 No pang of conscience touch'd his sullen soul ;
 The tiger weeps not o'er the kid ;—he turns
 His flashing eyes abroad, and madly burns
 For nobler victims, and for warmer blood :
 Thus on the Charib shore the tyrant stood,
 Thus cast his eyes with fury o'er the tide,
 And far beyond the gloomy gulf descried
 Devoted Africa : he burst away,
 And with a yell of transport grasp'd his prey.

Where the stupendous Mountains of the Moon
 Cast their broad shadows o'er the realms of noon ;
 From rude Caffraria, where the giraffes browse,
 With stately heads among the forest boughs,
 To Atlas, where Numidian lions glow,
 With torrid fire beneath eternal snow ;
 From Nubian hills, that hail the dawning day,
 To Guinea's coast, where evening fades away,—
 Regions immense, unsearchable, unknown,
 Bask in the splendour of the solar zone ;
 A world of wonders,—where creation seems
 No more the works of Nature, but her dreams ;
 Great, wild, and beautiful beyond control,
 She reigns in all the freedom of her soul ;
 Where none can check her bounty when she showers
 O'er the gay wilderness her fruits and flowers ;
 None brave her fury, when, with whirlwind breath,
 And earthquake step, she walks abroad with death ;
 O'er boundless plains she holds her fiery flight,
 In terrible magnificence of light ;
 At blazing noon pursues the evening breeze,
 Through the dun gloom of realm-o'ershadowing trees ;
 Her thirst at Nile's mysterious fountain quells,
 Or bathes in secrecy where Niger swells

An inland ocean, on whose jasper rocks
 With shells and sea-flower wreaths she binds her locks :
 She sleeps on isles of velvet verdure, placed
 'Midst sandy gulfs and shoals for ever waste ;
 She guides her countless flocks to cherish'd rills,
 And feeds her cattle on a thousand hills ;
 Her steps the wild bees welcome through the vale,
 From every blossom that embalms the gale ;
 The slow unwieldy river-horse she leads
 Through the deep waters, o'er the pasturing meads ;
 And climbs the mountains that invade the sky,
 To soothe the eagle's nestlings when they cry.
 At sunset, when voracious monsters burst
 From dreams of blood, awaked by maddening thirst ;
 When the lorn caves, in which they shrunk from light,
 Ring with wild echoes through the hideous night ;
 When darkness seems alive, and all the air
 Is one tremendous uproar of despair,
 Horror, and agony ;—on her they call ;
 She hears their clamour, she provides for all ;
 Leads the light leopard on his eager way,
 And goads the gaunt hyæna to his prey.

In these romantic regions Man grows wild ;
 Here dwells the negro, Nature's outcast child,
 Scorn'd by his brethren ; but his mother's eye,
 That gazes on him from her warmest sky,
 Sees in his flexile limbs untutor'd grace,
 Power on his forehead, beauty in his face ;
 Sees in his breast, where lawless passions rove,
 The heart of friendship and the home of love ;
 Sees in his mind, where desolation reigns,
 Fierce as his clime, uncultured as his plains,
 A soil where virtue's fairest flowers might shoot,
 And trees of science bend with glorious fruit ;
 Sees in his soul, involved with thickest night,
 An emanation of eternal light,
 Ordain'd, 'midst sinking worlds, his dust to fire,
 And shine for ever when the stars expire.
 Is he not *Man*, though knowledge never shed
 Her quickening beams on his neglected head ?
 Is he not *Man*, though sweet Religion's voice
 Ne'er bade the mourner in his God rejoice ?
 Is *he* not Man, by sin and suffering tried ?
 Is *he* not Man, for whom the Saviour died ?
 Belie the Negro's powers :—In headlong will,
 Christian ! *thy* brother thou shalt prove him still ;
 Belie his virtues ; since his wrongs began,
 His follies and his crimes have stamp'd him Man.

The Spaniard found him such :—the island race
 His foot had spurn'd from earth's insulted face ;
 Among the waifs and foundlings of mankind,
 Abroad he look'd, a sturdier stock to find ;
 A spring of life, whose fountains should supply
 His channels as he drank the rivers dry :

That stock he found on Afric's swarming plains,
 That spring he open'd in the Negro's veins ;
 A spring exhaustless as his avarice drew,
 A stock that like Prometheus' vitals grew
 Beneath the eternal beak his heart that tore,
 Beneath the insatiate thirst that drain'd his gore.
 Thus, childless as the Charibbeans died,
 Afric's strong sons the ravening waste supplied ;
 Of hardier fibre to endure the yoke,
 And self-renew'd beneath the severing stroke ;
 As grim Oppression crush'd them to the tomb,
 Their fruitful parent's miserable womb
 Teem'd with fresh myriads, crowded o'er the waves,
 Heirs to their toils, their sufferings, and their graves !
 Freighted with curses was the bark that bore
 The spoilers of the West to Guinea's shore ;
 Heavy with groans of anguish blew the gales
 That swell'd that fatal bark's returning sails ;
 Old Ocean shrunk, as o'er his surface flew
 The human cargo and the demon crew.
 Thenceforth, unnumber'd as the waves that roll
 From sun to sun, or pass from pole to pole,
 Outcasts and exiles, from their country torn,
 In floating dungeons o'er the gulf were borne ;—
 The valiant seized in peril-daring fight ;
 The weak surprised in nakedness and night ;
 Subjects by mercenary despots sold ;
 Victims of justice prostitute for gold ;
 Brothers by brothers, friends by friends betray'd ;
 Snared in her lover's arms the trusting maid ;
 The faithful wife, by her false lord estranged ;
 For one wild cup of drunken bliss exchanged ;
 From the brute-mother's knee the infant boy,
 Kidnapp'd in slumber, barter'd for a toy ;
 The father resting at his father's tree,
 Doom'd by the son to die beyond the sea :—
 All bonds of kindred, law, alliance broke,
 All ranks, all nations crouching to the yoke ;
 From fields of light, unshadow'd climes that lie
 Panting beneath the sun's meridian oye,
 From hidden Ethiopia's utmost land ;
 From Zaara's fickle wilderness of sand ;
 From Congo's blazing plains and blooming woods ;
 From Whidah's hills, that gush with golden floods ;
 Captives of tyrant power and dastard wiles
 Dispeopled Africa, and gorged the isles.
 Loud and perpetual o'er the Atlantic waves,
 For guilty ages, roll'd the tide of slaves ;
 A tide that knew no fall, no turn, no rest,
 Constant as day and night from east to west ;
 Still widening, deepening, swelling in its course,
 With boundless ruin and resistless force.
 Quickly by Spain's alluring fortune fired,
 With hopes of fame, and dreams of wealth inspired.

Europe's dread powers from ignominious ease
 Started; their pennons stream'd on every breeze :
 And still, where'er the wide discoveries spread
 The cane was planted and the native bled ;
 While, nursed by fiercer suns, of nobler race,
 The Negro toil'd and perish'd in his place.

First, Lusitania—she whose prows had borne
 Her arms triumphant round the car of morn—
 Turn'd to the setting sun her bright array,
 And hung her trophies o'er the couch of day.

Holland,—whose hardy sons roll'd back the sea,
 To build the halcyon-nest of liberty,—
 Shameless abroad the enslaving flag unfurl'd,
 And reign'd a despot in the younger world.

Denmark—whose roving hordes in barbarous timer,
 Fill'd the wide north with piracy and crimes,
 Awed every shore, and taught their keels to sweep
 O'er every sea, the Arabs of the deep—
 Embark'd, once more to western conquest led
 By Rollo's spirit, risen from the dead,

Gallia—who vainly aim'd, in depth of night,
 To hurl old Rome from her Tarpeian height
 (But lately laid, with unprevented blow,
 The thrones of kings, the hopes of freedom low),—
 Rush'd o'er the theatre of splendid toils,
 To brave the dangers and divide the spoils.

Britannia,—she who scathed the crest of Spain,
 And won the trident sceptre of the main,
 When to the raging wind and ravening tide
 She gave the huge Armada's scatter'd pride,
 Smit by the thunder-wielding hand that hurl'd
 Her vengeance round the wave-encircled world,—
 Britannia shared the glory and the guilt,
 By her were Slavery's island-altars built,
 And fed with human victims; while the cries
 Of blood, demanding vengeance from the skies,
 Assail'd her traders' grovelling hearts in vain,—
 Hearts dead to sympathy, alive to gain,
 Hard from impunity, with avarice cold,
 Sordid as earth, insensible as gold !

Thus through a night of ages, in whose shade
 The sons of darkness plied the infernal trade,
 Wild Africa beheld her tribes, at home,
 In battle slain : abroad, condemned to roam,
 O'er the salt waves, in stranger isles to bear
 (Forlorn of hope, and sold into despair),
 Through life's slow journey, to its dolorous close,
 Unseen, unwept, unutterable woes.

PART III.

ARGUMENT.

The Love of Country and of Home the same in all Ages and among all Nations—The Negro's Home and Country—Mungo Park—Progress of the Slave Trade—The Middle Passage—The Negro in the West Indies—The Guinea Captain—The Creole Planter—The Moors of Barbary—Bucoaneers—Maroons—St. Domingo—Hurricanes—The Yellow Fever.

THERE is a land of every land the pride,
 Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside ;
 Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
 And milder moons emparadise the night ;
 A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,
 Time-tutor'd age, and love-exalted youth :
 The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
 The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
 Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
 Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air ;
 In every clime the magnet of his soul,
 Touch'd by remembrance, trembles to that pole ;
 For in this land of heaven's peculiar grace,
 The heritage of Nature's noblest race,
 There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
 A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
 Where Man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
 His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
 While in his soften'd looks benignly blend
 The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend :
 Here Woman reigns ; the mother, daughter, wife,
 Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of life ;
 In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
 An angel-guard of loves and graces lie ;
 Around her knees domestic duties meet,
 And fire-side pleasures gambol at her feet.
 " Where shall that *land*, that *spot of earth* be found ? "
 Art thou a man !—a patriot !—look around ;
 Oh, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
 That land *thy country*, and that spot *thy home* !
 On Greenland's rocks, o'er rude Kamachatka's plains,
 In pale Siberia's desolate domains ;
 When the wild hunter takes his lonely way,
 Tracks through tempestuous snows his savage prey,
 The reindeer's spoil, the ermine's treasure shares,
 And feasts his famine on the fat of bears ;
 Or, wrestling with the might of raging seas,
 Where round the pole the eternal billows freeze,
 Plucks from their jaws the stricken whale, in vain
 Plunging down headlong through the whirling main ;—
 His wastes of ice are lovelier in his eye
 Than all the flowery vales beneath the sky,
 And dearer far than Cæsar's palace-dome
 His cavern-shelter and his cottage-home.

O'er China's garden-fields and peopled floods ;
 In California's pathless world of woods ;
 Round Andes' heights, where Winter, from his throne,
 Looks down in scorn upon the summer zone ;
 By the gay borders of Bermuda's isles,
 Where spring with everlasting verdure smiles ;
 On pure Madeira's vine-robed hills of health ;
 In Java's swamps of pestilence and wealth ;
 Where Babel stood, where wolves and jackals drink,
 'Midst weeping willows on Euphrates' brink ;
 On Carmel's crest ; by Jordan's reverend stream,
 Where Canaan's glories vanish'd like a dream ;
 Where Greece, a spectre, haunts her heroes' graves,
 And Rome's vast ruins darken Tiber's waves ;
 Where broken-hearted Switzerland bewails
 Her subject mountains and dishonour'd vales ;
 Where Albion's rocks exult amidst the sea,
 Around the beauteous isle of liberty :
 Man, through all ages of revolving time,
 Unchanging man, in every varying clime,
 Deems his own land of every land the pride,
 Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside ;
 His home the spot of earth supremely blest,
 A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.

And is the Negro outlaw'd from his birth ?
 Is he alone a stranger on the earth ?
 Is there no shed, whose peeping roof appears
 So lovely that it fills his eyes with tears ?
 No land, whose name, in exile heard, will dart
 Ice through his veins and lightning through his heart ?
 Ah ! yes ; beneath the beams of brighter skies,
 His home amidst his father's country lies ;
 There with the partner of his soul he shares
 Love-mingled pleasures, love-divided cares ;
 There, as with Nature's warmest filial fire,
 He soothes his blind, and feeds his helpless sire ;
 His children sporting round his hut behold
 How they shall cherish him when he is old,
 Train'd by example from their tenderest youth
 To deeds of charity and words of truth.
 Is *he* not blest ? Behold, at closing day,
 The negro-village swarms abroad to play ?
 He treads the dance through all its rapturous rounds,
 To the wild music of barbarian sounds ;
 Or, stretch'd at ease, where broad palmettos shower
 Delicious coolness in his shadowy bower,
 He feasts on tales of witchcraft, that give birth
 To breathless wonder or ecstatic mirth ;
 Yet most delighted, when, in rudest rhymes,
 The minstrel wakes the song of elder times,
 When men were heroes, slaves to beauty's charms,
 And all the joys of life were love and arms.
 Is not the Negro blest ? His generous soil
 With harvest-plenty crowns his simple toil ;

More than his wants his flocks and fields afford ;
 He loves to greet the stranger at his board :
 " The winds were roaring and the White Man fled ;
 The rains of night descended on his head ;
 The poor White Man sat down beneath our tree,
 Weary and faint, and far from home was he :
 For him no mother fills with milk the bowl,
 No wife prepares the bread to cheer his soul :
 Pity the poor White Man who sought our tree,
 No wife, no mother, and no home has he."
 Thus sung the Negro's daughters ;—once again,
 Oh, that the poor White Man might hear that strain !
 Whether the victim of the treacherous Moor ;
 Or from the Negro's hospitable door
 Spurn'd, as a spy from Europe's hateful clime,
 And left to perish for thy country's crime ;
 Or destined still, when all thy wanderings cease,
 On Albion's lovely lap to rest in peace ;
 Pilgrim ! in heaven or earth, where'er thou be,
 Angels of mercy guide and comfort thee !

Thus lived the Negro in his native land,
 Till Christian cruisers anchor'd on his strand ;
 Where'er their grasping arms the spoilers spread,
 The Negro's joys, the Negro's virtues, fled ;
 Till, far amidst the wilderness unknown,
 They flourish'd in the sight of Heaven alone :
 While from the coast, with wide and wider sweep,
 The race of Mammon dragg'd across the deep
 Their sable victims, to that western bourn,
 From which no traveller might e'er return,
 To blazon in the ears of future slaves
 The secrets of the world beyond the waves.

When the loud trumpet of eternal doom
 Shall break the mortal bondage of the tomb ;
 When with the mother's pangs the expiring Earth
 Shall bring her children forth to second birth ;
 Then shall the sea's mysterious caverns, spread
 With human relics, render up their dead :
 Though warm with life the heaving surges glow,
 Where'er the winds of heaven were wont to blow,
 In sevenfold phalanx shall the rallying hosts
 Of ocean-slumberers join their wandering ghosts,
 Along the melancholy gulf, that roars
 From Guinea to the Caribbean shores.
 Myriads of slaves, that perish'd on the way,
 From age to age the shark's appointed prey,
 By livid plagues, by lingering tortures slain,
 Or headlong plunged alive into the main,
 Shall rise in judgment from their gloomy beds,
 And call down vengeance on their murderers' heads !

Yet small the number, and the fortune blest,
 Of those who in the stormy deep found rest,
 Weigh'd with the unremember'd millions more,
 That 'scaped the sea, to perish on the shore,

By the slow pangs of solitary care,
 The earth-devouring anguish of despair,
 The broken heart, which kindness never heals,
 The home-sick passion which the Negro feels;
 When toiling, fainting in the land of canes,
 His spirit wanders to his native plains;
 His little lovely dwelling there he sees,
 Beneath the shade of his paternal trees,
 The home of comfort :—then before his eyes
 The terrors of captivity arise.
 'Twas night :—his babes around him lay at rest,
 Their mother slumber'd on their father's breast :
 A yell of murder rang around their bed ;
 They woke ; their cottage blazed ; the victims fled ;
 Forth sprang the ambush'd ruffians on their prey,
 They caught, they bound, they drove them far away ;
 The white man bought them at the mart of blood ;
 In pestilential barks they cross'd the flood ;
 Then were the wretched ones asunder torn,
 To distant isles, to separate bondage borne,
 Denied, though sought with tears, the sad relief
 That misery loves,—the fellowship of grief.
 The Negro, spoil'd of all that Nature gave
 To freeborn man, thus shrunk into a slave ;
 His passive limbs to measured tasks confined,
 Obey'd the impulse of another mind ;
 A silent, secret, terrible control,
 That ruled his sinews, and repressed his soul.
 Not for himself he waked at morning-light,
 Toil'd the long day, and sought repose at night ;
 His rest, his labour, pastime, strength, and health,
 Were only portions of a master's wealth ;
 His love—oh, name not love, where Britons doom
 The fruit of love to slavery from the womb !
 Thus spurn'd, degraded, trampled, and oppress'd,
 The Negro-exile languish'd in the west,
 With nothing left of life but hated breath,
 And not a hope except the hope in death,
 To fly for ever from the Creole-strand,
 And dwell a freeman in his fatherland.

Lives there a savage ruder than the slave ?
 —Cruel as death, insatiate as the grave,
 False as the winds that round his vessel blow ;
 Remorseless as the gulf that yawns below,
 Is he who toils upon the wafting flood,
 A Christian broker in the trade of blood ;
 Boisterous in speech, in action prompt and bold,
 He buys, he sells,—he steals, he kills, for gold.
 At noon, when sky and ocean, calm and clear,
 Bend round his bark, one blue unbroken sphere ;
 When dancing dolphins sparkle through the brine,
 And sunbeam circles o'er the waters shine ;
 He sees no beauty in the heaven serene,
 No soul-enchancing sweetness in the scene,

But, darkly scowling at the glorious day,
 Curses the winds that loiter on their way.
 When swoln with hurricanes the billows rise,
 To meet the lightning midway from the skies ;
 When from the unburthen'd hold his shrieking slaves
 Are cast, at midnight, to the hungry waves ;
 Not for his victims strangled in the deeps,
 Not for his crimes the harden'd pirate weeps,
 But grimly smiling, when the storm is o'er,
 Counts his sure gains, and hurries back for more.

Lives there a reptile baser than the slave ?—
 Loathsome as death, corrupted as the grave,
 See the dull Creole, at his pompous board,
 Attendant vassals cringing round their lord :
 Sate with food, his heavy eyelids close,
 Voluptuous minions fan him to repose ;
 Prone on the noonday couch he lolls in vain,
 Delirious slumbers rock his maudlin brain ;
 He starts in horror from bewildering dreams,
 His bloodshot eye with fire and frenzy gleams ;
 He stalks abroad ; through all his wonted rounds,
 The Negro trembles, and the lash resounds.
 And cries of anguish, shrilling through the air,
 To distant fields his dread approach declare.
 Mark, as he passes, every head declined ;
 Then slowly raised,—to curse him from behind.
 This is the variest wretch on nature's face,
 Own'd by no country, spurn'd by every race ;
 The tether'd tyrant of one narrow span,
 The bloated vampire of a living man ;
 His frame—a fungus form, of dunghill birth,
 That taints the air and rots above the earth ;
 His soul ; has *he* a soul, whose sensual breast
 Of selfish passions is a serpent's nest ?
 Who follows headlong, ignorant, and blind,
 The vague brute-instinct of an idiot mind ;
 Whose heart, 'midst scenes of suffering senseless grown,
 E'en from his mother's lap was chill'd to stone ;
 Whose torpid pulse no social feelings move ;
 A stranger to the tenderness of love,
 His motley harem charms his gloating eye,
 Where ebon, brown, and olive beauties vie ;
 His children, sprung alike from sloth and vice,
 Are born his slaves, and loved at market price :
 Has *he* a soul ?—With his departing breath,
 A form shall hail him at the gates of death,—
 The spectre Conscience,—shrieking through the gloom
 " Man : we shall meet again beyond the tomb !"

O Africa ! amidst thy children's woes,
 Did earth and heaven conspire to aid thy foes ?
 No, thou hadst vengeance—From thy northern shores
 Sallied the lawless corsairs of the Moors,
 And back on Europe's guilty nations hurl'd
 Thy wrongs and sufferings in the sister world :

Deep in thy dungeons Christians clank'd their chains,
 Or toil'd and perish'd on thy parching plains.
 But where thine offspring crouch'd beneath the yoke,
 In heavier peals the avenging thunder broke,
 Leagued with rapacious rovers of the main,
 Hayti's barbarian hunters harass'd Spain,
 A mammoth race, invincible in might,
 Rapine and massacre their dire delight,
 Peril their element ;—o'er land and flood
 They carried fire, and quench'd the flames with blood ;
 Despairing captives hail'd them from the coasts ;
 They rush'd to conquest, led by Charib ghosts.

Tremble, Britannia ! while thine islands tell
 The appalling mysteries of Obi's spell ;
 The wild Maroons, impregnable and free,
 Among the mountain-holds of liberty,
 Sudden as lightning darted on their foe,
 Seen like the flash, remember'd like the blow.

While Gallia boasts of dread Marengo's fight,
 And Hohenlinden's slaughter-deluged night,
 Her spirit sinks ;—the sinews of the brave,
 That crippled Europe, shrunk before the Slave ;
 The demon-spectres of Domingo rise,
 And all her triumphs vanish from her eyes.

God is a spirit, veil'd from human sight,
 In secret darkness of eternal light ;
 Through all the glory of His works we trace
 The hidings of His counsel and His face ;
 Nature, and time, and change, and fate fulfil,
 Unknown, unknowing, His mysterious will ;
 Mercies and judgments mark Him, every hour,
 Supreme in grace, and infinite in power :
 Oft o'er the Eden-islands of the West,
 In floral pomp, and verdant beauty drest,
 Roll the dark clouds of His awaken'd ire :
 Thunder and earthquake, whirlwind, flood, and fire,
 Midst reeling mountains and disparting plains,
 Tell the pale world,—“ The God of vengeance reigns.”

Nor in the majesty of storms alone,
 The Eternal makes His dread displeasure known ;
 At His command the pestilence abhor'd
 Spares the poor slave, and smites the haughty lord ;
 While to the tomb he sees his friend consign'd,
 Foreboding melancholy sinks his mind,
 Soon at his heart he feels the monster's fangs,
 They tear his vitals with convulsive pangs ;
 The light is anguish to his eye, the air,
 Sepulchral vapours laden with despair ;
 Now frenzy-horrors rack his whirling brain,
 Tremendous pulses throb through every vein ;
 The firm earth shrinks beneath his torture-bed,
 The sky in ruins, rushes o'er his head ;
 He rolls, he rages in consuming fires,
 Till nature, spent with agony, expires !

PART IV.

ARGUMENT.

The Moravian Brethren—Their Missions in Greenland, North America, and the West Indies—Christian Negroes—The Advocates of the Negroes in England—Granville Sharpe—Clarkson—Wilberforce—Pitt—Fox—The Nation itself—The Abolition of the Slave Trade—The Future State of the West Indies—of Africa—of the whole World—The Millennium.

Was there no mercy, mother of the slave !
 No friendly hand to succour and to save,
 While Commerce thus thy captive tribes oppress'd,
 And lowering vengeance linger'd o'er the west ?
 Yes, Africa ! beneath the stranger's rod
 They found the freedom of the sons of God.

When Europe languish'd in barbarian gloom,
 Beneath the ghostly tyranny of Rome,
 Whose second empire, cowl'd and mitred, burst
 A phoenix from the ashes of the first ;
 From Persecution's piles, by bigots fired,
 Among Bohemian mountains, Truth retired ;
 There, 'midst rude rocks, in lonely glens obscure,
 She found a people scatter'd, scorn'd, and poor,—
 A little flock through quiet valleys led,
 A Christian Israel in the desert fed,
 While ravening wolves, that scorn'd the shepherd's hand,
 Laid waste God's heritage through every land.
 With these the lovely exile sojourn'd long ;
 Soothed by her presence, solaced by her song,
 They toil'd through danger, trials, and distress,
 A band of Virgins in the wilderness,
 With burning lamps, amid their secret bowers,
 Counting the watches of the weary hours,
 In patient hope the Bridegroom's voice to hear,
 And see His banner in the clouds appear :
 But when the morn returning chased the night,
 These stars, that shone in darkness sunk in light,
 Luther, like Phosphor, led the conquering day,
 His meek forerunners waned, and pass'd away.

Ages roll'd by ; the turf perennial bloom'd
 O'er the lorn relics of those saints entomb'd ;
 No miracle proclaim'd their power divine,
 No kings adorn'd, no pilgrims kiss'd their shrine ;
 Cold and forgotten in the grave they slept :
 But God remembered them—their Father kept
 A faithful remnant—o'er their native clime
 His Spirit moved in His appointed time,
 The race revived at His almighty breath,
 A seed to serve Him, from the dust of death.

"Go forth, my sons, through heathen realms proclaim
 "Mercy to sinners in a Saviour's name !"

Thus spake the Lord ; they heard and they obey'd :
 —Greenland lay wrapt in Nature's heaviest shade ;
 Thither the ensign of the cross they bore ;
 The gaunt barbarians met them on the shore ;
 With joy and wonder hailing from afar,
 Through polar storms, the light of Jacob's star.

Where roll Ohio's streams, Missouri's floods,
 Beneath the umbrage of eternal woods,
 The red man roam'd, a hunter-warrior wild ;
 On him the everlasting gospel smiled ;
 His heart was awed, confounded, pierced, subdued,
 Divinely melted, moulded, and renewed ;
 The bold base savage, Nature's harshest clod,
 Rose from the dust the image of his God.
 And thou, poor Negro ! scorn'd of all mankind ;
 Thou dumb and impotent, and deaf and blind ;
 Thou dead in spirit ! toil-degraded slave,
 Crush'd by the curse on Adam to the grave !
 The messengers of peace, o'er land and sea,
 That sought the sons of sorrow, stoop'd to thee.
 —The captive raised his slow and sullen eye ;
 He knew no friend, nor deem'd a friend was nigh,
 Till the sweet tones of Pity touch'd his ears,
 And Mercy bathed his bosom with her tears ;
 Strange were those tones, to him those tears were strange ;
 He wept and wonder'd at the mighty change,
 Felt the quick pang of keen compunction dart,
 And heard a still small whisper in his heart,
 A voice from Heaven, that bade the outcast rise
 From shame on earth to glory in the skies.

From isle to isle the welcome tidings ran ;
 The slave that heard them started into man :
 Like Peter, sleeping in his chains he lay,
 The angel came, his night was turn'd to day ;
 " Arise !" his fetters fall, his slumbers flee ;
 He wakes to life, he springs to liberty.

No more to demon-gods, in hideous forms,
 He pray'd for earthquakes, pestilence, and storms,
 In secret agony devour'd the earth,
 And, while he spared his mother, cursed his birth ;
 To heaven the Christian Negro sent his sighs,
 In morning rows and evening sacrifice ;
 He pray'd for blessings to descend on those
 That dealt to him the cup of many woes ;
 Thought of his home in Africa forlorn ;
 Yet, while he wept, rejoiced that he was born.
 No longer, burning with unholy fires,
 He wallow'd in the dust of base desires ;
 Ennobling virtue fix'd his hopes above,
 Enlarged his heart, and sanctified his love :
 With humble steps the paths of peace he trod,
 A happy pilgrim, for he walk'd with God.

Still slowly spread the dawn of life and day,
 In death and darkness pagan myriads lay :

Stronger and more than that of us that bind
The nations — and we are not a vast mind ;
The world is made to break in shattering parts,
The world is made to witness such wars.

— However, and no the great the voice, the free,
The millions that in a hour and the sea,
Change as waves that break the Negro's chain,
In the wide world a thousand years,
Through which the storm is in every part ;
They show — will not make any more,
They show that there is a great arms to save
From chains the freedom, to break the slave ;
The world is made to witness such wars,
And never more in the great's eye,
She makes a mother with the slave,
Age after age, and the world that were
Her tribes to be free — with freedom wrong,
What is the blood that seeks her pain,
She fast and weeping from her eyes,
Her heart beats with the world's eyes ;
Till every sense of such a story,
And then the world's eye, the world's eye,
So Nave, when all her race were slain,
In ecstasy of we know her pain,
Cold in her eye sereneest horror show,
While pitying Nature would her into stone.

— Thus Africa, entranced with sorrow, stood,
Her fixed eye gleaming on the restless food,
When Scarpe, on proud Britannia's charter'd shore,
From Libyan limbs the unsanctified fetters tore,
And taught the world, that while she rules the waves
Her soil is freedom to the feet of slaves ;
— When Clarkson his victorious course began,
Unyielding in the cause of God and man,
Wise, patient, persevering to the end,
No guile could thwart, no power his purpose bend,
He rose o'er Afric like the sun in smiles,
He rests in glory on the western isles ;
— When Wilberforce, the minister of grace,
The new Las Casas of a ruin'd race,
With angel-might opposed the rage of hell,
And fought like Michael, till the dragon fell ;
— When Pitt, supreme amid the senate, rose
The Negro's friend, among the Negro's foes ;
Yet while his tones like heaven's high thunder broke,
No fire descended to consume the yoke :
— When Fox, all-eloquent, for freedom stood,
With speech resistless as the voice of blood,
The voice that cries through all the patriot's veins,
When at his feet his country groans in chains ;
The voice that whispers in the mother's breast,
When smiles her infant in his rosy rest ;
Of power to bid the storm of passion roll,
Or touch with sweetest tenderness the soul.

He spake in vain :—till, with his latest breath,
He broke the spell of Africa in death.

The Muse to whom the lyre and lute belong,
Whose song of freedom is her noblest song,
The lyre with awful indignation swept,
O'er the sweet lute in silent sorrow wept,—
When Albion's crimes drew thunder from her tongue,
When Afric's woes o'erwhelmed her while she sung.
Lamented Cowper ! in thy path I tread ;
Oh ! that on me were thy meek spirit shed !
The woes that wring my bosom once were thine—
Be all thy virtues, all thy genius, mine !
Peace to thy soul ! thy God thy portion be ;
And in his presence may I rest with thee !

Quick at the call of virtue, freedom, truth,
Weak withering age and strong aspiring youth
Alike the expanding power of pity felt ;
The coldest, hardest hearts began to melt ;
From breast to breast the flame of justice glow'd ;
Wide o'er its banks the Nile of mercy flow'd ;
Through all the isle the gradual waters swell'd ;
Mammon in vain the encircling flood repell'd ;
O'erthrown at length, like Pharaoh and his host,
His shipwreck'd hopes lay scatter'd round the coast.

High on her rock in solitary state,
Sublimely musing, pale Britannia sate :
Her awful forehead on her spear reclined,
Her robe and tresses streaming with the wind ;
Chill through her frame foreboding tremors crept ;
The mother thought upon her sons and wept ;
—She thought of Nelson in the battle slain,
And his last signal beaming o'er the main ;
In Glory's circling arms the hero bled,
While Victory bound the laurel on his head ;
At once immortal, in both worlds, became
His soaring spirit and abiding name ;
—She thought of Pitt, heartbroken on his bier ;
And, "O my country !" echoed in her ear ;
She thought of Fox ;—she heard him faintly speak,
His parting breath grew cold upon her cheek,
His dying accents trembled into air ;
"Spare injured Africa ! the Negro spare !"

She started from her trance !—and, round the shore
Beheld her supplicating sons once more
Pleading the suit so long, so vainly tried,
Renew'd, resisted, promised, pledged, denied,
The Negro's claim to all his Maker gave,
And all the tyrant ravish'd from the slave.
Her yielding heart confess'd the righteous claim,
Sorrow had soften'd it, and love o'ercame ;
Shame flush'd her noble cheek, her bosom burn'd ;
To helpless, hopeless Africa she turn'd ;
She saw her sister in the mourner's face,
And rush'd with tears into her dark embrace :

"All hail!" exclaim'd the Empress of the sea,
 "Thy chains are broken—Africa be free!"
 "All hail!" replied the mourner, "She who broke
 My bonds shall never wear a stranger's yoke."

Muse! take the harp of prophecy:—behold!
 The glories of a brighter age unfold:
 Friends of the outcast! view the accomplish'd plan,
 The Negro towering to the height of man.
 The blood of Romans, Saxons, Gauls, and Danes,
 Swell'd the rich fountain of the Briton's veins;
 Unmingled streams a warmer life impart,
 And quicker pulses to the Negro's heart:
 A dusky race beneath the evening sun,
 Shall blend their spousal currents into one.
 Is beauty bound to colour, shape, or air?
 No; God created all his offspring fair.
 Tyrant and slave their tribes shall never see,
 For God created all his offspring free;
 Then Justice, leagued with Mercy, from above,
 Shall reign in all the liberty of love;
 And the sweet shores beneath the balmy west
 Again shall be "the islands of the blest."

Unutterable mysteries of fate
 Involve, O Africa! thy future state.
 —On Niger's banks, in lonely beauty wild,
 A Negro mother carols to her child:
 "Son of my widow'd love, my orphan joy!
 Avenge thy father's murder, oh, my boy!"
 Along those banks the fearless *infant* strays,
 Bathes in the stream, among the eddies plays;
 See the *boy* bounding through the eager race;
 The fierce *youth*, shouting foremost in the chase,
 Drives the grim lion from his ancient woods,
 And smites the crocodile amidst his floods.
 To giant strength in unshorn *manhood* grown,
 He haunts the wilderness, he dwells alone.
 A tigress with her whelps to seize him sprung,
 He tears the mother, and he tames the young
 In the drear cavern of their native rock;
 Thither wild slaves and fell banditti flock;
 He heads their hordes; they burst, like torrid rains,
 In death and devastation o'er the plains;
 Stronger and bolder grows his ruffian band,
 Prouder his heart, more terrible his hand.
 He spreads his banner; crowding from afar,
 Innumerable armies rush to war;
 Resistless as the pillar'd whirlwinds fly
 O'er Libyan sands, revolving to the sky,
 In fire and wrath through every realm they run,
 Where the noon-shadow shrinks beneath the sun;
 Till at the conqueror's feet from sea to sea,
 A hundred nations bow the servile knee,
 And throned in nature's unreveal'd domains,
 The Jenghis Khan of Africa he reigns!

Dim through the night of these tempestuous years
A Sabbath dawn o'er Africa appears ;
Then shall her neck from Europe's yoke be freed,
And healing arts to hideous arms succeed ;
At home fraternal bonds her tribes shall bind,
Commerce abroad espouse them with mankind,
While Truth shall build, and pure Religion bless
The Church of God amidst the wilderness.

Nor in the isles and Africa alone
Be the Redeemer's cross and triumph known :
Father of Mercies ! speed the promised hour ;
Thy kingdom come with all restoring power ;
Peace, virtue, knowledge, spread from pole to pole,
As round the world the ocean waters roll !
—Hope waits the morning of celestial light ;
Time plumes his wings for everlasting flight ;
Unchanging seasons have their march begun ;
Millennial years are hastening to the sun ;
Seen through thick clouds, by Faith's transpiercing eyes,
The New Creation shines in purer skies.
—All hail !—the age of crime and suffering ends ;
The reign of righteousness from heaven descends ;
Vengeance for ever sheathes the afflicting sword ;
Death is destroy'd, and Paradise restored ;
Man, rising from the ruins of his fall,
Is one with God, and God is All in All !

THE WORLD BEFORE THE FLOOD.

ORIGINAL PREFACE.

THERE is no authentic history of the world from the Creation to the Deluge, besides that which is found in the first chapters of Genesis. He, therefore, who fixes the date of a fictitious narrative within that period, is under obligation to no other authority whatever, for conformity of manners, events, or even localities: he has full power to accommodate these to his peculiar purposes, observing only such analogy as shall consist with the brief information contained in the sacred records concerning mankind in the earliest ages. The present writer acknowledges, that he has exercised this undoubted right with great freedom. Success alone sanctions bold innovation; if he has succeeded in what he has attempted, he will need no arguments to justify it; if he has miscarried, none will avail him. Those who imagine that he has exhibited the antediluvians as more skilful in arts and arms than can be supposed in their stage of society, may read the *eleventh* book of "Paradise Lost;"—and those who think he has made the religion of the Patriarchs too evangelical, may read the *twelfth*.

With respect to the personages and incidents of his story, the Author having deliberately adopted them under the conviction, that in the characters of the one he was not stepping out of human nature, and in the construction of the other not exceeding the limits of poetical probability,—he asks no favour, he deprecates no censure, on behalf of either; nor shall the facility with which "much malice and a little wit" might turn into ridicule every line that he has written, deter him from leaving the whole to the mercy of general readers.

But,—here is a large web of fiction involving a small fact of Scripture! Nothing could justify a work of this kind, if it were in any way calculated to impose on the credulity, pervert the principles, or corrupt the affections of its approvers. Here, then, the appeal lies to conscience rather than to taste, and the decision on this point is of infinitely more importance to the Poet than his name among men, or his interests on earth. It was his design in this composition, to present a similitude of events, that might be imagined to have happened in the first age of the world, in which such Scripture characters as are introduced would probably have acted and spoken as they are here made to act and speak. The story is told as a Parable only, and its value in this view must be determined by its moral, or rather by its religious influence on the mind and on the heart. Fiction though it be, it is the fiction that represents Truth, and that *is* Truth,—Truth in the essence though not in the name; Truth in the spirit though not in the letter.

Feb. 6, 1813.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

No place having been found in Asia to correspond exactly with the Mosaic description of the site of Paradise, the Author of the following Poem has disregarded both the learned and the absurd hypotheses on the subject, and at once imagining an inaccessible tract of land, at the confluence of four rivers, which after their junction take the name of the largest, and become the Euphrates of the ancient world, he has placed "the happy garden" there. Milton's noble fiction of the Mount of Paradise being removed by the Deluge, and pushed

"Down the great river to the opening gulf,"

and there converted into a barren isle, implies such a change in the water-courses as will, poetically at least, account for the difference between the scene of this story and the present face of the country, at the point where the Tigris and Euphrates meet. On the eastern side of these waters, the Author supposes the descendants of the younger children of Adam to dwell, possessing the land of Eden; the rest of the world having been gradually colonized by emigrants from these, or peopled by the posterity of Cain. In process of time, after the sons of God had formed connections with the daughters of men, and there were giants in the earth, the latter assumed to be lords and rulers over mankind, till among themselves arose one, excelling all his brethren in knowledge and power, who became their king, and by their aid, in the course of a long life, subdued all the inhabited earth, except the land of Eden. This land, at the head of a mighty army, principally composed of the descendants of Cain, he has invaded and conquered, even to the banks of the Euphrates, at the opening of the action of the poem. It is only necessary to add, that for the sake of distinction, the invaders are frequently denominated from Cain, as "the host of Cain,"—"the force of Cain,"—"the camp of Cain;"—and the remnant of the defenders of Eden are, in like manner, denominated from Eden. The Jews have an ancient tradition, that some of the giants, at the Deluge, fled to the top of a high mountain, and escaped the ruin that involved the rest of their kindred. In the tenth canto of the following poem a hint is borrowed from this tradition, but it is made to yield to the superior authority of Scripture testimony.



TO THE SPIRIT OF A DEPARTED FRIEND.*

MANY, my friend, have mourn'd for thee,
And yet shall many mourn,
Long as thy name on earth shall be
In sweet remembrance borne,
By those who loved thee here, and love
Thy spirit still in realms above.

For while thine absence they deplore,
'Tis for themselves they weep:
Though they behold thy face no more,
In peace thine ashes sleep,
And o'er the tomb they lift their eye,—
Thou *art* not dead, thou couldst not die.

* David Parken, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn, to whom the MS. of the poem had been submitted by the author, and by whose suggestions it was greatly improved. He died, however, before the revision was completed on his part.

In silent anguish, O my friend !
 When I recall thy worth,
 Thy lovely life, thine early end,
 I feel estranged from earth ;
 My soul with thine desires to rest,
 Supremely and for ever blest.

In loftier mood, I fain would raise
 With my victorious breath
 Some fair memorial of thy praise,
 Beyond the reach of Death ;
 Proud wish, and vain !—I cannot give
 The word that makes the Dead to live !

Thou art *not* dead,—Thou couldst not die ;
 To nobler life new-born,
 Thou look'st in pity from the sky
 Upon a world forlorn,
 Where Glory is but dying flame,
 And Immortality a name.

Yet didst thou prize the poet's art ;
 And when to thee I sung,
 How pure, how fervent from the heart,
 The language of thy tongue !
 In praise or blame alike sincere,
 But still most kind when most severe.

When first this dream of ancient times
 Warm on my fancy glow'd,
 And forth in rude spontaneous rhymes,
 The song of wonder flow'd ;
 Pleased but alarm'd, I saw thee stand,
 And chock'd the fury of my hand.

That hand with awe resumed the lyre,
 I trembled, doubted, fear'd,
 Then did thy voice my hope inspire,
 My soul thy presence cheer'd ;
 But suddenly the light was flown,—
 I look'd, and found myself alone.

Alone, in sickness, care, and woe,
 Since that bereaving day,
 With heartless patience, faint and low,
 I trill'd the secret lay,
 Afraid to trust the bold design
 To less indulgent ears than thine.

'Tis done ;—nor would I dread to meet
 The world's repulsive brow,
 Had I presented at thy feet
 The Muse's trophy now,
 And gain'd the smile I long'd to gain,
 The pledge of labour *not* in vain.

Full well I know, *if thou wert here*,
 A pilgrim still with me,—
 Dear as my theme was once, and dear
 As I was once to thee,—
 Too mean to yield thee pure delight,
 The strains that now the world invite.

Yet could they reach thee *where thou art*,
 And sounds might spirits move,
 Their better, their diviner part
 Thou surely wouldst approve,
 Though heavenly thoughts are all thy joy,
 And angel-songs thy tongue employ.

My task is o'er ; and I have wrought,
 With self-rewarding toil,
 To raise the scatter'd seed of thought
 Upon a desert soil :
 Oh, for soft winds and clement showers !
 I seek not fruit,—I planted flowers.

Those flowers I train'd, of many a hue,
 Along thy path to bloom,
 And little thought that I must strew
 Their leaves upon thy tomb :
 Beyond that tomb I lift mine eye,
 Thou *art* not dead,—thou couldst not die.

Farewell ! but not a long farewell ;
 In heaven may I appear,
 The trials of my faith to tell
 In thy transported ear,
 And sing with thee the eternal strain,
 " Worthy the Lamb that once was slain ! "



CANTO FIRST.

The Invasion of Eden by the Descendants of Cain—the Flight of Javan from the Camp of the Invaders to the Valley where the Patriarchs dwelt—The Story of Javan's former life.

EASTWARD of Eden's early-peopled plain,
 When Abel perish'd by the hand of Cain,
 The murderer from his Judge's presence fled :
 Thence to the rising sun his offspring spread ;
 But he, the fugitive of care and guilt,
 Forsook the haunts he chose, the homes he built ;
 While filial nations hail'd him Sire and Chief,
 Empire nor honour brought his soul relief ;
 He found, where'er he roam'd, uncheer'd, unblost,
 No pause from suffering, and from toil no rest.
 Ages, meanwhile, as ages now are told,
 O'er the young world in long succession roll'd ;

For such the vigour of primeval man,
 Through number'd centuries his period ran,
 And the first Parents saw their hardy race,
 O'er the green wilds of habitable space,
 By tribes and kindreds, scatter'd wide and far,
 Beneath the track of every varying star.
 But as they multiplied from clime to clime,
 Embolden'd by their elder brother's crime,
 They spurn'd obedience to the Patriarchs' yoke,
 The bonds of Nature's fellowship they broke ;
 The weak became the victims of the strong,
 And Earth was filled with violence and wrong.
 Yet long on Eden's fair and fertile plain
 A righteous nation dwelt, that knew not Cain ;
 There, fruits and flowers, in genial light and dew,
 Luxuriant vines, and golden harvests, grew ;
 By freshening waters flocks and cattle stray'd,
 While Youth and Childhood watch'd them from the shade ;
 Age, at his fig-tree, rested from his toil,
 And manly vigour till'd the unfailing soil ;
 Green sprang the turf, by holy footsteps trod,
 Round the pure altars of the living God ;
 Till foul idolatry those altars stain'd,
 And lust and revelry through Eden reign'd.
 Then fled the people's glory and defence,
 The joys of home, the peace of innocence ;
 Sin brought forth sorrows in perpetual birth,
 And the last light from heaven forsook the earth,
 Save in one forest-glen, remote and wild,
 Where yet a ray of lingering mercy smiled,
 Their quiet course where Seth and Enoch ran,
 And God and Angels deign'd to walk with man.
 Now from the east, supreme in arts and arms,
 The tribes of Cain, awakening war-alarms,
 Full in the spirit of their father, came
 To waste their brethren's lands with sword and flame.
 In vain the younger race of Adam rose,
 With force unequal, to repel their foes ;
 Their fields in blood, their homes in ruins, lay,
 Their whole inheritance became a prey ;
 The stars, to whom as gods they raised their cry,
 Roll'd, heedless of their offerings, through the sky ;
 Till, urged on Eden's utmost bounds at length,
 In fierce despair they rallied all their strength.
 They fought, but they were vanquish'd in the fight,
 Captured, or slain, or scatter'd in the flight :
 The morning battle-scene at eve was spread
 With ghastly heaps, the dying and the dead ;
 The dead unmourn'd, unburied left to lie ;
 By friends and foes, the dying left to die.
 The victim, while he groan'd his soul away,
 Heard the gaunt vulture hurrying to his prey,
 Then strengthless felt the ravening beak, that tore
 His widen'd wounds, and drank the living gore.

One sole-surviving remnant, void of fear,
Woods in their front, Euphrates in their rear,
Were sworn to perish at a glorious cost,
For all they once had known, and loved, and lost ;
A small, a brave, a melancholy band,
The orphans and the childless of the land.
The hordes of Cain, by giant-chieftains led,
Wide o'er the north their vast encampments spread :
A broad and sunny champaign stretch'd between ;
Westward a maze of waters girt the scene ;
There, on Euphrates, in its ancient course,
Three beauteous rivers roll'd their confluent force,
Whose streams, while man the blissful garden trod,
Adorn'd the earthly paradise of God ;
But since he fell, within their triple bound,
Fenced a lone region of forbidden ground ;
Meeting at once, where high athwart their bed
Repulsive rocks a curving barrier spread,
The embattled floods, by mutual whirlpools crost,
In hoary foam and surging mist were lost ;
Thence, like an Alpine cataract of snow,
White down the precipice they dash'd below ;
There, in tumultuous billows broken wide,
They spent their rage, and yoked their fourfold tide ;
Through one majestic channel, calm and free,
The sister-rivers sought the parent-sea.

The midnight watch was ended ;—down the west
The glowing moon declined towards her rest ;
Through either host the voice of war was dumb ;
In dreams the hero won the fight to come ;
No sound was stirring, save the breeze that bore
The distant cataract's everlasting roar.
When, from the tents of Cain, a Youth withdrew ;
Secret and swift, from post to post he flew,
And pass'd the camp of Eden, while the dawn
Gleam'd faintly o'er the interjacent lawn ;
Skirting the forest, cautiously and slow,
He fear'd at every step to start a foe ;
Oft leap'd the hare across his path, up sprung
The lark beneath his feet, and soaring sung ;
What time, o'er eastern mountains seen afar,
With golden splendour rose the morning star,
As if an Angel-sentinel of night
From earth to heaven had wing'd his homeward flight,—
Glorious at first, but lessening by the way,
And lost insensibly in higher day.

From track of man and herd his path he chose,
Where high the grass, and thick the copsewood rose ;
Then by Euphrates' banks his course inclined,
Where the gray willows trembled to the wind ;
With toil and pain their humid shade he clear'd,
When at the porch of heaven the sun appear'd,
Through gorgeous clouds that streak'd the orient sky,
And kindled into glory at his eye ;

While dark amidst the dews that glitter'd round,
 From rock and tree, long shadows traced the ground.
 Then climb'd the fugitive an airy height,
 And, resting, back o'er Eden cast his sight.

Far on the left, to man for ever closed,
 The Mount of Paradise in clouds reposed :
 The gradual landscape open'd to his view ;
 From Nature's face the veil of mist withdrew,
 And left, in clear and purple light reveal'd,
 The radiant river, and the tented field ;
 The black pine-forest, in whose girdle lay
 The patriot phalanx, hemm'd in close array ;
 The verdant champaign narrowing to the north,
 Whence from their dusky quarters sallied forth
 The proud Invaders, early roused to fight,
 Tribe after tribe emerging into light ;
 Whose shields and lances, in the golden beams,
 Flash'd o'er the restless scene their flickering gleams,
 As when the breakers catch the morning glow,
 And ocean rolls in living fire below ;
 So, round the unbroken border of the wood,
 The Giants pour'd their army like a flood,
 Eager to force the covert of their foe,
 And lay the last defence of Eden low.

From that safe eminence, absorb'd in thought,
 Even till the wind the shout of legions brought,
 He gazed,—his heart recoil'd,—he turned his head,
 And o'er the southern hills his journey sped.

Who was the fugitive ! In infancy
 A youthful Mother's only hope was he,
 Whose spouse and kindred, on a festal day,
 Precipitate destruction swept away ;
 Earth trembled, open'd, and entomb'd them all ;
She saw them sinking, heard their voices call
 Beneath the gulf,—and agonized, aghast,
 On the wild verge of eddying ruin cast,
 Felt in one pang, at that convulsive close,
 A Widow's anguish and a Mother's throes :
 A Babe sprang forth, an inauspicious birth,
 Where all had perish'd that she loved on earth.
 Forlorn and helpless, on the upriven ground,
 The parent, with her offspring, Enoch found ;
 And thence with tender care and timely aid,
 Home to the Patriarchs' glen his charge convey'd.

Restored to life, one pledge of former joy,
 One source of bliss to come, remain'd,—her boy !
 Sweet in her eye the cherish'd infant rose,
 At once the seal and solace of her woes.
 When the pale widow clasp'd him to her breast,
 Warm gush'd the tears and would not be repress'd :
 In lonely anguish, when the truant child
 Leap'd o'er the threshold, all the mother smiled.
 In him, while fond imagination view'd
 Husband and parents, brethren, friends renew'd,

Each vanish'd look, each well-remember'd grace,
 That pleased in them, she sought in Javan's face ;
 For quick his eye and changeable its ray,
 As the sun glancing through a vernal day ;
 And, like the lake by storm or moonlight seen,
 With darkening furrows or cerulean mien,
 His countenance, the mirror of his breast,
 The calm or trouble of his soul express'd.

As years enlarged his form, in moody hours,
 His mind betray'd its weakness with its powers.
 Alike his fairest hopes and strangest fears
 Were nursed in silence, or divulged with tears ;
 The fulness of his heart repress'd his tongue,
 Though none might rival Javan when he sung.
 He loved, in lonely indolence reclined,
 To watch the clouds, and listen to the wind.
 But from the north when snow and tempest came,
 His nobler spirit mounted into flame ;
 With stern delight he roam'd the howling woods,
 Or hung in ecstasy o'er headlong floods.
 Meanwhile excursive fancy long'd to view
 The world, which yet by fame alone he knew ;
 The joys of freedom were his daily theme,
 Glory the secret of his midnight dream :
 That dream he told not ; though his heart would ache,
 His home was precious for his mother's sake.
 With her the lowly paths of peace he ran,
 His guardian angel till he verged to man ;
 But when her weary eye could watch no more,
 When to the grave her timeless corse he bore,
 Not Enoch's counsels could his steps restrain ;
 He fled and sojourn'd in the land of Cain.
 There, when he heard the voice of Jubal's lyre,
 Instinctive genius caught the ethereal fire ;
 And soon, with sweetly-modulating skill,
 He learn'd to wind the passions at his will,
 To rule the chords with such mysterious art,
 They seem'd the life-strings of the hearer's heart.
 Then Glory's opening field he proudly trod,
 Forsook the worship and the ways of God ;
 Round the vain world pursued the phantom Fame,
 And cast away his birthright for a name.

Yet no delight the Minstrel's bosom knew,—
 None save the tones that from his harp he drew,
 And the warm visions of a wayward mind,
 Whose transient splendour left a gloom behind,
 Frail as the clouds of sunset, and as fair,
 Pageants of light resolving into air.
 The world, whose charms his young affections stole,
 He found too mean for an immortal soul ;
 Wound with his life, through all his feelings wrought,
 Death and eternity possess'd his thought ;
 Remorse impell'd him, unremitting care
 Harass'd his path, and stung him to despair.

Still was the secret of his griefs unknown,
 Amidst the universe he sigh'd alone ;
 The fame he follow'd, and the fame he found,
 Heal'd not his heart's immedicable wound ;
 Admired, applauded, crown'd, where'er he roved,
 The Bard was homeless, friendless, unbelov'd.
 All else that breathed below the circling sky,
 Were link'd to earth by some endearing tie ;
 He only, like the ocean weed upturn,
 And loose along the world of waters borne,
 Was cast companionless, from wave to wave,
 On life's rough sea,—and there was none to save.

The Giant King, who led the hosts of Cain,
 Delighted in the Minstrel and his vein ;
 No hand, no voice, like Javan's could control,
 With soothing concords, his tempestuous soul.
 With him the wandering Bard, who found no rest
 Through ten years' exile, sought his native west ;
 There from the camp retiring, he pursued
 His journey to the Patriarchs' solitude.
 This son of peace no martial armour wore ;
 A scrip for food, a staff in hand, he bore ;
 Flaxen his robe ; and o'er his shoulder hung,
 Broad as a warrior's shield, his harp unstrung,
 A shell of tortoise, exquisitely wrought
 With hieroglyphics of embodied thought ;
 Jubal himself encased the polish'd frame ;
 And Javan won it in the strife for fame,
 Among the sons of Music, when their Sire
 To his victorious skill adjudged the lyre.

'Twas noon when Javan climb'd the bordering hill,
 By man an old remembrance hallow'd still,
 Whence he beheld, by sloping woods enclosed,
 The hamlet where his Parent's dust reposed,
 His home of happiness in early years,
 And still the home of all his hopes and fears,
 When, from ambition struggling to break free,
 He mused on joys and sorrows yet to be.
 Awhile he stood, with rumination pale,
 Casting an eye of sadness o'er the vale,
 When, suddenly abrupt, spontaneous prayer
 Burst from his lips for One who sojourn'd there ;
 For One, whose cottage, far appearing, drew,
 Even from his Mother's grave, his transient view :
 One, whose unconscious smiles were wont to dart
 Ineffable emotion through his heart ;
 A nameless sympathy, more sweet, more dear
 Than friendship, solaced him when she was near,
 And well he guess'd, while yet a timorous boy,
 That Javan's artless songs were Zillah's joy.
 But when ambition, with a fiercer flame
 Than untold love, had fired his soul for fame,
 This infant passion, cherish'd yet repress'd,
 Lived in his pulse, but died within his breast ;

For oft in distant lands, when hope beat high,
 Westward he turn'd his eager glistening eye,
 And gazed in spirit on her absent form,
 Fair as the moon emerging through the storm,
 Till sudden, strange, bewildering horrors cross'd
 His thought,—and every glimpse of joy was lost.
 Even then, when melancholy numb'd his brain,
 And life itself stood still in every vein,
 While his cold, quivering lips sent vows above,
 —Never to curse her with his bitter love !
 His heart, espoused with hers, in secret sware
 To hold its truth unshaken by despair :
 The vows dispersed that from those lips were borne,
 But never, never, was that heart forsworn ;
 Throughout the world, the charm of Zillah's name
 Repell'd the touch of every meaner flame.
 Jealous and watchful of the Sex's wiles,
 He trembled at the light of Woman's smiles !
 So turns the mariner's mistrusting eye
 From proud Orion bending through the sky,
 Beauteous and terrible, who shines afar,
 At once the brightest and most baneful star.

Where Javan from that eastern hill survey'd
 The circling forest and embosom'd glade,
 Earth wore one summer robe of living green,
 In heaven's blue arch the sun alone was seen ;
 Creation slumber'd in the cloudless light,
 And noon was silent as the depth of night.
 Oh, what a throng of rushing thoughts oppress'd,
 In that vast solitude, his anxious breast !
 —To wither in the blossom of renown,
 And unrecorded to the dust go down,
 Or, for a name on earth, to quit the prize
 Of immortality beyond the skies,
 Perplex'd his wavering choice :—when Conscience fail'd,
 Love rose against the World, and Love prevail'd ;
 Passion, in aid of virtue, conquer'd Pride,
 And Woman won the heart to Heaven denied.

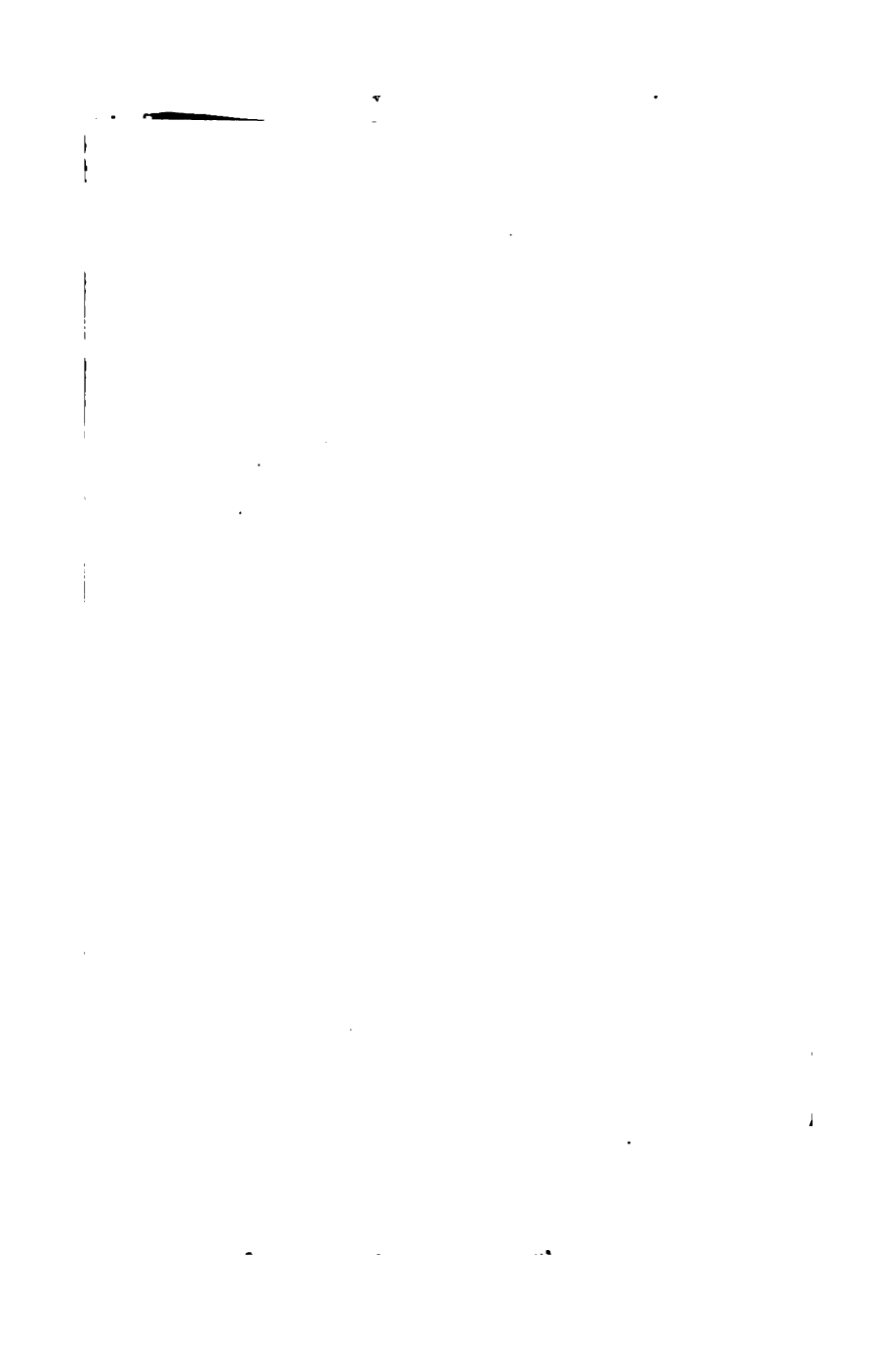


CANTO SECOND.

Javan, descending through the forest, arrives at the place where he had formerly parted with Zillah, when he withdrew from the Patriarch's Glen—There he again discovers her, in a bower formed on the spot—Their strange interview and abrupt separation.

STEEP the descent, and wearisome the way ;
 The twisted boughs forbade the light of day ;
 No breath from heaven refresh'd the sultry gloom,
 The arching forest seem'd one pillar'd tomb,
 Upright and tall the trees of ages grow,
 While all is loneliness and waste below ;

There, as the massy foliage, far aloof,
Display'd a dark impenetrable roof,
So, gnarled and rigid, clapt and interwound,
An uncouth maze of roots emboss'd the ground :
Midway beneath the sylvan wild assumed
A milder aspect, shrubs and flowerets bloom'd ;
Openings of sky, and little plots of green,
And showers of sunbeams through the leaves were seen.
Awhile the traveller halted at the place,
Where last he caught a glimpse of Zillah's face,
One lovely eve, when in that calm retreat
They met, as they were often wont to meet,
And parted, not as they were wont to part,
With gay regret, but heaviness of heart ;
Though Javan named for his return the night
When the new moon had roll'd to full orb'd light.
She stood, and gazed through tears, that forced their way,
Oft as from steep to steep, with fond delay,
Lessening at every view, he turn'd his head,
Hail'd her with weaker voice, then forward sped.
From that sad hour, she saw his face no more
In Eden's woods, or on Euphrates' shore :
Moons waxed and waned ; to her no hope appear'd,
Who much his death, but more his falsehood fear'd.
Now, while he paused, the lapse of years forgot,
Remembrance eyed her lingering near the spot.
Onward he hasten'd ; all his bosom burn'd,
As if that eve of parting were return'd ;
And she, with silent tenderness of woe,
Clung to his heart, and would not let him go.
Sweet was the scene ! apart the cedars stood,
A sunny islet open'd in the wood ;
With vernal tints the wild-briar thicket glows,
For here the desert flourish'd as the rose ;
From sapling trees, with lucid foliage crown'd,
Gay lights and shadows twinkled on the ground ;
Up the tall stems luxuriant creepers run
To hang their silver blossoms in the sun ;
Deep velvet verdure clad the turf beneath,
Where trodden flowers their richest odours breathe :
O'er all, the bees, with murmuring music, flew
From bell to bell, to sip the treasured dew ;
While insect myriads, in the solar gleams,
Glanced to and fro, like intermingling beams ;
So fresh, so pure, the woods, the sky, the air,
It seem'd a place where angels might repair,
And tune their harps beneath those tranquil shades,
To morning songs or moonlight serenades.
He paused again, with memory's dream entranced,
Again his foot unconsciously advanced,
For now the laurel-thicket caught his view,
Where he and Zillah wept their last adieu.
Some curious hand, since that bereaving hour,
Had twined the copse into a covert bower,



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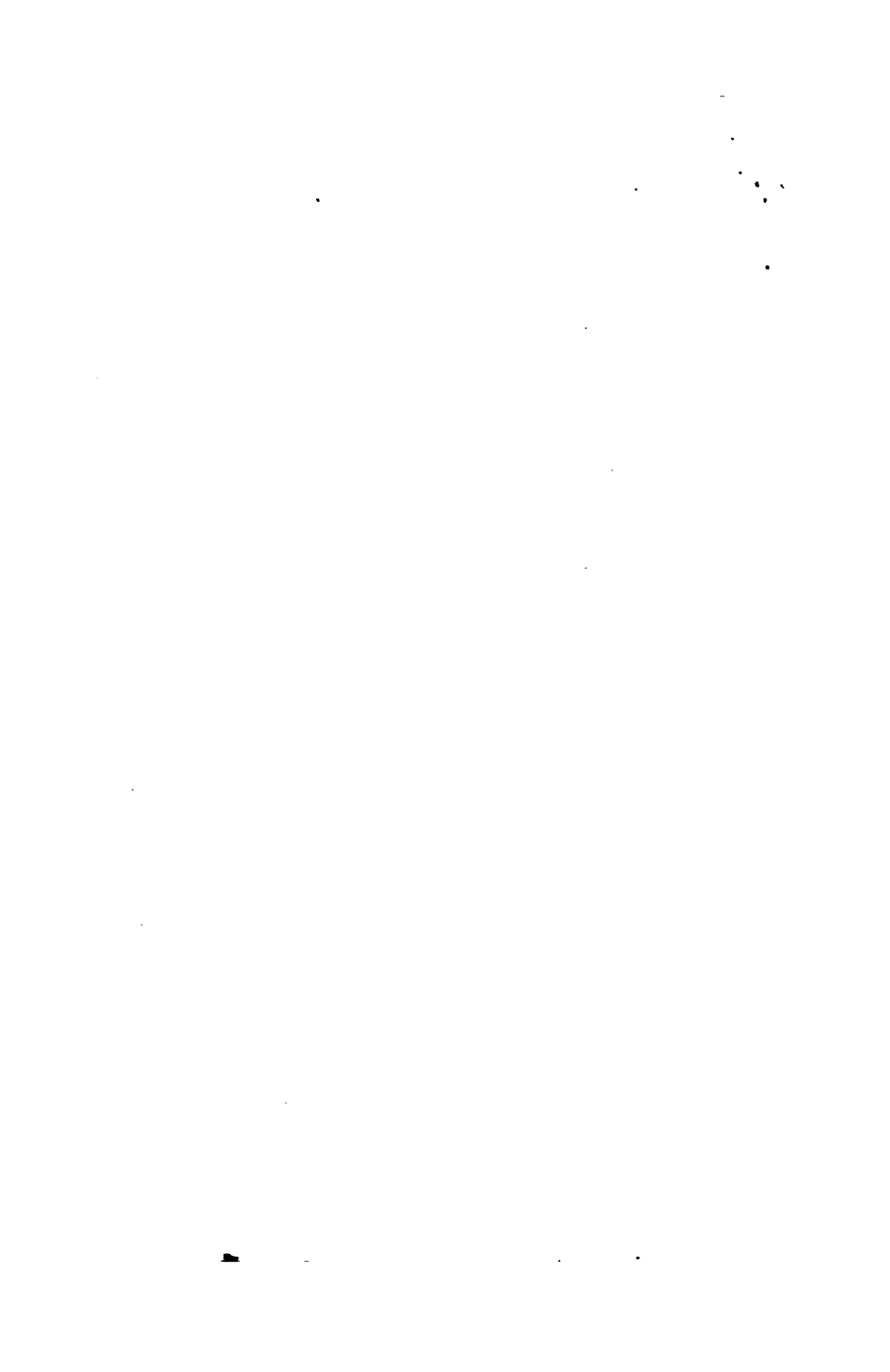
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THE WORLD BEFORE THE FLOOD.

**"One lovely eve, when in that calm retreat
They met, as they were often wont to meet."—P. 52.**



With many a light and fragrant shrub between,
 Flowering aloft amidst perennial green.
 As Javan search'd this blossom-woven shade,
 He spied the semblance of a sleeping Maid :
 'Tis she ; 'tis Zillah, in her leafy shrine ;
 O'erwatched in slumber by a Power Divine,
 In cool retirement from the heat of day,
 Alone, unfearing, on the moss she lay,
 Fair as the rainbow shines through darkening showers,
 Pure as the wreath of snow on April flowers.
 O youth ! in later times, whose gentle ear
 This tale of ancient constancy shall hear ;
 If thou hast known the sweetness and the pain,
 To love with secret hope, yet love in vain ;
 If months and years in pining silence worn,
 Till doubt and fear might be no longer borne,
 In evening shades thy faltering tongue confess'd
 The last dear wish that trembled in thy breast,
 While at each pause the streamlet pur'd along,
 And rival woodlands echoed song for song ;
 Recall the Maiden's look ;—the eye, the cheek,
 The blush that spoke what language could not speak ;
 Recall her look, when at the altar's side
 She seal'd her promise, and became thy bride.
 Such were, to Javan, Zillah's form and face,
 The flower of meekness on a stem of grace ;
 O ! she was all that Youth of Beauty deems,
 All that to Love the loveliest object seems.
 Moments there are, that, in their sudden flight,
 Bring the slow mysteries of years to light.
 Javan, in one transporting instant, knew,
 That all he wish'd, and all he fear'd, was true ;
 For while the harlot-world his soul possess'd,
 Love seem'd a crime in his apostate breast ;
 How could he tempt her innocence to share
 His poor ambition and his fix'd despair !
 But now the phantoms of a wandering brain,
 And wounded spirit, cross'd his thoughts in vain :
 Past sins and follies, cares and woes, forgot,
 Peace, virtue, Zillah, seem'd his present lot ;
 Where'er he look'd, around him or above,
 All was the pledge of Truth, the work of Love,
 At whose transforming hand, where last they stood,
 Had sprung that love memorial in the wood.
 Thus on the slumbering maid while Javan gaz'd,
 With quicker swell her hidden bosom rais'd
 The shadowy tresses, that profusely shed
 Their golden wreaths from her reclining head ;
 A deeper crimson mantled o'er her cheek,
 Her close lip quiver'd as in act to speak,
 While broken sobs, and tremors of unrest,
 The inward trouble of a dream express'd :
 At length, amidst imperfect murmurs, fell
 The name of " Javan ! " and a low " Farewell ! "

Tranquil again, her cheek resumed its hue,
And soft as infancy her breath she drew.

When Javan's ear those startling accents thrill'd,
Wonder and ecstasy his bosom fill'd ;
But quick compunction humbler feelings wrought,
He blush'd to be a spy on Zillah's thought ;
He turn'd aside ; within the neighbouring brake,
Resolved to tarry till the nymph awake.
There, as in luxury of thought reclined,
A calm of tenderness composed his mind :
His stringless harp upon the turf was thrown,
And on a pipe of most mellifluous tone,
Framed by himself, the musing minstrel play'd,
To charm the slumberer, cloister'd in the shade.
Jubal had taught the lyre's responsive string,
Beneath the rapture of his touch to sing ;
And bade the trumpet wake, with bolder breath,
The joy of battle in the field of death ;
But Javan first, whom pure affection fired,
With Love's clear eloquence the flute inspired ;
At once obedient to the lip and hand,
It utter'd every feeling at command.
Light o'er the stops his airy fingers flew,
A spirit spoke in every tone they drew ;
'Twas now the skylark on the wings of morn,
Now the night-warbler leaning on her thorn ;
Anon through every pulse the music stole,
And held sublime communion with the soul,
Wrung from the coyest breast the unprison'd sigh,
And kindled rapture in the coldest eye.

Thus on his dulcet pipe while Javan play'd,
Within her bower awoke the conscious maid ;
She, in her dream, by varying fancies crost,
Had hail'd her wand'rer found, and mourn'd him lost :
In one wild vision, 'midst a land unknown,
By a dark river, as she sat alone,
Javan beyond the stream dejected stood ;
He spied her soon, and leapt into the flood ;
The thwarting current urged him down its course,
But Love repell'd it with victorious force ;
She ran to help him landing, where at length
He struggled up the bank with failing strength :
She caught his hand ;—when, downward from the day,
A water-monster dragg'd the youth away ;
She follow'd headlong, but her garments bore
Her form, light-floating, till she saw no more :
For suddenly the dream's delusion changed,
And through a blooming wilderness she ranged :
Alone she seem'd, but not alone she walk'd,—
Javan, invisible, beside her talk'd.
He told, how he had journey'd many a year
With changing seasons in their swift career,
Danced with the breezes in the bowers of morn,
Slept in the valley where new moons are born,

Rode with the planets, on their golden cars,
 Round the blue world inhabited by stars,
 And, bathing in the sun's crystalline streams,
 Became ethereal spirit in the beams,
 Whence were his lineaments, from mortal sight,
 Absorb'd in pure transparency of light;
 But now, his pilgrimage of glory past,
 In Eden's vale he sought repose at last.
 The voice was mystery to Zillah's ear,
 Not speech, nor song, yet full, melodious, clear;
 No sounds of winds or waters, birds or bees,
 Were e'er so exquisitely tuned to please.
 Then, while she sought him with desiring eyes,
 The airy Javan darted from disguise:
 Full on her view a stranger's visage broke;
 She fled, she fell, he caught her,—she awoke.
 Awoke from sleep,—but in her solitude
 Found the enchantment of her dream renew'd;
 That living voice, so full, melodious, clear,
 That voice of mystery, warbled in her ear.
 Yet words no longer wing the trembling notes,
 Unearthly, inexpressive music floats,
 In liquid tones so voluble and wild,
 Her senses seem by slumber still beguiled:
 Alarm'd, she started from her lonely den,
 But, blushing, instantly retired again;
 The viewless phantom came in sound so near,
 The stranger of her dream might next appear.
 Javan, conceal'd behind the verdant brake,
 Felt his lip fail, and strength his hand forsake;
 Then dropp'd his flute, and while he lay at rest
 Heard every pulse that travell'd through his breast.
 Zillah, who deem'd the strange illusion fled,
 Now from the laurel-arbour show'd her head,
 Her eye quick glancing round, as if, in thought,
 Recoiling from the object that she sought:
 By slow degrees, to Javan in the shade,
 The emerging nymph her perfect shape display'd:
 Time had but touch'd her form to finer grace,
 Years had but shed their favours on her face,
 While secret Love, and unrewarded truth,
 Like cold clear dew upon the rose of youth,
 Gave to the springing flower a chasten'd bloom,
 And shut from rifling winds its coy perfume.
 Words cannot paint the wonder of her look,
 When once again his pipe the minstrel took,
 And soft in under-tones began to play,
 Like the caged woodlark's low-lamenting lay:
 Then loud and shrill, by stronger breath impell'd,
 To higher strains the undaunted music swell'd,
 Till new-born echoes through the forest rang,
 And birds, at noon, in broken slumbers sang.
 Bewildering transport, infantine surprise,
 Throbb'd in her bosom, sparkled in her eyes;

O'er every feature every feeling shone,
 Her colour changed as Javan changed his tone :
 While she between the bower and brake, entranced,
 Alternately retreated or advanced ;
 Sometimes the lessening cadence seem'd to fly,
 Then the full melody came rolling nigh ;
 She shrunk, or follow'd still, with eye and feet,
 Afraid to lose it, more afraid to meet ;
 For yet through Eden's land, by fame alone,
 Jubal's harmonious minstrelsy was known,
 Though nobler songs than cheer'd the Patriarchs' glen
 Never resounded from the lips of men.

Silence, at length, the listening maiden broke ;
 The heart of Javan check'd him while she spoke ;
 Though sweeter than his pipe her accents stole,
 He durst not learn the tumult of her soul,
 But, closely cowering in his ambuscade,
 With sprightlier breath and nimbler finger play'd.
 —" 'Tis not the nightingale that sang so well,
 When Javan left me near this lonely cell :
 'Tis not indeed the nightingale ;—her voice
 Could never, since that hour, my soul rejoice :
 Some bird from Paradise hath lost her way,
 And carols here a long-forbidden lay ;
 For ne'er since Eve's transgression mortal ear
 Was privileged such heavenly sounds to hear ;
 Perhaps an angel, while he rests his wings,
 On earth alighting, here his descant sings ;
 Methinks those tones, so full of joy and love,
 Must be the language of the world above !
 Within this break he rests : " with curious ken,
 As if she fear'd to stir a lion's den,
 Breathless, on tiptoe, round the copse she crept ;
 Her heart beat quicker, louder, as she stept,—
 Till Javan rose, and fix'd on her his eyes,
 In dumb embarrassment and feign'd surprise ;
 Upright she started, at the sudden view,
 Back from her brow the scatter'd ringlets flew :
 Paleness a moment overspread her face ;
 But fear to frank astonishment gave place,
 And, with the virgin blush of innocence,
 She ask'd,—" Who art thou, stranger, and from whence ? "

With mild demeanour, and with downcast eye,
 Javan, advancing, humbly made reply :—
 " A wretch, escaping from the tribes of men,
 Seeks an asylum in the Patriarchs' glen.
 As through the forest's breathless gloom I stray'd,
 Upsprang the breeze in this delicious shade ;
 Then, while I sate beneath the rustling tree,
 I waked this pipe to wildest minstrelsy,
 Child of my fancy, framed with Jubal's art,
 To breathe at will the fulness of my heart :
 Fairest of women ! if the clamour rude
 Hath scared the quiet of thy solitude,

Forgive the innocent offence, and tell
 How far beyond these woods the righteous dwell."
 Though changed his voice, his look and stature changed,
 In air and garb, in all but love estranged,
 Still in the youthful exile Zillah sought
 A dear lost friend, for ever near her thought !
 Yet answer'd coldly,—jealous and afraid
 Her heart might be mistaken, or betray'd :
 —“ Not far from hence the faithful race reside
 Pilgrim ! to whom shall I thy footsteps guide ?
 Alike to all, if thou an alien be :
 My father's home invites thee ; follow me.”
 She spoke with such a thought-divining look,
 Colour his lip, and power his tongue, forsook ;
 At length, in hesitating tone, and low,
 —“ Enoch,” said he, “ the friend of God, I know ;
 To him I bear a message full of fear ;
 I may not rest till he vouchsafe to hear.”
 He paused ; his cheek with red confusion burn'd ;
 Kindness through her relenting breast returned :
 —“ Behold the path,” she cried, and led the way :
 Ere long, the vale unbosom'd to the day :
 —“ Yonder, where two embracing oaks are seen,
 Arch'd o'er a cottage roof, that peeps between,
 Dwells Enoch. Stranger ! peace attend thee there ;
 My father's sheep demand his daughter's care.”
 Javan was so rebuked beneath her eye,
 She vanish'd ere he falter'd a reply,
 And sped, while he in cold amazement stood,
 Along the winding border of the wood ;
 Now lost, now re-appearing, as the glade
 Shone to the sun, or darken'd in the shade,
 He saw, but might not follow, where her flock
 Were wont to rest at noon, beneath a rock.
 He knew the willowy champaign, and the stream,
 Of many an early lay the simple theme,
 Chanted in boyhood's unsuspecting hours,
 When Zillah joined the song, or praised his powers.
 Thither he watch'd her, while her course she bore,
 Nor ceased to gaze when she was seen no more.

CANTO THIRD.

Javan's soliloquy on Zillah's desertion of him—He reaches the ruins of his Mother's cottage—Thence he proceeds to Enoch's dwelling—His reception there—Enoch and Javan proceed together towards the Place of Sacrifice—Description of the Patriarch's Glen—Occasion of the Family of Seth retiring thither at first.

“ AM I so changed by suffering, so forgot,
 That love disowns me, Zillah knows me not ?
 Ah ! no : she shrinks from my disastrous fate ;
 She dare not love me, and she cannot hate.

"Tis just ; I merit this :—when nature's womb
 Engulf'd my kindred in one common tomb,
 Why was I spared ?—a reprobate by birth,
 To Heaven rebellious, unallied on earth,
 Whither, O whither shall the outcast flee ?
 There is no home, no peace, no hope, for me.
 I hate the worldling's vanity and noise,
 I have no fellow-feeling in his joys ;
 The saint's serener bliss I cannot share,
 My soul, alas ! hath no communion there.
 This is the portion of my cup below,—
 Silent, unmingled, solitary woe ;
 To bear from clime to clime the curse of Cain,
 Sin with remorse, yet find repentance vain ;
 And cling, in blank despair, from breath to breath,
 To nought in life, except the fear of Death."

While Javan gave his bitter passion vent,
 And wander'd on, unheeding where he went,
 His feet, instinctive, led him to the spot
 Where rose the ruins of his childhood's cot :
 Here, as he halted in abrupt surprise,
 His mother seem'd to vanish from his eyes,
 As if her gentle form, unmark'd before,
 Had stood to greet him at the wonted door ;
 Yet did the pale retiring spirit dart
 A look of tenderness that broke his heart :
 'Twas but a thought, arrested on its flight,
 And bodied forth with visionary light,
 But chill the life-blood ran through every vein,
 The fire of frenzy faded from his brain,
 He cast himself in terror on the ground :
 —Slowly recovering strength he gazed around,
 In wistful silence eyed those walls decay'd,
 Between whose chinks the lively lizard play'd ;
 The moss-clad timbers, loose and lapsed awry,
 Threatening ere long in wider wreck to lie ;
 The fractured roof, through which the sunbeams shone,
 With rank unflowering verdure overgrown ;
 The prostrate fragments of the wicker-door,
 And reptile traces on the damp green floor.
 This mournful spectacle while Javan view'd,
 Life's earlier scenes and trials were renew'd ;
 O'er his dark mind, the light of years gone by
 Gleam'd, like the meteors of a northern sky.
 He moved his lips, but strove in vain to speak,
 A few slow tears stray'd down his cold wan cheek,
 Till from his breast a sigh convulsive sprung,
 And " O my mother !" trembled from his tongue.
 That name, though but a murmur, that dear name
 Touch'd every kind affection into flame ;
 Despondency assumed a milder form,
 A ray of comfort darted through the storm ;
 " O God ! be merciful to me !"—he said,
 Arose, and straight to Enoch's dwelling sped.

Enoch, who sate, to taste the freshening breeze,
 Beneath the shadow of his cottage-trees,
 Beheld the youth approaching ; and his eye,
 Instructed by the light of prophecy,
 Knew from afar, beneath the stranger's air,
 The orphan-object of his tenderest care ;
 Forth, with a father's joy, the holy man
 To meet the poor returning pilgrim ran,
 Fell on his neck, and kiss'd him, wept, and cried,
 " My son ! my son ! "—but Javan shrunk aside ;
 The patriarch raised, embraced him, oft withdrew
 His head to gaze, then wept and clasp'd anew.
 The mourner bow'd with agony of shame,
 Clung round his knees, and call'd upon his name.
 —" Father ! behold a supplicant in me,
 A sinner in the sight of heaven and thee :
 Yet for thy former love, may Javan live ;
 Oh, for the mother's sake, the son forgive !—
 The meanest office, and the lowest seat,
 In Enoch's house be mine, at Enoch's feet."
 " Come to my home, my bosom, and my rest,
 Not as a stranger, and wayfaring guest ;
 My bread of peace, my cup of blessings share,
 Child of my faith ! and answer to my prayer !
 O ! I have wept through many a night for thee,
 And watch'd through many a day *this* day to see.
 Crown'd is the hope of my desiring heart,
 I am resign'd, and ready to depart ;
 With joy I hail my course of nature run,
 Since I have seen thy face, my son ! my son !"
 So saying, Enoch led to his abode
 The trembling penitent, along the road
 That through the garden's gay enclosure wound.
 Midst fruits and flowers the patriarch's spouse they found,
 Plucking the purple clusters from the vine
 To crown the cup of unfermented wine :
 She came to meet them ;—but in strange surmise
 Stopt, and on Javan fix'd her earnest eyes ;
 He kneel'd to greet her hand with wonted grace—
 Ah ! then she knew him !—as he bow'd his face,
 His mother's features in a glimpse she caught,
 And the son's image rush'd upon her thought :
 Pale she recoil'd with momentary fright,
 As if a spirit had ris'n before her sight ;
 Returning, with a heart too full to speak,
 She pour'd a flood of tears upon his cheek,
 Then laugh'd for gladness,—but her laugh was wild :
 " Where hast thou been, my own, my orphan child !
 Child of my soul ! bequeath'd in death to me,
 By her who had no other wealth than thee !"
 She cried, and with a mother's love caress'd
 The youth, who wept in silence on her breast.
 This hasty tumult of affection o'er,
 They pass'd within the hospitable door ;

There on a grassy couch, with joy o'ercome,
 Pensive with awe, with veneration dumb,
 Javan reclined, while, kneeling at his seat,
 The humble Patriarch wash'd the traveller's feet.
 Quickly the spouse her plenteous table spread
 With homely viands, milk and fruits and bread.
 Ere long the guest, grown innocently bold,
 With simple eloquence, his story told ;
 His sins, his follies, frankly were reveal'd,
 And nothing but his nameless love conceal'd.
 " While thus," he cried, " I prove the world a snare,
 Pleasure a serpent, Fame a cloud in air ;
 While with the sons of men my footsteps trod,
 My home, my heart, was with the Sons of God."
 " Went not my spirit with thee," Enoch said,
 " When from the mother's grave the orphan fled ?
 Others believed thee slain by beasts of blood,
 Or self-devoted to the strangling flood,
 (Too plainly in thy grief-bewildered mien,
 By every eye, a breaking heart was seen ;)
 I mourn'd in secret thine apostasy,
 Nor ceased to intercede with Heaven for thee.
 Strong was my faith ; in dreams or waking thought,
 Oft as thine image o'er my mind was brought,
 I deem'd thee living by this conscious sign,
 The deep communion of my soul with thine.
 This day a voice, that thrill'd my breast with fear,
 (Methought 'twas Adam's) whisper'd in mine ear —
 ' Enoch ! ere thrice the morning meet the sun,
 Thy joy shall be fulfill'd, thy rest begun.'—
 While yet those tones were murmuring in air,
 I turn'd to look,—but saw no speaker there :
 Thought I not then of thee, my long-lost joy ?
 Leapt not my heart abroad to meet my boy ?
 Yes ! and while still I sate beneath the tree,
 Revolving what the signal meant to me,
 I spied thee coming, and with eager feet
 Ran, the returning fugitive to greet :
 Nor less the welcome art thou since I know,
 By this high warning, that from earth I go ;
 My days are number'd ; peace on thine attend !
 The trial comes,—be faithful to the end."
 " O, live the years of Adam !" cried the youth ;
 " Yet seem thy words to breathe prophetic truth.
 Sire ! while I roam'd the world, a transient guest,
 From sunrise to the ocean of the west,
 I found that sin, where'er the foot of man
 Nature's primeval wilderness o'erran,
 Had track'd his steps, and through advancing Time
 Urged the deluded race from crime to crime,
 Till wrath and strife, in fratricidal war,
 Gather'd the force of nations from afar,
 To deal and suffer Death's unheeded blow,
 As if the curse on Adam were too slow.

Even now an host, like locusts on their way,
 That desolate the earth, and dim the day,
 Led by a Giant-King, whose arm hath broke
 Remotest realms to wear his iron yoke,
 Hover o'er Eden, resolute to close
 His final triumph o'er his latest foes ;
 A feeble band, that in their covert lie,
 Like cowering doves beneath the falcon's eye.
 That easy and ignoble conquest won,
 There yet remains one fouler deed undone.
 Oft have I heard the tyrant, in his ire,
 Devote this glen to massacre and fire,
 And swear to root, from earth's dishonour'd face,
 The last least relic of the faithful race ;
 Thenceforth he hopes, on God's terrestrial throne,
 To rule the nether universe alone.
 Wherefore, O sire ! when evening shuts the sky,
 Fly with thy kindred, from destruction fly !
 Far to the south, unpeopled wilds of wood
 Skirt the dark borders of Euphrates' flood ;
 There shall the Patriarchs find secure repose,
 Till Eden rest, forsaken of her foes."

At Javan's speech the matron's cheek grew pale,
 Her courage, not her faith, began to fail :
 Eve's youngest daughter she : the silent tear
 Witness'd her patience, but betray'd her fear.
 Then answer'd Enoch, with a smile serene,
 That shed celestial beauty o'er his mien :
 "Here is mine earthly habitation ; here
 I wait till my Redeemer shall appear :
 Death and the face of man I dare not shun,
 God is my refuge, and His will be done !"

The matron check'd her uncomplaining sigh,
 And wiped the drop that trembled in her eye.
 Javan with shame and self-abasement blush'd,
 But every care at Enoch's smile was hush'd :
 He felt the power of truth ; his heart o'erflow'd,
 And in his look sublime devotion glow'd.
 Westward the Patriarch turn'd his tranquil face ;
 "The Sun," said he, "hath well nigh run his race ;
 I to the yearly sacrifice repair,
 Our brethren meet me at the place of prayer."

"I follow : O my father ! I am thine ;
 Thy God, thy people, and thine altar, mine !"
 Exclaim'd the youth, on highest thoughts intent,
 And forth with Enoch through the valley went.

Deep was that valley, girt with rock and wood,
 In rural groups the scatter'd hamlet stood ;
 Tents, arbours, cottages, adorn'd the scene,
 Gardens and fields and shepherds' walks between ;
 Through all, a streamlet, from its mountain-source,
 Seen but by stealth, pursued its willowy course.

When first the mingling sons of God and man
 The demon-sacrifice of war began,

Self-exiled here, the family of Seth
 Renounced a world of violence and death,
 "Faithful alone amidst the faithless found,"
 And innocent while murder cursed the ground.
 Here, in retirement from profane mankind,
 They worshipp'd God with purity of mind,
 Fed their small flocks, and till'd their narrow soil,
 Like parent Adam, with submissive toil,—
 Adam, whose eyes their pious hands had closed,
 Whose bones beneath the quiet turf reposed.
 No glen like this, unstain'd with human blood,
 Could youthful nature boast before the flood ;
 Far less shall earth, now hastening to decay,
 A scene of sweeter loneliness display,
 Where nought was heard but sounds of peace and love,
 Nor seen but woods around, and heaven above.

Yet not in cold and unconcern'd content
 Their years in that delicious range were spent ;
 Oft from their haunts the fervent Patriarchs broke,
 In strong affection to their kindred spoke,
 With tears and prayers reproved their growing crimes,
 Or told the impending judgments of the times.
 In vain : the world despised the warning word,
 With scorn belied it, or with mockery heard ;
 Forbade the zealous monitors to roam,
 And stoned, or chased them to their forest home.
 There, from the depth of solitude, their sighs
 Plead'd with heaven in ceaseless sacrifice ;
 And long did righteous heaven the guilty spare,
 Won by the holy violence of prayer.

Yet sharper pangs of unavailing woe,
 Those sires in secrecy were doom'd to know ;
 Oft by the world's alluring snares misled,
 Their youth from that sequester'd valley fled,
 Join'd the wild herd, increased the Godless crew,
 And left the virtuous remnant weak and few.



CANTO FOURTH.

Enoch relates to Javan the circumstances of the Death of Adam, including his appointment of an Annual Sacrifice on the day of his Transgression and Fall in Paradise.

Thus through the valley while they held their walk,
 Enoch of former days began to talk ;—
 "Thou know'st our place of sacrifice and prayer,
 Javan ! for thou wert wont to worship there :
 Built by our father's venerable hands,
 On the same spot our ancient altar stands,
 Where, driven from Eden's hallow'd groves, he found
 A home on earth's unconsecrated ground ;
 Whence too, his pilgrimage of trial o'er,
 He reach'd the rest which sin can break no more.

Oft hast thou heard our elder Patriarchs tell
 How Adam once by disobedience fell :
 Would that my tongue were gifted to display
 The terror and the glory of that day,
 When, seized and stricken by the hand of Death,
 The first transgressor yielded up his breath !
 Nigh threescore years, with interchanging light,
 The host of heaven have measured day and night,
 Since we beheld the ground, from which he rose,
 On his returning dust in silence close.
 " With him his noblest sons might not compare,
 In godlike feature and majestic air :
 Not out of weakness rose his gradual frame,
 Perfect from his Creator's hand he came ;
 And as in form excelling, so in mind
 The Sire of men transcended all mankind.
 A soul was in his eye, and in his speech
 A dialect of heaven no art could reach ;
 For oft of old to him the evening breeze
 Had borne the voice of God among the trees ;
 Angels were wont their songs with his to blend,
 And talk with him as their familiar friend.
 But deep remorse for that mysterious crime,
 Whose dire contagion through elapsing time
 Diffused the curse of death beyond control,
 Had wrought such self-abasement in his soul,
 That he, whose honours were approach'd by none,
 Was yet the meekest man beneath the sun.
 From sin, as from the serpent that betray'd
 Eve's early innocence, he shrunk afraid ;
 Vice he rebuked with so austere a frown,
 He seem'd to bring an instant judgment down ;
 Yet while he chid, compunctious tears would start,
 And yearning tenderness dissolve his heart !
 The guilt of all his race became his own,
 He suffer'd as if *he* had sinn'd alone.
 Within our glen to filial love endear'd,
 Abroad for wisdom, truth, and justice fear'd,
 He walked so humbly in the sight of all,
 The vilest ne'er reproach'd him with his fall.
 Children were his delight ;—they ran to meet
 His soothing hand, and clasp his honour'd feet ;
 While 'midst their fearless sports supremely blest,
 He grew in heart a child among the rest.
 Yet, as a Parent, nought beneath the sky
 Touch'd him so quickly as an infant's eye :
 Joy from its smile of happiness he caught ;
 Its flash of rage sent horror through his thought :
 His smitten conscience felt as fierce a pain,
 As if he fell from innocence again.
 " One morn I track'd him on his lonely way,
 Pale as the gleam of slow-awakening day :
 With feeble step he climb'd yon craggy height,
 Thence fix'd on distant Paradise his sight ;

He gas'd awhile in silent thought profound,
 Then, falling prostrate on the dewy ground,
 He pour'd his spirit in a flood of prayer,
 Bewail'd his ancient crime with self-despair,
 And claim'd the pledge of reconciling grace,
 The promised Seed, the Saviour of his race.
 Wrestling with God, as Nature's vigour fail'd,
 His faith grew stronger and his plea prevail'd ;
 The prayer from agony to rapture rose,
 And sweet as angel accents fell the close.
 I stood to greet him : when he raised his head,
 Divine expression o'er his visage spread ;
 His presence was so saintly to behold,
 He seem'd in sinless paradise grown old.
 "—'This day,' said he, 'in Time's star-lighted round,
 Renews the anguish of that mortal wound
 On me inflicted, when the serpent's tongue
 My spouse with his beguiling falsehood stung.
 Though years of grace through centuries have pass'd
 Since my transgression, this may be my last ;
 Infirmities without, and fears within,
 Foretell the consummating stroke of sin :
 The hour, the place, the form to me unknown,
 But God, who lent me life, *will* claim His own :
 Then, lest I sink as suddenly in death,
 As quicken'd into being by His breath,
 Once more I climb'd these rocks with weary pace,
 And but once more, to view my native place,
 To bid yon garden of delight farewell,
 The earthly paradise from which I fell.
 This mantle, Enoch ! which I yearly wear
 To mark the day of penitence and prayer,—
 These skins, the covering of my first offence,
 When, conscious of departed innocence,
 Naked and trembling from my Judge I fled,
 A hand of mercy o'er my vileness spread ;—
 Enoch ! this mantle thus vouchsafed to me,
 At my dismission I bequeath to thee ;
 Wear it in sad memorial on this day,
 And yearly at mine earliest altar slay
 A lamb immaculate, whose blood be spilt
 In sign of wrath removed and cancell'd guilt :
 So be the sins of all my race confest,
 So on their heads my peace and pardon rest !'
 —Thus spake our sire, and down the steep descent,
 With strengthen'd heart and fearless footstep, went
 O Javan ! when we parted at his door,
 I loved him as I never loved before.
 "Ere noon, returning to his bower, I found
 Our father labouring in his harvest ground,
 (For yet he till'd a little plot of soil,
 Patient and pleased with voluntary toil ;)
 But O how changed from him, whose morning eye
 Outshone the star that told the sun was nigh !

Loose in his feeble grasp the sickle shook ;
 I mark'd the ghastly dolour of his look,
 And ran to help him : but his latest strength
 Fail'd ;—prone upon his sheaves he fell at length :
 I strove to raise him ; sight and sense were fled,
 Nerveless his limbs, and backward sway'd his head.
 Seth pass'd ; I call'd him, and we bore our sire
 To neighbouring shades from noon's afflictive fire :
 Ere long he 'woke to feeling, with a sigh,
 And half unclosed his hesitating eye ;
 Strangely and timidly he peer'd around,
 Like men in dreams whom sudden lights confound :
 —'Is this a new creation ?—Have I pass'd
 The bitterness of death !'—He look'd aghast,
 Then sorrowful !—'No ; men and trees appear ;
 'Tis not a new Creation,—pain is here :
 From Sin's dominion is there no release ?
 Lord ! let Thy servant now depart in peace.'
 —Hurried remembrance crowding o'er his soul,
 He knew us ; tears of consternation stole
 Down his pale cheeks :—'Seth !—Enoch ! Where is Eve !
 How could the spouse her dying consort leave !'
 " Eve looked that moment from their cottage-door
 In quest of Adam, where he toil'd before :
 He was not there ; she call'd him by his name ;
 Sweet to his ear the well-known accents came :
 —'Here am I,' answer'd he, in tone so weak,
 That we who held him scarcely heard him speak ;
 But, resolutely bent to rise, in vain
 He struggled till he swoon'd away with pain.
 Eve call'd again, and, turning tow'ards the shade,
 Helpless as infancy beheld him laid :
 She sprang, as smitten with a mortal wound,
 Forward, and cast herself upon the ground
 At Adam's feet ; half-rising in despair,
 Him from our arms she wildly strove to tear ;
 Repelled by gentle violence, she press'd
 His powerless hand to her convulsive breast,
 And kneeling, bending o'er him, full of fears,
 Warm on his bosom shower'd her silent tears.
 Light to his eyes at that refreshment came,
 They open'd on her in a transient flame ;—
 —'And art thou here, my life ! my love !' he cried,
 Faithful in death to this congenial side !
 'Thus let me bind thee to my breaking heart,
 One dear, one bitter moment, ere we part.'
 —'Leave me not, Adam ! leave me not below ;
 With thee I tarry, or with thee I go.'
 She said, and, yielding to his faint embrace,
 Clung round his neck, and wept upon his face.
 Alarming recollection soon return'd,
 His fever'd frame with growing anguish burn'd :
 Ah ! then, as Nature's tenderest impulse wrought,
 With fond solicitude of love she sought

To soothe his limbs upon their grassy bed,
 And make the pillow easy to his head ;
 She wiped his reeking temples with her hair ;
 She shook the leaves to stir the sleeping air ;
 Moistened his lips with kisses : with her breath
 Vainly essay'd to quell the fire of Death,
 That ran and revelled through his swollen veins
 With quicker pulses and severer pains.

" The sun, in summer majesty on high,
 Darted his fierce effulgence down the sky ;
 Yet dimm'd and blunted were the dazzling rays,
 His orb expanded through a dreary haze,
 And, circled with a red portentous zone,
 He look'd in sickly horror from his throne :
 The vital air was still ; the torrid heat
 Oppress'd our hearts, that labour'd hard to beat.
 When higher noon had shrunk the lessening shade,
 Thence to his home our father we convey'd,
 And stretch'd him, pillow'd with his latest sheaves,
 On a fresh couch of green and fragrant leaves.
 Here, though his sufferings through the glen were known,
 We chose to watch his dying bed alone,
 Eve, Seth, and I.—In vain he sigh'd for rest,
 And oft his meek complainings thus express'd :
 —' Blow on me, Wind ! I faint with heat ! O bring
 Delicious water from the deepest spring ;
 Your sunless shadows o'er my limbs diffuse,
 Ye cedars ! wash me cold with midnight dews.
 —Cheer me, my friends ! with looks of kindness cheer ;
 Whisper a word of comfort in mine ear ;
 Those sorrowing faces fill my soul with gloom ;
 This silence is the silence of the tomb.
 Thither I hasten ; help me on my way :
 O sing to soothe me ; and to strengthen, pray !'
 We sang to soothe him,—hopeless was the song ;
 We pray'd to strengthen him,—he grew not strong.
 In vain from every herb, and fruit, and flower,
 Of cordial sweetness or of healing power,
 We press'd the virtue ; no terrestrial balm
 Nature's dissolving agony could calm.
 Thus as the day declined, the fell disease
 Eclipsed the light of life by slow degrees :
 Yet while his pangs grew sharper, more resign'd,
 More self-collected, grew the sufferer's mind ;
 Patient of heart, though rack'd at every pore,
 The righteous penalty of sin he bore ;
 Not his the fortitude that mocks at pains,
 But that which feels them most, and yet sustains.
 ' 'Tis just, 'tis merciful,' we heard him say ;
 ' Yet wherefore hath He turn'd his face away ?
 I see Him not ; I hear Him not ; I call ;
 My God ! my God ! support me, or I fall.'
 " The sun went down amidst an angry glare
 Of flushing clouds, that crimson'd all the air ;

The winds brake loose ; the forest boughs were torn,
 And dark aloof the eddying foliage borne ;
 Cattle to shelter scudded in affright ;
 The florid evening vanish'd into night :
 Then burst the hurricane upon the vale,
 In peals of thunder and thick-volley'd hail ;
 Prone rushing rains with torrents whelm'd the land,
 Our cot amidst a river seem'd to stand ;
 Around its base, the foamy-crested streams
 Flash'd through the darkness to the lightning's gleams ;
 With monstrous throes an earthquake heaved the ground,
 The rocks were rent, the mountains trembled round.
 Never, since Nature into being came
 Had such mysterious motion shook her frame :
 We thought, engulf'd in floods, or wrapt in fire,
 The world itself would perish with our Sire.
 " Amidst this war of elements, within
 More dreadful grew the sacrifice of sin,
 Whose victim on his bed of torture lay,
 Breathing the slow remains of life away.
 Erewhile, victorious faith sublimer rose
 Beneath the pressure of collected woes ;
 But now his spirit waver'd, went and came,
 Like the loose vapour of departing flame,
 Till, at the point when comfort seem'd to die
 For ever in his fix'd unclosing eye,
 Bright through the smouldering ashes of the man,
 The saint brake forth, and Adam thus began :
 "—'O ye, that shudder at this awful strife,
 This wrestling agony of Death and Life,
 Think not that He, on whom my soul is cast,
 Will leave me thus forsaken to the last :
 Nature's infirmity alone you see ;
 My chains are breaking, I shall soon be free ;
 Though firm in God the Spirit holds her trust,
 The flesh is frail, and trembles into dust.
 Horror and anguish seize me ;—'tis the hour
 Of darkness, and I mourn beneath its power ;
 The tempter plies me with his direst art,
 I feel the serpent coiling round my heart ;
 He stirs the wound he once inflicted there,
 Instils the deadening poison of despair,
 Belies the truth of God's delaying grace,
 And bids me curse my Maker to his face.
 —I will not curse Him, though his grace delay ;
 I will not cease to trust Him, though He slay ;
 Full on His promised mercy I rely,
 For God hath spoken,—God, who cannot lie.
 THOU, of my faith the Author and the End !
 Mine early, late, and everlasting Friend !
 The joy, that once Thy presence gave, restore
 Ere I am summon'd hence, and seen no more :
 Down to the dust returns this earthly frame,
 Receive my spirit, Lord ! from whom it came ;

Rebuke the Tempter, show Thy power to save,
O let Thy glory light me to the grave,
That these, who witness my departing breath,
May learn to triumph in the grasp of Death.'

"He closed his eyelids with a tranquil smile,
And seem'd to rest in silent prayer awhile :
Around his couch with filial awe we kneel'd,
When suddenly a light from heaven reveal'd
A spirit, that stood within the unopen'd door ;—
The sword of God in his right hand he bore ;
His countenance was lightning, and his vest
Like snow at sunrise on the mountain's crest ;
Yet so benignly beautiful his form,
His presence still'd the fury of the storm :
At once the winds retire, the waters cease ;
His look was love, his salutation, 'Peace !'

"Our mother first beheld him, sore amazed,
But terror grew to transport while she gazed :
—"Tis he, the Prince of Seraphim, who drove
Our banish'd feet from Eden's happy grove ;
Adam, my life, my spouse, awake !' she cried ;
'Return to Paradise ; behold thy guide !
O let me follow in this dear embrace :'
She sunk, and on his bosom hid her face.
Adam look'd up ; his visage changed its hue,
Transform'd into an angel's at the view :
'I come !' he cried, with faith's full triumph fired,
And in a sigh of ecstasy expired.

The light was vanish'd, and the vision fled ;
We stood alone, the living with the dead :
The ruddy embers, glimmering round the room,
Display'd the corpse amidst the solemn gloom :
But o'er the scene a holy calm reposed,—
The gate of heaven had open'd there, and closed.

"Eve's faithful arm still clasp'd her lifeless spouse ;
Gently I shook it, from her trance to rouse ;
She gave no answer ; motionless and cold,
It fell like clay from my relaxing hold :
Alarm'd, I lifted up the locks of gray
That hid her cheek ; her soul had pass'd away !
A beauteous corse she graced her partner's side,
Love bound their lives, and death could not divide.

"Trembling astonishment of grief we felt,
Till Nature's sympathies began to melt :
We wept in stillness through the long dark night ;
And O how welcome was the morning light !

CANTO FIFTH.

The Burying-place of the Patriarchs—The Sacrifice on the Anniversary of the Fall of Adam—Enoch's Prophecy.

“AND here,” said Enoch, with dejected eye,
 “Behold the grave, in which our parents lie.”
 They stopp’d, and o’er the turf-enclosure wept,
 Where, side by side, the first-created slept :
 It seem’d as if a voice, with still small sound,
 Heard in their bosoms, issued from that mound :
 —“ From earth we came, and we return’d to earth ;
 Descendants ! spare the dust that gave you birth :
 Though death, the pain for our transgression due,
 By sad inheritance we left to you,
 O let our children bless us in our grave,
 And Man forgive the wrong that God forgave !”
 Thence to the altar Enoch turn’d his face ;
 But Javan linger’d in that burying-place,—
 A scene sequester’d from the haunts of men,
 The loveliest nook of all that lovely glen,
 Where weary pilgrims found their last repose.
 The little heaps were ranged in comely rows,
 With walks between, by friends and kindred trod,
 Who dress’d with duteous hands each hallow’d sod :
 No sculptured monument was taught to breathe
His praises, whom the worm devour’d beneath ;
 The high, the low, the mighty, and the fair,
 Equal in death, were undistinguish’d there.
 Yet not a hillock moulder’d near that spot,
 By one dishonour’d or by all forgot :
 To some warm heart the poorest dust was dear ;
 From some kind eye, the meanest claim’d a tear.
 And oft the living, by affection led,
 Were wont to walk in spirit with their dead,
 Where no dark cypress cast a doleful gloom,
 No blighting yew shed poison o’er the tomb ;
 But, white and red with intermingling flowers,
 The graves looked beautiful in sun and showers :
 Green myrtles fenced it, and beyond their bound,
 Ran the clear rill with ever-murmuring sound.
 ’Twas not a scene for grief to nourish care ;
 It breathed of hope, and moved the heart to prayer.
 Why linger’d Javan in that lone retreat ?
 The shrine of her that bare him drew his feet :
 Trembling he sought it, fearing to behold
 A bed of thistles, or unsightly mould ;
 But lo ! the turf, which his own hands had piled,
 With choicest flowers and richest verdure smiled ;
 By all the glen, his mother’s couch of rest,
 In his default, was visited and blest.

He kneel'd, he kiss'd it, full of love and woe ;
His heart was where his treasure lay, below ;
And long he tarried, ere, with heav'nward eyes,
He rose, and hasten'd to the sacrifice.

Already, on a neighbouring mount that stood
Apart amidst the valley, girt with wood,
Whose open summit, rising o'er the trees,
Caught the cool fragrance of the evening breeze,
The Patriarchal worshippers were met :
The lamb was brought, the wood in order set
On Adam's rustic altar, moss o'ergrown,
An unwrought mass of earth-embedded stone,
Long known and hallow'd, where, for man's offence,
The earth first drank the blood of innocence,
When God himself ordain'd the typic rite
To Eden's exiles, resting on their flight.

Foremost, amidst the group, was Enoch seen,
Known by his humble port and heavenly mien :
On him the priest's mysterious office lay,
For 'twas the eve of Man's transgression-day,
And him had Adam, with expiring breath,
Ordain'd to offer yearly, from his death,
A victim on that mountain whence the skies
Had first inhaled the fumes of sacrifice.
In Adam's coat of skins array'd he stands,
Spreading to heaven his supplicating hands,
Ere from his robe the deadly steel he drew
To smite the victim, sporting in his view.
Behind him Seth, in majesty confest,
The World's great Elder, tower'd above the rest.
Serenely shone his sweet and solemn eye,
Like the sun reigning in the western sky ;
Though nine slow centuries by stealth had shed
Gray hairs, the crown of glory, on his head,
In hardy health he rear'd his front sublime :
Like the green aloe, in perennial prime,
When, full of years, it shoots forth all its bloom,
And glads the forest through the inmost gloom ;
So, in the blossom of a good old age,
Flourish'd amidst his sons that peerless sage.

Around him, in august succession, stood
The fathers of the world before the flood :
—Enos ; who taught mankind, on solemn days,
In sacred groves, to meet for prayer and praise,
And warn'd idolaters to lift their eye,
From sun and stars, to Him who made the sky :
—Canaan and Malaliel ; of whom alone
Their age, of all that once they were, is known :
—Jared ; who, full of hope beyond the tomb,
Hallow'd his offspring from the mother's womb,*
And Heaven received *the son* that parent gave,
He walked with God, and overstepp'd the grave :

* The name of *Enoch*, the son of Jared, is derived from *chananac*, to dedicate.

—A mighty pilgrim, in the vale of tears,
 Born to the troubles of a thousand years,
 Methuselah, whose feet unhalting ran
 To the last circle of the life of man :
 —Lamech ; from infancy inured to toil,
 To wring slow blessings from the accursed soil,
 Ere yet, to dress his vineyards, reap his corn,
 And comfort him in care, was Noah born,*
 Who, in a later age, by signal grace,
 Survived to renovate the human race :
 Both worlds, by sad reversion, were his due,
 —The orphan of the old, the father of the new.
 These, with their families, on either hand,
 Aliens and exiles in their native land,
 The few who loved their Maker from their youth,
 And worshipp'd God in spirit and in truth ;
 These stood with Enoch :—All had fixed their eyes
 On him, and on the lamb of sacrifice,
 For now, with trembling hand, he shed the blood,
 And placed the slaughter'd victim on the wood ;
 Then kneeling, as the sun went down, he laid
 His hand upon the hallow'd pyre, and pray'd :
 " Maker of heaven and earth ! supreme o'er all,
 That live, and move, and breathe, on Thee we call :
 Our father sinn'd and suffer'd ;—we, who bear
 Our father's image, his transgression share ;
 Humbled for his offences, and our own,
 Thou, who art holy, wise, and just alone,
 Accept, with free confession of our guilt,
 This victim slain, this blood devoutly spilt,
 While through the veil of sacrifice we see
 Thy mercy smiling, and look up to Thee :
 O grant forgiveness ! power and grace are Thine ;
 God of salvation ! cause Thy face to shine ;
 Hear us in heaven ! fulfil our souls' desire,
 God of our father ! answer now with fire."

He rose : no light from heaven around him shone,
 No fire descended from the eternal throne :
 Cold on the pile the offer'd victim lay,
 Amidst the stillness of expiring day.
 The eyes of all that watch'd in vain to view
 The wonted sign distractedly withdrew ;
 Fear clipp'd their breath, their doubling pulses raised,
 And each by stealth upon his neighbour gazed ;
 From heart to heart a strange contagion ran,
 A shuddering instinct crowded man to man ;
 Even Seth with secret consternation shook,
 And cast on Enoch an imploring look.
 Enoch, in whose sublime, unearthly mien,
 No change of hue, no cloud of care, was seen,
 Full on the mute assembly turn'd his face,

* "And he called his name Noah, saying, This same shall comfort us concerning our work, and toil of our hands, because of the ground which the Lord hath cursed" *Gen. v. 29.*

Clear as the sun prepared to run his race :
 He spoke ; his words, with awful warning fraught,
 Rallied and fix'd the scatter'd powers of thought.
 "Men, Brethren, Fathers ! wherefore do ye fear !
 Hath God departed from us !—God is here ;
 Present in every heart, with sovereign power
 He tries, He proves, His people in this hour ;
 Naked as light to His all-searching eye,
 The thoughts that wrong, the doubts that tempt Him lie ;
 Yet, slow to anger, merciful as just,
 He knows our frame, remembers we are dust,
 And spares our weakness :—In His truth believe,
 Hope against hope, and ask till ye receive.
 What though no flame on Adam's altar burn,
 No signal of acceptance yet return,
 God is not man, who to our Father swear,
 All times, in every place, to answer prayer :
 He cannot change ; though heaven and earth decay,
 The word of God shall never pass away.

"But mark the season :—from the rising sun,
 Westward, the race of Cain the world o'errun ;
 Their monarch, mightiest of the sons of men,
 Hath sworn destruction to the Patriarchs' glen :
 Hither he hastens ; carnage strews his path :
 —Who will await the giant in his wrath ?
 Or who will take the wings of silent night,
 And seek deliverance from his sword by flight ?
 Thus saith the Lord :—Ye weak of faith and heart,
 Who dare not trust the living God, depart !
 The Angel of His presence leads your way,
 Your lives are safe, and given you as a prey :
 But ye, who, unappall'd at earthly harm,
 Lean on the strength of His almighty arm,
 Prepared for life or death, with firm accord,
 Stand still, and see the glory of the Lord."

A pause, a dreary pause, ensued :—then cried
 The holy man,—“On either hand divide ;
 The feeble fly ; with me the valiant stay :
 Choose now your portion ; whom will ye obey,—
 God, or your fears ? His counsel, or your own ?”
 “The LORD, the LORD ; for HE is GOD ALONE !”
 Exclaimed at once, with consentaneous choice,
 The whole assembly, heart, and soul, and voice.
 Then light from heaven with sudden beauty came,
 Pure on the altar blazed the unkindled flame,
 And upwards to their glorious source return'd
 The sacred fires in which the victim burn'd :
 Worn through the evening gloom, to distant eyes,
 Morn o'er the Patriarchs' mountain seem'd to rise.

Awe-struck, the congregation kneel'd around,
 And worshipp'd with their faces to the ground ;
 The peace of God, beyond expression sweet,
 Fill'd every spirit humbled at His feet,
 And love, joy, wonder, deeply mingling there,

Drew from the heart unutterable prayer.
 They rose. As if his soul had pass'd away
 Prostrate before the altar Enoch lay,
 Entranced so deeply, all believed him dead :
 At length he breathed, he moved, he raised his head ;
 To heaven in ecstasy he turned his eyes ;
 —With such a look the dead in Christ shall rise,
 When the last trumpet calls them from the dust,
 To join the resurrection of the Just :—
 Yea, and from earthly grossness so refined,
 (As if the soul had left the flesh behind,
 Yet wore a mortal semblance,) upright stood
 The great Evangelist before the flood ;
 On him the vision of the Almighty broke,
 And future times were present while he spoke.*

“The saints shall suffer ; righteousness shall fail ;
 O'er all the world iniquity prevail ;
 Giants, in fierce contempt of man and God,
 Shall rule the nations with an iron rod ;
 On every mountain idol-groves shall rise,
 And darken heaven with human sacrifice :
 But God the Avenger comes,—a judgment-day,
 A flood, shall sweep His enemies away.
 How few, whose eyes shall then have seen the sun,—
 One righteous family, and only one,—
 Saved from that wreck of nature, shall behold
 The new Creation rising from the old !

“O, that the world of wickedness, destroy'd,
 Might lie for ever without form and void !
 Or that the earth, to innocence restored,
 Might flourish as the garden of the Lord !
 It will not be :—among the sons of men,
 The Giant-spirit shall go forth again,
 From clime to clime shall kindle murderous rage,
 And spread the plagues of sin from age to age ;
 Yet shall the God of mercy, from above,
 Extend the golden sceptre of His love,
 And win the rebels to His righteous sway,
 Till every mouth confess, and heart obey.

“Amidst the visions of ascending years,
 What mighty Chief, what Conqueror, appears ;
 His garments roll'd in blood, His eyes of flame,
 And on His thigh the unutterable name !
 —‘Tis I, that bring deliverance : strong to save,
 I pluck'd the prey from Death, and spoil'd the Grave.’—
 ‘Wherefore, O Warrior ! are Thy garments red,
 Like those whose feet amidst the vintage tread ?’
 —‘I trod the wine-press of the field alone ;
 I look'd around for succour ; there was none ;
 Therefore my wrath sustain'd me while I fought,
 And mine own arm my saints' salvation wrought.’
 —Thus may thine arm for evermore prevail ;
 Thus may Thy foes, O Lord ! for ever fail ;

Captive by Thee captivity be led ;
 Seed of the woman ! bruise the serpent's head ;
 Redeemer ! promised since the world began,
 Bow the high heavens, and condescend to man.

" Hail to the Day-spring ! dawning from afar,
 Bright in the east ! see His natal star :
 Prisoners of hope ! lift up your joyful eyes ;
 Welcome the King of Glory from the skies :
 Who is the King of Glory !—Mark His birth :
 In deep humility He stoops to earth,
 Assumes a servant's form, a pilgrim's lot,
 Comes to His own, His own receive Him not,
 Though angel-choirs His peaceful advent greet,
 And gentle sages worship at His feet.

" Fair as that sovereign plant whose scions shoot
 With healing verdure, and immortal fruit,
 The Tree of Life, beside the stream that laves
 The fields of Paradise with gladdening waves ;
 Behold Him rise from infancy to youth,
 The Father's Image, full of grace and truth ;
 Tried, tempted, proved in secret, till the hour
 When, girt with meekness, but array'd with power,
 Forth in the spirit of the Lord, at length,
 Like the sun shining in meridian strength,
 He goes :—to preach good tidings to the poor ;
 To heal the wounds that nature cannot cure ;
 To bind the broken hearted ; to control
 Disease and death ; to raise the sinking soul ;
 Unbar the dungeon, set the captive free,
 Proclaim the joyous year of liberty,
 And, from the depth of undiscover'd night,
 Bring life and immortality to light.

" How beautiful on the mountains are Thy feet.
 Thy form how comely, and Thy voice how sweet,
 Son of the Highest !—Who can tell Thy fame !
 The deaf shall hear it while the dumb proclaim ;
 Now bid the blind behold their Saviour's light,
 The lame go forth rejoicing in their might ;
 Cleanse with a touch yon kneeling leper's skin ;
 Cheer this pale penitent, forgive her sin ;
 O, for that mother's faith, her daughter spare ;
 Restore the mantle to a father's prayer ;
 Pity the tears those mournful sisters shed,
 And be the Resurrection of the dead !

" What scene is this ?—Amidst involving gloom
 The moonlight lingers on a lonely tomb ;
 No noise disturbs the garden's hallow'd bound,
 But the watch walking on their midnight round :
 Ah ! who lies here, with mar'd and bloodless mien,
 In whom no form or comeliness is seen ;
 His livid limbs with nails and scourges torn,
 His side transpierced, His temples wreathed with thorn ?
 'Tis He, the Man of sorrows ! He who bore
 Our sins and chastisement :—His toils are o'er :

On earth erewhile a suffering life He led ;
 Here hath He found a place to lay His head :
 Rank'd with transgressors He resign'd His breath,
 But with the rich He made His bed in death.
 Sweet is the grave, where angels watch and weep ;
 Sweet is the grave, and sanctified His sleep ;
 Rest, O my spirit ! by this martyr'd form,
 This wreck, that sunk beneath the almighty storm,
 When floods of wrath that weigh'd the world to hell,
 On Him alone, in righteous vengeance fell ;
 While men derided, demons urged, His woes,
 And God forsook Him,—till the awful close ;
 Then, in triumphant agony, he cried,
 " 'Tis finish'd !"—bow'd His sacred head, and died.
 Death, as he struck that noblest victim, found
 His sting was lost for ever in the wound ;
 The Grave, that holds His corse, her richest prize,
 Shall yield Him back, victorious, to the skies.
 He lives : ye bars of steel ! ye gates of brass !
 Give way and let the King of glory pass :—
 He lives : ye golden portals of the spheres !
 Open, the Sun of righteousness appears.
 But, ah ! my spirit faints beneath the blaze
 That breaks and brightens o'er the latter days,
 When every tongue His trophies shall proclaim,
 And every knee shall worship at His name ;
 For He shall reign, with undivided power,
 To Earth's last bounds, to Nature's final hour.
 " 'Tis done :—again the conquering Chief appears
 In the dread vision of dissolving years ;
 His vesture dipp'd in blood, His eyes of flame,
 The WORD of GOD his everlasting name ;
 Throned in mid-heaven, with clouds of glory spread,
 He sits in judgment on the quick and dead ;
 Strong to deliver : Saints, your songs prepare ;
 Rush from your tombs to meet Him in the air :
 But terrible in vengeance ; Sinners ! bow
 Your haughty heads, the grave protects not now :
 He who alone in mortal conflict trod
 The mighty wine-press of the wrath of God,
 Shall fill the cup of trembling to His foes,
 The unmingled cup of inexhausted woes ;
 The proud shall drink it in that dreadful day,
 While Earth dissolves, and Heaven is roll'd away."
 Here ceased the prophet :—From the altar broke
 The last dim wreaths of fire-illumined smoke ;
 Darkness had fall'n around ; but o'er the streams
 The Moon, new-ris'n, diffused her brightening beams :
 Homeward, with tears, the worshippers return'd,
 Yet, while they wept, their hearts within them burn'd.

CANTO SIXTH.

Javan's second Interview with Zillah—He visits the various dwellings scattered throughout the Glen, and in the evening Sings to his Harp, amidst the assembled inhabitants :—Address to Twilight ; Jubal's Song of the Creation ; the Power of Music exemplified.

SPENT with the toils of that eventful day,
 All night in dreamless slumber Javan lay ;
 But, early springing from his bed of leaves,
 Waked by the songs of swallows on the eaves,
 From Enoch's cottage, in the cool gray hour,
 He wander'd forth to Zillah's woodland bower ;
 There, in his former covert, on the ground,
 The frame of his forsaken harp he found :
 He smote the bosse ; the convex orb, unstrung,
 Instant with sweet reverberation rung :
 The minstrel smiled, at that sonorous stroke,
 To find the spell of harmony unbroke :
 Trickling with dew, he bore it to the cell :
 There, as with leaves he dried the sculptured shell,
 He thought of Zillah ; and resolved, too late
 To plead his constancy, and know his fate.

She, from the hour, when, in a pilgrim's guise,
 Javan return'd,—a stranger to her eyes,
 Not to her heart,—from anguish knew no rest ;
 Love, pride, resentment, struggling in her breast.
 All day she strove to hide her misery,
 In vain ;—a mother's eye is quick to see,
 Slow to rebuke, a daughter's bashful fears,
 And Zillah's mother only chid with tears :
 Night came, but Javan came not with the night ;
 Light vanish'd, hope departed with the light ;
 Her lonely couch conceal'd her sleepless woes,
 But with the morning-star the maiden rose.
 The soft refreshing breeze, the orient beams,
 The dew, the mist unrolling from the streams,
 The light, the joy, the music of the hour,
 Stole on her spirit with resistless power,
 With healing sweetness soothed her fever'd brain,
 And woke the pulse of tenderness again.
 Thus while she wander'd, with unconscious feet,
 Absent in thought she reach'd her sylvan seat :
 The youth descried her not amidst the wood,
 Till, like a vision, at his side she stood.
 Their eyes encounter'd ; both at once exclaim'd,
 " Javan ! " and " Zillah ! "—each the other named ;
 Those sounds were life or death to either heart :
 He rose ; she turn'd in terror to depart ;
 He caught her hand :—" O do not, do not flee ! "
 —It was a moment of eternity,

And now or never must he plight his vow,
Win or abandon her for ever now.

"Stay ;—hear me, Zillah !—every power above,
Heaven, earth, thyself, bear witness to my love !
Thee have I loved from earliest infancy,
Loved with supreme affection only thee.
Long in these shades my timid passion grew,
Through every change, in every trial, true ;
I loved thee through the world in dumb despair,
Loved *thee*, that I might love no other fair ;
Guilty, yet faithful still, to thee I fly ;
Receive me, love me, Zillah ! or I die."

Thus Javan's lips, so long in silence seal'd,
With sudden vehemence his soul reveal'd ;
Zillah meanwhile recover'd power to speak,
While deadly paleness overcast her cheek :
—" Say not, ' I love thee ! '—Witness every tree
Around this bower thy cruel scorn of me !
Could Javan love me through the world, yet leave
Her whom he loved, for hopeless years, to grieve !
Returning, could he find her here alone,
Yet pass her by, unknowing as unknown ?
All day was she forsaken, or forgot ?
Did Javan seek her at her father's cot ?
That cot of old so much his soul's delight,
His mother's seem'd not fairer in his sight :
No : Javan mocks me ; none could love so well,
So long, so painfully,—and never tell."

" Love owns no law," rejoin'd the pleading youth,
" Except obedience to eternal truth :
Deep streams are silent ; from the generous breast,
The dearest feelings are the last confess'd :
Erewhile I strove in vain to break my peace,
Now I could talk of love and never cease :
—Still had my trembling passion been conceal'd,
Still but in parables by stealth reveal'd,
Had not thine instantaneous presence wrung,
By swift surprise, the secret from my tongue.
Yet hath Affection language of her own,
And mine in everything but words was shown ;
In childhood, as the bird of nature free,
My song was gladness, when I sung to thee ;
In youth, whene'er I mourn'd a bosom flame
And praised a maiden whom I durst not name,
Couldst thou not then my hidden thought divine ?
Didst thou not feel that I was wholly thine ?
When for vainglory I forsook thee here,
Dear as thou wert, unutterably dear,
From virtue, truth, and innocence estranged,
To thee, thee only, was my heart unchanged ;
And as I loved without a hope before,
Without a hope I loved thee yet the more.
At length, when, weary of the ways of men,
Refuge I sought in this maternal glen,

Thy sweet remembrance drew me from afar,
 And Zillah's beauty was my leading star.
 Here when I found thee, fear itself grew bold,
 Methought my tale of love already told ;
 But soon thine eyes the dream of folly broke,
 And I from bliss, as they from slumber, woke ;
 My heart, my tongue, were chill'd to instant stone,
 I durst not speak thy name, nor give my own.
 When thou wert vanish'd, horror and affright
 Seized me, my sins uprose before my sight ;
 Like fiends they rush'd upon me ; but despair
 Wrung from expiring Faith a broken prayer ;
 Strength came ; the path to Enoch's bower I trod ;
 He saw me, met me, led me back to God.
 O Zillah ! while I sought my Maker's grace,
 And flesh and spirit fail'd before His face,
 Thy tempting image from my breast I drove,
 It was no season then for earthly love."

"For earthly love it is no season now."

Exclaim'd the maiden, with reproachful brow,
 And eyes through tears of tenderness that shone,
 And voice, half peace, half anger, in its tone.
 "Freely thy past unkindness I forgive ;
 Content to perish here, so Javan live :
 The tyrant's menace to our tribe we know ;
 The Patriarchs never seek, nor shun, a foe ;
 Thou, while thou mayst, from swift destruction fly ;
 I and my father's house resolve to die."

"With thee and with thy father's house, to bear
 Death or captivity, is Javan's prayer ;
 Remorse for ever be the recreant's lot :
 If I forsake thee now, I love thee not."

Thus while he vow'd, a gentle answer sprung
 To Zillah's lips, but died upon her tongue ;
 Trembling she turn'd, and hasten'd to the rock,
 Beyond those woods, that hid her folded flock,
 Whose bleatings reach'd her ear, with loud complaint
 Of her delay ; she loosed them from restraint ;
 Then bounding headlong forth, with antic glee,
 They roam'd in all the joy of liberty.
 Javan beside her walk'd as in a dream,
 Nor more of love renew'd the fruitless theme.

Forthwith, from home to home throughout the glen,
 The friends whom once he knew he sought again ;
 Each hail'd the stranger welcome at his board,
 As lost but found, as dead to life restored.
 From Eden's camp no tidings came ; the day
 In awful expectation pass'd away.
 At eve his harp the fond Enthusiast strung,
 On Adam's mount, and to the Patriarchs sung ;
 While youth and age, an eager throng, admire
 The mingling music of the voice and lyre.

"I love thee, Twilight ! as thy shadows roll,
 The calm of evening steals upon my soul,

Sublimely tender, solemnly serene,
 Still as the hour, enchanting as the scene.
 I love thee, Twilight! for thy gleams impart
 Their dear, their dying influence to my heart,
 When o'er the harp of thought thy passing wind
 Awakens all the music of the mind,
 And Joy and Sorrow as the spirit burns,
 And Hope and Memory, sweep the chords by turns,
 While Contemplation, on seraphic wings,
 Mounts with the flame of sacrifice, and sings.
 Twilight! I love thee; let thy glooms increase
 Till every feeling, every pulse, is peace:
 Slow from the sky the light of day declines,
 Clearer within the dawn of glory shines,
 Revealing, in the hour of Nature's rest,
 A world of wonders in the poet's breast:
 Deeper, O Twilight! then thy shadows roll,
 An awful vision opens on my soul.

"On such an evening, so divinely calm,
 The woods all melody, the breezes balm,
 Down in a vale, where lucid waters stray'd,
 And mountain-cedars stretch'd their downward shade,
 Jubal, the prince of song (in youth unknown),
 Retired to commune with his harp alone;
 For still he nursed it, like a secret thought
 Long cherish'd and to late perfection wrought,—
 And still with cunning hand, and curious ear,
 Enrich'd, ennobled, and enlarged its sphere,
 Till he had compass'd, in that magic round,
 A soul of harmony, a heaven of sound.
 Then sang the minstrel, in his laurel bower,
 Of Nature's origin, and Music's power.
 'He spake, and it was done:—Eternal Night,
 At God's command, awaken'd into light;
 He call'd the elements, Earth, Ocean, Air,
 He call'd them when they were not, and they were:
 He look'd through space, and, kindling o'er the sky,
 Sun, moon, and stars came forth to meet His eye:
 His Spirit moved upon the desert earth,
 And sudden life through all things swarm'd to birth;
 Man from the dust He raised to rule the whole;
 He breathed, and man became a living soul:
 Through Eden's groves the lord of nature trod,
 Upright and pure, the image of his God.
 Thus were the heavens and all their host display'd,
 In wisdom thus were earth's foundations laid:
 The glorious scene a holy sabbath closed;
 Amidst His works the Omnipotent reposed;
 And while He view'd and bless'd them from His seat,
 All worlds, all beings, worshipp'd at His feet:
 The morning stars in choral concert sang,
 The rolling deep with hallelujahs rang,
 Adoring angels from their orbs rejoice:
 The voice of music was Creation's voice.

" ' Alone along the lyre of Nature sigh'd
 The master-chord, to which no chord replied ;
 For Man, while bliss and beauty reign'd around,
 For Man alone, no fellowship was found,
 No fond companion, in whose dearer breast
 His heart, repining in his own, might rest ;
 For, born to love, the heart delights to roam,
 A kindred bosom is its happiest home.
 On Earth's green lap, the father of mankind,
 In mild dejection, thoughtfully reclined ;
 Soft o'er his eyes a sealing slumber crept,
 And Fancy soothed him while Reflection slept.
 Then God—who thus would make His counsel known,
 Counsel that will'd not Man to dwell alone—
 Created Woman with a smile of grace,
 And left the smile that made her on her face.
 The Patriarch's eyelids open'd on his bride,
 —The morn of beauty risen from his side !
 He gazed with new-born rapture on her charms,
 And love's first whispers won her to his arms.
 Then, tuned through all the chords supremely sweet,
 Exulting Nature found her lyre complete,
 And, from the key of each harmonious sphere,
 Struck music worthy of her Maker's ear.

" Here Jubal paused ; for grim before him lay,
 Couch'd like a lion watching for his prey,
 With blood-red eye of fascinating fire,
 Fix'd, like the gazing serpent's, on the lyre,
 An awful form, that through the gloom appear'd,
 Half-brute, half-human ; whose terrific beard,
 And hoary flakes of long dishevell'd hair,
 Like eagle's plumage ruffled by the air,
 Veil'd a sad wreck of grandeur and of grace,
 Limbs worn and wounded, a majestic face,
 Deep-plough'd by time, and ghastly pale with woe,
 That goaded till remorse to madness rose :
 Haunted by phantoms, he had fled his home,
 With savage beasts in solitude to roam ;
 Wild as the waves, and wandering as the wind,
 No art could tame him, and no chains could bind ;
 Already seven disastrous years had shed
 Mildew and blast on his unshelter'd head ;
 His brain was smitten by the sun at noon,
 His heart was withered by the cold night-moon.

" 'Twas Cain, the sire of nations :—Jubal knew
 His kindred looks, and tremblingly withdrew ;
 He, darting like the blaze of sudden fire,
 Leap'd o'er the space between, and grasp'd the lyre ;
 Sooner with life the struggling bard would part,
 And, ere the fiend could tear it from his heart,
 He hurl'd his hand with one tremendous stroke
 O'er all the strings ; whence in a whirlwind broke
 Such tones of terror, dissonance, despair,
 As till that hour had never jarr'd in air.

Astonish'd into marble at the shock,
 Backward stood Cain, unconscious as a rock,
 Cold, breathless, motionless through all his frame :
 But soon his visage quicken'd into flame,
 When Jubal's hand the crashing jargon changed
 To melting harmony, and nimbly ranged
 From chord to chord, ascending sweet and clear,
 Then rolling down in thunder on the ear ;
 With power the pulse of anguish to restrain,
 And charm the evil spirit from the brain.

"Slowly recovering from that trance profound,
 Bewilder'd, touch'd, transported with the sound,
 Cain view'd himself, the bard, the earth, the sky,
 While wonder flash'd and faded in his eye,
 And reason, by alternate frenzy cross'd,
 Now seem'd restored, and now for ever lost.
 So shines the moon, by glimpses, through her shrouds,
 When windy darkness rides upon the clouds,
 Till through the blue, serene, and silent night,
 She reigns in full tranquillity of light.
 Jubal, with eager hope, beheld the chase
 Of strange emotions hurrying o'er his face,
 And waked his noblest numbers, to control
 The tide and tempest of the maniac's soul :
 Through many a maze of melody they flew,
 They rose like incense, they distill'd like dew,
 Pour'd through the sufferer's breast delicious balm,
 And sooth'd remembrance till remorse grew calm,
 Till Cain forsook the solitary wild,
 Led by the minstrel like a weaned child.
 O! had you seen him to his home restored,
 How young and old ran forth to meet their lord ;
 How friends and kindred on his neck did fall,
 Weeping aloud, while Cain outwept them all :
 But hush !—thenceforward, when recoiling care
 Lower'd on his brow, and sadden'd to despair,
 The lyre of Jubal, with divinest art,
 Repell'd the demon, and revived his heart.
 Thus Song, the breath of heaven, had power to bind
 In chains of harmony the mightiest mind ;
 Thus Music's empire in the soul began,
 The first-born Poet ruled the first-born Man."

While Javan sang, the shadows fell around,
 The moving glowworm brighten'd on the ground.
 He ceased : the mute assembly rose in tears ;
 Delight and wonder were chastised with fears :
 That heavenly harmony, unheard before,
 Awoke the feeling,—“ Who shall hear it more ? ”
 The sun had set in glory on their sight,
 For them in vain might morn restore the light ;
 Though self devoted, through each mortal frame,
 At thought of death, a cold sick shuddering came,
 Nature's infirmity ;—but faith was given,
 The flame that lifts the sacrifice to heaven :

Through doubt and darkness then, beyond the skies,
 Eternal prospects open'd on their eyes ;
 Already seem'd the immortal spirit free,
 And death was swallow'd up in victory.



CANTO SEVENTH.

The Patriarchs and their Families carried away Captive by a detachment from the Army of the Invaders—The Tomb of Abel—His Murder by Cain described—The Origin of the Giants—The Infancy and Early Adventures of their King—The Leader of their Host encamped in Eden.

THE flocks and herds throughout the glen reposed ;
 No human eyelid there in slumber closed ;
 None, save the infant's on the mother's breast ;—
 With arms of love caressing and caress'd,
 She, while her elder offspring round her clung,
 Each eye intent on hers, and mute each tongue,
 The voice of Death in every murmur heard,
 And felt his touch in every limb that stirr'd.
 At midnight, down the forest hills, a train
 Of eager warriors from the host of Cain
 Burst on the stillness of the scene :—they spread
 In bands, to clutch the victims ere they fled :
 Of flight unmindful, at their summons, rose
 Those victims, meekly yielding to their foes ;
 Though woman wept to leave her home behind,
 The weak were comforted, the strong resign'd,
 And ere the moon, descending o'er the vale,
 Grew, at the bright approach of morning, pale,
 Collected thus, the Patriarchal clan,
 With strengthen'd confidence, their march began,
 Since not in ashes were their dwellings laid,
 And death, though threaten'd still, was still delay'd.
 Struck with their fearless innocence, they saw
 Their fierce assailants check'd with sacred awe ;
 The foe became a phalanx of defence,
 And brought them, like a guard of angels, thence.
 A vista-path, that through the forest led
 (By Javan shunn'd when from the camp he fled),
 The pilgrims track'd, till on the mountains height
 They met the sun, new risen, in glorious light ;
 Empurpled mists along the landscape roll'd,
 And all the orient flamed with clouds of gold.

Here, while they halted, on their knees they raise
 To God the sacrifice of prayer and praise :
 —“ Glory to Thee, for every blessing shed,
 In days of peace, on our protected head ;

Glory to Thee, for fortitude to bear
 The wrath of man, rejoicing o'er despair ;
 Glory to Thee, whatever ill befall,
 For faith on Thy victorious name to call.
 Thine own eternal purposes fulfil ;
 We come, O God ! to suffer all Thy will."

Refresh'd and rested, on their course they went,
 Ere the clouds melted from the firmament ;
 Odours abroad the winds of morning breathe,
 And fresh with dew the herbage sprang beneath :
 Down from the hills, that gently sloped away
 To the broad river shining into day,
 They pass'd ; along the brink the path they kept,
 Where high aloof o'erarching willows wept,
 Whose silvery foliage glisten'd in the beam,
 And floating shadows fringed the chequer'd stream.

Adjacent rose a myrtle-planted mound,
 Whose spiry top a granite fragment crown'd ;
 Tinctured with many-coloured moss, the stone,
 Rich as a cloud of summer evening, shone
 Amidst encircling verdure, that array'd
 The beauteous hillock with a cope of shade.
 "Javan !" said Enoch, "on this spot began
 The fatal curse ;—man perish'd here by man ;
 The earliest death a son of Adam died
 Was murder, and that murder fratricide !
 Here Abel fell a corse along this shore ;
 Here Cain's recoiling footsteps reek'd with gore :
 Horror upraised his locks, unloosed his knees ;
 He heard a voice ; he hid among the trees :
 —'Where is thy Brother?'—From the whirlwind came
 The voice of God, amidst enfolding flame :
 —'Am I my brother's keeper?'—hoarse and low,
 Cain mutter'd from the copse—'that I should know ?'
 'What hast thou done?—For vengeance to the skies,
 Lo ! from the dust the blood of Abel cries.
 Cursed from the earth that drank his blood, with toil
 Thine hand shall plough in vain her barren soil :
 An exile and a wanderer thou shalt be ;
 A brother's eye shall never look on thee !'

"The shuddering culprit answered in despair,
 —'Greater the punishment than flesh can bear.'
 —'Yet shalt thou bear it : on thy brow reveal'd,
 Thus be thy sentence and thy safeguard seal'd !'
 Silently, swiftly as the lightning's blast,
 A hand of fire athwart his temples pass'd :
 He ran, as in the terror of a dream,
 To quench his burning anguish in the stream ;
 But bending o'er the brink, the swelling wave
 Back to the eye his branded visage gave :
 As soon on murder'd Abel durst he look ;
 Yet power to fly his palsied limbs forsook.
 There, turn'd to stone for his presumptuous crime,
 A monument of wrath to latest time,

Might Cain have stood : but Mercy raised his head
 In prayer for help,—his strength return'd,—he fled.
 That mound of myrtles, o'er their favourite child,
 Eve planted, and the hand of Adam piled
 Yon mossy stone, above his ashes raised,
 His altar once with Abel's offering blazed,
 When God well pleased beheld the flames arise,
 And smiled acceptance on the sacrifice."

Enoch to Javan, walking at his side,
 Thus held discourse apart : the youth replied :
 " Relieved from toil, though Cain is gone to rest,
 And the turf flowers on his disburden'd breast,
 Amongst his race the murdering spirit reigns,
 But riots fiercest in the Giant's veins.
 —Sprung from false leagues, when monstrous love combined
 The sons of God and daughters of mankind,
 Self-styled the progeny of Heaven and Earth,
 Eden first gave the world's oppressors birth ;
 Thence far away, beneath the rising moon,
 Or where the shadow vanishes at noon,
 The adulterous mothers from the sires withdrew :
 —Nursed in luxuriant climes their offspring grew ;
 Till, as in stature o'er mankind they tower'd,
 And Giant-strength all mortal strength o'erpower'd,
 To heaven the proud blasphemers raised their eyes,
 And scorn'd the tardy vengeance of the skies :
 On earth invincible, they sternly broke
 Love's willing bonds, and Nature's kindred yoke ;
 Mad for dominion, with remorseless away,
 Compell'd their reptile-brethren to obey,
 And doom'd their human herds, with thankless toil,
 Like brutes, to grow and perish on the soil,
 Their sole inheritance, through lingering years,
 The bread of misery and the cup of tears,
 The tasks of oxen, with the hire of slaves,
 Dishonour'd lives, and desecrated graves.

" When war,—that self-inflicted scourge of man,
 His boldest crime and bitterest curse,—began ;
 As lions fierce, as forest-cedars tall,
 And terrible as torrents, in their fall,
 Headlong from rocks, through vales and vineyards hurl'd
 These men of prey laid waste the eastern world ;
 They taught their tributary hordes to wield
 The sword, red flaming, through the death-strown field,
 With strenuous arm the uprooted rock to throw,
 Glance the light arrow from the bounding bow,
 Whirl the broad shield to meet the darted stroke,
 And stand to combat, like the unyielding oak.
 Then eye from eye with fell suspicion turn'd,
 In kindred breasts unnatural hatred burn'd ;
 Brother met brother in the lists of strife,
 The son lay lurking for the father's life ;
 With rabid instinct, men who never knew
 Each other's face before, each other slew ;

All tribes, all nations, learn'd the fatal art,
 And every hand was arm'd to pierce a heart.
 Nor man alone the Giant's might subdued ;
 —The camel, wean'd from quiet solitude,
 Grazed round their camps, or slow along the road,
 Midst marching legions, bore the servile load.
 —With flying forelock and dishevell'd mane,
 They caught the wild steed prancing o'er the plain,
 For war or pastime rein'd his fiery force ;
 Fleet as the wind he stretch'd along the course,
 Or, loudly neighing at the trumpet's sound,
 With hoofs of thunder smote the indented ground.
 The enormous elephant obeyed their will,
 And, tamed to cruelty with direst skill,
 Roar'd for the battle, when he felt the goad,
 And his proud lord his sinewy neck bestrode,
 Through crashing ranks resistless havoc bore,
 And writhed his trunk, and bathed his tusks in gore.

“ Thus while the Giants trampled friends and foes,
 Amongst their tribe a mighty chieftain rose ;
 His birth mysterious, but traditions tell
 What strange events his infancy befell.

“ A goatherd fed his flock on many a steep
 Where Eden's rivers swell the southern deep ;
 A melancholy man, who dwelt alone,
 Yet far abroad his evil fame was known ;
 The first of woman born, that might presume
 To wake the dead bones mouldering in the tomb,
 And, from the gulf of uncreated night,
 Call phantoms of futurity to light.
 'Twas said his voice could stay the falling flood,
 Eclipse the sun and turn the moon to blood,
 Roll back the planets on their golden cars,
 And from the firmament unfix the stars :
 Spirits of fire and air, of sea and land,
 Came at his call, and flew at his command ;
 His spells so potent, that his changing breath
 Open'd or shut the gates of life and death.
 O'er Nature's powers he claim'd supreme control,
 And held communion with all Nature's soul :
 The name and place of every herb he knew,
 Its healing balsam or pernicious dew :
 The meanest reptile, and the noblest birth
 Of ocean's caverns, or the living earth,
 Obey'd his mandate :—lord of all the rest,
 Man more than all his hidden art confess'd,
 Cringed to his face, consulted and revered
 His oracles,—detested him and fear'd.

“ Once by the river, in a waking dream,
 He stood to watch the ever-running stream,
 In which, reflected upward to his eyes,
 He giddily look'd down upon the skies ;
 For thus he feign'd in his ecstatic mood,
 To summon divination from the flood.

His steady view, a floating object cross'd ;
 His eye pursued it till the sight was lost,—
 An outcast infant in a fragile bark !
 The river whirl'd the willow-woven ark
 Down tow'rd's the deep ; the tide returning bore
 The little voyager unharm'd to shore :
 Him, in his cradle-ship securely bound
 With swathing skins, at eve the goatherd found.
 Nursed by that foster-sire, austere and rude,
 Midst rocks and glens, in savage solitude,
 Among the kids, the rescued foundling grew,
 Nutrition from whose shaggy dams he drew,
 Till baby-curled his broader temples crown'd,
 And torrid suns his flexile limbs embrown'd :
 Then as he sprang from green to florid age,
 And rose to giant stature, stage by stage,
 He roam'd the valleys with his browsing flock,
 And leap'd in joy of youth from rock to rock ;
 Climb'd the sharp precipice's steepest breast,
 To seize the eagle brooding on her nest ;
 And rent his way through matted woods, to tear
 The skulking panther from his hidden lair.
 A trodden serpent, horrible and vast,
 Sprang on the heedless rover as he pass'd ;
 Limb lock'd o'er limb, with many a straitening fold
 Of orbs inextricably involved, he roll'd
 On earth in vengeance, broke the twisted toils,
 Strangled the hissing fiend, and wore the spoils.
 With hardy exercise, and cruel art,
 To nerve the frame, and petrify the heart,
 The wizard trained his pupil, from a span,
 To thrice the bulk and majesty of man.
 His limbs were sinewy strength ; commanding grace,
 And dauntless spirit sparkled in his face ;
 His arm could pluck the lion from his prey,
 And hold the horn'd rhinoceros at bay,
 His feet o'er highest hills pursue the hind,
 Or tire the ostrich buoyant on the wind.
 " Yet 'twas the stripling's chief delight to brave
 The river's wrath, and wrestle with the wave :
 When torrent-rains had swoln the furious tide,
 Light on the foamy surge he loved to ride ;
 When calm and clear the stream was wont to flow,
 Fearless he dived to search the caves below.
 His childhood's story, often told, had wrought
 Sublimest hopes in his aspiring thought.
 —Once on a cedar, from its mountain throne
 Pluck'd by the tempest, forth he sail'd alone,
 And reach'd the gulf ;—with eye of eager fire,
 And flushing cheek, he watch'd the shores retire,
 Till sky and water wide around were spread ;—
 Straight to the sun he thought his voyage led,
 With shouts of transport hail'd its setting light,
 And follow'd all the long and lonely night :

But, ere the morning-star expired, he found
 His stranded bark once more on earthly ground.
 Tears, wrung from secret shame, suffused his eyes,
 When in the east he saw the sun arise ;
 Pride quickly check'd them—young ambition burn'd
 For bolder enterprise, as he return'd.

"Through snares and deaths pursuing fame and power,
 He scorn'd his flock from that adventurous hour,
 And, leagued with monsters of congenial birth,
 Began to scourge and subjugate the earth.
 Meanwhile the sons of Cain, who till'd the soil,
 By noble arts had learn'd to lighten toil :
 Wisely their scatter'd knowledge, he combined ;
 Yet had an hundred years matured his mind,
 Ere, with the strength that laid the forest low,
 And skill that made the iron-furnace glow,
 His genius launch'd the keel, and sway'd the helm
 (His throne and sceptre on the wat'ry realm),
 While from the tent of his expanded sail,
 He eyed the heavens and flew before the gale,
 The first of men, whose courage knew to guide
 The bounding vessel through the reflux tide.
 Then swore the Giant, in his pride of soul,
 To range the universe from pole to pole,
 Rule the remotest nations with his nod,
 To live a hero, and to die a god.

"This is the king that wars in Eden :—now
 Fulfill'd at length he deems his early vow ;
 His foot hath overrun the world,—his hand
 Smitten to dust the pride of every land :
 The Patriarchs last, beneath his impious rod,
 He dooms to perish or abjure their God.
 —O God of truth ! rebuke the tyrant's rage,
 And save the remnant of Thine heritage."

When Javan ceased, they stood upon the height,
 Where first he rested on his lonely flight,
 Whence to the sacred mountain far away,
 The land of Eden in perspective lay.
 'Twas noon ;—they tarried there, till milder hours,
 Woke with light airs the breath of evening flowers.

CANTO EIGHTH.

The scene changes to a Mountain, on the summit of which, beneath the shade of ancient trees, the Giants are assembled round their King—A Minstrel sings the Monarch's praises, and describes the Destruction of the Remnant of the force of his Enemies, in an assault, by land and water, on their Encampment, between the Forest on the eastern Plain of Eden and the River to the west—The Captive Patriarchs are presented before the King and his Chieftains.

"THERE is a living spirit in the lyre,
A breath of music and a soul of fire;
It speaks a language to the world unknown;
It speaks that language to the bard alone:
While warbled symphonies entrance his ears,
That spirit's voice in every tone he hears;
'Tis his the mystic meaning to rehearse,
To utter oracles in glowing verse,
Heroic themes from age to age prolong,
And make the dead in nature live in song.
Though graven rocks the warrior's deeds proclaim,
And mountains, hewn to statues, wear his name;
Though, shrined in adamant, his relics lie,
Beneath a pyramid that scales the sky;
All that the hand hath fashion'd shall decay;
All that the eye admires shall pass away;
The mouldering rocks, the hero's hope, shall fail,
Earthquakes shall heave the mountains to the vale,
The shrine of adamant betray its trust,
And the proud pyramid resolve to dust:
The lyre alone immortal fame secures,
For Song alone through Nature's change endures;—
Transfused like life, from breast to breast it glows,
From sire to son by sure succession flows,
Speeds its unceasing flight from clime to clime,
Outstripping death upon the wings of Time.

"Soul of the lyre! whose magic power can raise
Inspiring visions of departed days;—
Or, with the glimpses of mysterious rhyme,
Dawn on the dreams of unawaken'd time;
Soul of the lyre! instruct thy bard to sing
The latest triumph of the Giant-king,
Who sees this day his orb of glory fill'd:—
In what creative number shall I build,
With what exalted strains of music crown,
His everlasting pillar of renown?
Though, like the rainbow, by a wondrous birth,
He sprang to light, the joy of heaven and earth;
Though, like the rainbow,—for he cannot die,—
His form shall pass unseen into the sky;
Say, shall the hero share the coward's lot,
Vanish from earth ingloriously forgot?

No! the Divinity that rules the lyre,
And clothes these lips with eloquence of fire,
Commands the song to rise in quenchless flame,
And light the world for ever with his fame."

Thus on a mountain's venerable head,
Where trees, coeval with creation, spread
Their massy twisted branches, green and gray,
Mature below, their tops in dry decay,
A bard of Jubal's lineage proudly sung,
Then stay'd awhile the raptures of his tongue ;
A shout of horrible applause, that rent
The echoing hills and answering firmament,
Burst from the Giants,—where in barbarous state,
Flush'd with new wine, around their king they sate ;
A chieftain each, who, on his brazen car,
Had led an host of meaner men to war ;
And now, from recent fight on Eden's plain,
Where fell their foes, in helpless conflict slain,
Victoriously return'd, beneath the trees
They rest from toil, carousing at their ease.

Adjacent, where the mountain's spacious breast
Open'd in airy grandeur to the west,
Huge piles of fragrant cedars, on the ground,
As altars blazed, while victims bled around,
To gods, whose worship vanish'd with the Flood,
—Divinities of brass, and stone, and wood,
By man himself in his own image made ;
The fond creator to the creature pray'd !
And he, who from the forest or the rock
Hew'd the rough mass, adored the shapen block !
Then seem'd his flocks ignoble in his eyes,
His choicest herbs too mean for sacrifice,
He pour'd his brethren's blood upon the pyre,
And pass'd his sons to demons through the fire.

Exalted o'er the vassal chiefs, behold
Their sovereign, cast in Nature's mightiest mould ;
Beneath an oak, whose woven boughs display'd
A verdant canopy of light and shade,
Throned on a rock the Giant-king appears,
In the full manhood of five hundred years.
His robe, the spoils of lions, by his might
Dragg'd from their dens, or slain in chase or fight :
His raven locks, unblanch'd by withering Time,
Amplly dishevell'd o'er his brow sublime ;
His dark eyes, flush'd with restless radiance, gleam
Like broken moonlight rippling on the stream.
Grandeur of soul, which nothing might appal,
And nothing satisfy if less than all,
Had stamp'd upon his air, his form, his face,
The character of calm and awful grace ;
But direst cruelty, by guile repress'd,
Lurk'd in the dark volcano of his breast,
In silence brooding, like the secret power
That springs the earthquake at the midnight hour.

From Eden's summit, with obdurate pride,
 Red from afar, the battle-scene he eyed,
 Where late he crush'd, with one remorseless blow,
 The remnant of his last and noblest foe ;
 At hand he view'd the trophies of his toils,
 Herds, flocks, and steeds, the world's collected spoils ;
 Below, his legions march'd in war array,
 Unstain'd with blood in that unequal fray :
 —An hundred tribes, whose sons their arms had borne,
 Without contention, from the field at morn,
 Their bands dividing, when the fight was won,
 Darken'd the region tow'rd the slanting sun,
 Like clouds, whose shadows o'er the landscape sail,
 —While to their camp, that fill'd the northern vale,
 A waving sea of tents, immensely spread,
 The trumpet summon'd, and the banners led.
 With these a train of captives, sad and slow,
 Moved to a death of shame, or life of woe,
 A death on altars hateful to the skies,
 Or life in chains, a slower sacrifice.
 Fair smiled the face of Nature ;—all serene
 And lovely, evening tranquillized the scene ;
 The furies of the fight were gone to rest,
 The cloudless sun grew broader down the west,
 The hills beneath him melted from the sight,
 Receding through the heaven of purple light ;
 Along the plain the maze of rivers roll'd,
 And verdant shadows gleam'd in waves of gold.
 Thus while the tyrant cast his haughty eye
 O'er the broad landscape and incumbent sky,
 His heart exulting whisper'd—"All is mine,"
 And heard a voice from all things answer "Thine."
 Such was the matchless chief, whose name of yore
 Fill'd the wide world ;—his name is known no more :
 O that for ever from the rolls of fame,
 Like his, had perish'd every conqueror's name !
 Then had mankind been spared, in after times,
 Their greatest sufferings and their greatest crimes.
 The hero scourges not his age alone,
 His curse to late posterity is known :
 He slays his thousands with his living breath,
 His tens of thousands by his fame in death.
 Achilles quench'd not all his wrath on Greece,
 Through Homer's song its miseries never cease ;
 Like Phœbus' shafts, the bright contagion brings
 Plagues on the people for the feuds of kings.
 'Twas not in vain the son of Philip sigh'd
 For worlds to conquer,—o'er the western tide,
 His spirit, in the Spaniard's form, o'erthrew
 Realms that the Macedonian never knew.
 The steel of Brutus struck not Cæsar dead ;
 Cæsar in other lands hath rear'd his head,
 And fought, of friends and foes, on many a plain,
 His millions, captured, fugitive, and slain ;
 Yet seldom suffered, where his country died,

A Roman vengeance for his parricide.

The sun was sunk ; the sacrificial pyres
From smouldering ashes breathed their last blue fires,
The smiling star, that lights the world to rest,
Walk'd in the rosy gardens of the west,
Like Eve erewhile, through Eden's blooming bowers,
A lovelier star amidst a heaven of flowers.
Now, in the freshness of the falling shade,
Again the minstrel to the monarch play'd.

—"Where is the youth renown'd?—the youth whose voice
Was wont to make the listening camp rejoice,
When to his harp, in many a peerless strain,
He sang the wonders of the Giant's reign :
O where is Javan?"—Thus the bard renew'd
His lay, and with a rival's transport view'd
The cloud of sudden anger that o'ercame
The tyrant's countenance, at Javan's name ;
Javan, whose song was once his soul's delight,
Now doom'd a traitor recreant by his flight.

The envious minstrel smiled ; then boldly ran
His prelude o'er the chords, and thus began :

"'Twas on the morn that faithless Javan fled,
To yonder plain the King of Nations led
His countless hosts, and stretch'd their wide array
Along the woods, within whose shelter lay
The sons of Eden :*—these, with secret pride,
In ambush thus the Invincible defied :
—'Girt with the forest, wherefore should we fear?
The Giant's sword shall never reach us here :
Behind, the river rolls its deep defence ;
The Giant's hand shall never pluck us hence.'
Vain boast of fools ! who to that hand prepare
For their own lives the inevitable snare :
His legions smote the standards of the wood,
And with their prostrate strength controll'd the flood ;
Lopp'd of their boughs, and jointed beam to beam,
The pines and oaks were launch'd upon the stream,
An hundred rafts.—Yet still within a zone
Of tangled coppices,—a waste, o'ergrown
With briars and thorns, the dauntless victims lie,
Scorn to surrender, and prepare to die.
The second sun went down ; the monarch's plan
Was perfected : the dire assault began.

"Marshall'd by twilight, his obedient bands
Engirt the wood, with torches in their hands ;
The signal given, they shoot them through the air ;
The blazing brands in rapid volleys glare,
Descending through the gloom with spangled light,
As if the stars were falling through the night.
Along the wither'd grass the wild-fire flew,
Higher and hotter with obstruction grew ;
The green wood hiss'd ; from crackling thickets broke
Light glancing flame, and heavy rolling smoke ;

* Vide Canto I. p. 45, and Canto III. p. 60.

Till all the breadth of forest seem'd to rise
 In raging conflagration to the skies.
 Fresh o'er our heads the winds propitious blow,
 But roll the fierce combustion on the foe.
 Awhile they paused, of every hope bereft,
 Choice of destruction all their refuge left ;
 If from the flames they fled, behind them lay
 The river roaring to receive his prey ;
 If through the stream they sought the farther strand,
 Our rafts were moor'd to meet them ere they land :
 With triple death environ'd thus they stood,
 Till nearer peril drove them to the flood.
 Safe on a hill, where sweetest moonlight slept,
 As o'er the changing scene my watch I kept,
 I heard their shrieks of agony ; I hear
 Those shrieks still ring in my tormented ear ;
 I saw them leap the gulf with headlong fright ;
 O that mine eyes could now forget that sight !
 They sank in multitudes ; but, prompt to save,
 Our warriors snatch'd the stragglers from the wave,
 And on their rafts a noble harvest bore
 Of rescued heroes, captive, to the shore.
 One little troop their lessening ground maintain'd
 Till space to perish in alone remain'd ;
 Then, with a shout that rent the echoing air,
 More like the shout of victory than despair,
 Wedged in a solid phalanx, man by man,
 Right through the scorching wilderness they ran,
 Where half-extinct the smouldering fuel glow'd,
 And levell'd corpses strew'd the open road.
 Unharm'd as spirits while they seem'd to pass,
 Their lighted features flared like molten brass ;
 Around the flames in writhing volumes spread,
 'Thwarted their path, or mingled o'er their head ;
 Beneath their feet the fires to ashes turn'd,
 But in their wake with mounting fury burn'd.
 Our host recoil'd from that amazing sight ;
 Scarcely the king himself restrain'd their flight ;
 He, with his chiefs, in brazen armour, stood
 Unmoved, to meet the maniacs from the wood.
 Dark as a thunder-cloud their phalanx came,
 But split like lightning, into forms of flame ;
 Soon as in purer air their heads they raised
 To taste the breath of heaven, their garments blazed ;
 Then blind, distracted, weaponless, yet flush'd
 With dreadful valour, on their foes they rush'd ;
 The Giants met them midway on the plain ;
 'Twas but the struggle of a moment ;—slain,
 They fell ; their relics, to the flames return'd,
 As offerings to the immortal gods were burn'd ;
 And never did the light of morning rise
 Upon the clouds of such a sacrifice."

Abruptly here the minstrel ceased to sing,
 And every face was turn'd upon the king ;

He, while the stoutest hearts recoil'd with fear,
 And Giants trembled their own deeds to hear,
 Unmoved and unrelenting, in his mind,
 Deeds of more impious enterprise design'd :
 A dire conception labour'd in his breast ;
 His eye was sternly pointed to the west,
 Where stood the Mount of Paradise sublime,
 Whose guarded top, since Man's presumptuous crime,
 By noon a dusky cloud appear'd to rise,
 But blazed a beacon through nocturnal skies.
 As Etna, view'd from ocean far away,
 Slumbers in blue revolving smoke by day,
 Till darkness, with terrific splendour, shows
 The eternal fires that crest the eternal snows ;
 So where the Cherubim in vision turn'd
 Their flaming swords, the summit lower'd or burn'd.
 And, now conspicuous through the twilight gloom,
 The glancing beams the distant hills illumine,
 And, as the shadows deepen o'er the ground,
 Scatter a red and wavering lustre round.

Awhile the monarch, fearlessly amazed,
 With jealous anger on the glory gazed :
 Already had his arm in battle hurl'd
 His thunders round the subjugated world ;
 Lord of the nether universe, his pride
 Was rein'd while Paradise his power defied.
 An upland isle, by meeting streams embraced,
 It tower'd to heaven amidst a sandy waste ;
 Below, impenetrable woods display'd
 Depths of mysterious solitude and shade ;
 Above, with adamantine bulwarks crown'd,
 Primeval rocks in hoary masses frown'd ;
 O'er all were seen the Cherubim of light,
 Like pillar'd flames amidst the falling night ;
 So high it rose, so bright the mountain shone,
 It seem'd the footstool of Jehovah's throne.

The Giant panted with intense desire
 To scale those heights, and storm the walls of fire :
 His ardent soul, in ecstasy of thought,
 Even now with Michael and his angels fought,
 And saw the Seraphim, like meteors, driven
 Before his banners through the gates of heaven,
 While he, secure, the glorious garden trod,
 And sway'd his sceptre from the mount of God.

When suddenly the bard had ceased to sing
 While all the chieftains gazed upon their king,
 Whose changing looks a rising storm bespoke,
 Ere from his lips the dread explosion broke,
 The trumpets sounded, and before his face
 Were led the captives of the Patriarchs' race :
 —A lovely and a venerable band
 Of young and old, amidst their foes they stand ;
 Unawed they see the fiery trial near ;
 They fear'd their God, and knew no other fear.

To light the dusky scene, resplendent fires,
 Of pine and cedar, blazed in lofty pyres ;
 While from the east the moon, with doubtful gleams,
 Now tipp'd the hills, now glanced athwart the streams,
 Till, darting through the clouds her beauteous eye,
 She open'd all the temple of the sky ;
 The Giants, closing in a narrower ring,
 By turns survey'd the prisoners and the king.
 Javan stood forth ;—to all the youth was known,
 And every eye was fixed on him alone.



CANTO NINTH.

The King's determination to sacrifice the Patriarchs and their Families to his Demon-gods—His sentence on Javan—Zillah's distress—The Sorcerer pretends to declare the Secret of the Birth of the King, and proposes his Dedication—Enoch appears.

A GLEAM of joy, at that expected sight,
 Shot o'er the monarch's brow with baleful light ;
 " Behold," thought he, " the great decisive hour ;
 Ere morn, these Sons of God shall prove my power :
 Offer'd by me their blood shall be the price
 Of Demon-aid to conquer Paradise."
 Thus while he threaten'd, Javan caught his view,
 And instantly his visage changed its hue ;
 Inflamed with rage past utterance, he frown'd,
 He gnash'd his teeth, and wildly glared around,
 As one who saw a spectre in the air,
 And durst not look upon it, nor forbear ;
 Still on the youth, his eye, wherever cast,
 Abhorrently return'd, and fix'd at last :
 " Slaves ! smite the Traitor ; be his limbs consign'd
 To flames, his ashes scatter'd to the wind !"
 He cried in tone so vehement, so loud,
 Instinctively recoil'd the shuddering crowd ;
 And ere the guards to seize their victim rush'd,
 The youth was pleading,—every breath was hush'd :
 Pale, but undauntedly, he faced his foes :
 Warm as he spoke his kindling spirit rose ;
 Well pleased, on him the Patriarch fathers smiled,
 And every mother loved him as her child.
 " Monarch ! to thee no traitor, here I stand ;
 These are my brethren, this my native land,—
 My native land, by sword and fire consumed,
 My brethren captive, and to death foredoom'd :
 To these, indeed, a rebel in my youth,
 A fugitive apostate from the truth,
 Too late repentant, I confess my crime,
 And mourn o'er lost irrevocable time.
 —When from thy camp by conscience urged to flee,
 I plann'd no wrong, I laid no snare for thee :

Did I provoke these Sons of Innocence,
 Against thine arms, to rise in vain defence?
 No; I conjured them, ere this threaten'd hour,
 In sheltering forests to escape thy power:
 Firm in their rectitude, they scorn'd to fly;
 Thy foes they were not,—they resolved to die.
 Yet think not thou, amidst thy warlike bands,
 They lie beyond redemption in thine hands;
 The God in whom they trust may help them still,
 They know He *can* deliver, and HE WILL!
 Whether by life or death, afflicts them not,
 On his decree, not thine, they rest their lot.
 For me, unworthy with the just to share
 Death or deliverance, this is Javan's prayer:
 Mercy, O God! to these in life be shown,
 I die rejoicing, if I die alone."

"Thou shalt not die alone," a voice replied,
 A well-known voice—'twas Zillah at his side;
 She, while he spake, with eagerness to hear,
 Step after step, unconsciously drew near;
 Her bosom with severe compunction wrung,
 Pleased or alarm'd, on every word she hung.
 He turn'd his face;—with agonizing air,
 In all the desolation of despair,
 She stood; her hands to heaven uplift and clasp'd,
 Then suddenly unloosed, his arm she grasp'd,
 And thus, in wild apostrophes of woe,
 Vented her grief while tears refused to flow.

"Oh, I have wrong'd thee, Javan!—Let us be
 Espoused in death:—No, I will die for thee.
 —Tyrant! behold thy victim; on my head
 Be all the bitterness of vengeance shed,
 But spare the innocent; let Javan live,
 Whose crime was love:—Can Javan too forgive
 Love's lightest, fondest weakness, maiden-shame,
 —It was not pride,—that hid my bosom flame?
 And wilt thou mourn the poor transgressor's death,
 Who says, 'I love thee,' with her latest breath?
 And when thou think'st of days and years gone by,
 Will thoughts of Zillah sometimes swell thine eye!
 If ever thou hast cherish'd in thine heart
 Visions of hope in which I bore a part;
 If ever thou hast long'd with me to share
 One home-born joy, one home-endearing care;
 If thou didst ever love me;—speak the word,
 Which late with feign'd indifference I heard;
 Tell me, thou lovest me still;—haste, Javan! mark,
 How high those ruffians pile the faggots,—hark,
 How the flames crackle,—see how fierce they glare,
 Like fiery serpents hissing through the air;—
 Farewell! I fear them not.—Now seize me, bind
 These willing limbs,—ye cannot touch the mind;
 Unawed, I stand on Nature's failing brink:—
 Nay, look not on me, Javan! lest I shrink;

Give me thy prayers, but turn away thine eye,
That I may lift my soul to Heaven, and die."

Thus Zillah raved in passionate distress,
Till frenzy soften'd into tenderness;
Sorrow and love, with intermingling grace,
Terror and beauty lighten'd o'er her face;
Her voice, her eye, in every soul was felt,
And Giant-hearts were moved, unwont to melt.
Javan, in wonder, pity, and delight,
Almost forgot his being at the sight;
That bending form, those suppliant accents seem
The strange illusions of a lover's dream;
And while she clung upon his arm, he found
His limbs, his lips, as by enchantment, bound:
He dare not touch her, lest the charm should break;
He dare not move, lest he himself should wake.

But when she ceased to speak and he to hear,
The silence startled him;—cold, shivering fear
Crept o'er his nerves;—in thought he cast his eye
Back on the world, and heaved a bitter sigh,
Thus from life's sweetest pleasures to be torn,
Just when he seem'd to new existence born;
And cease to feel, when feeling ceased to be
A fever of protracted misery;
And cease to love, when love no more was pain!
'Twas but a pang of transient weakness:—"Vain
Are all thy sorrows," falteringly he said;
"Already I am number'd with the dead;
But long and blissfully may Zillah live!
And canst thou 'Javan's cruel scorn' forgive?
And wilt thou mourn the poor transgressor's death,
Who says, 'I love thee' with his latest breath?
And when thou think'st of days and years gone by,
Will thoughts of Javan sometimes swell thine eye?
Ah! while I wither'd in thy chilling frown,
'Twas easy then to lay life's burden down;
When singly sentenced to these flames, my mind
Gloried in leaving all I loved behind;
How hast thou triumph'd o'er me in this hour!
One look has crush'd my soul's collected power;
Thy scorn I might endure, thy pride defy,
But O! thy kindness makes it hard to die!"

"Then we will die together."—"Zillah! no,
Thou shalt not perish; let me, let me go;
Behold thy parents! calm thy father's fears:
Thy mother weeps; canst thou resist her tears?"

"Away with folly!" in tremendous tone,
Exclaim'd a voice, more horrid than the groan
Of famish'd tiger leaping on his prey;
—Crouch'd at the monarch's feet the speaker lay;
But starting up, in his ferocious mien
That monarch's ancient foster-sire was seen,
The goatherd,—he who snatch'd him from the flood,
The sorcerer, who nursed him up to blood:

Who, still his evil genius, fully bent
 On one bold purpose, went where'er he went ;
 That purpose, long in his own bosom seal'd,
 Ripe for fulfilment now, he thus reveal'd.
 Full in the midst he rush'd ; alarm'd, aghast,
 Giants and captives trembled as he pass'd,
 For scarcely seem'd he of the sons of earth ;
 Unchronicled the hour that gave him birth ;
 Though shrunk his cheek, his temples deeply plough'd,
 Keen was his vulture-eye, his strength unbow'd ;
 Swarthy his features ; venerably gray,
 His beard dishevell'd o'er his bosom lay :
 Bald was his front ; but, white as snow behind,
 His ample locks were scatter'd to the wind :
 Naked he stood, save round his loins a zone
 Of shagged fur, and o'er his shoulders thrown
 A serpent's skin, that cross'd his breast, and round
 His body thrice in glittering volumes wound.

All gazed with horror—deep unutter'd thought
 In every muscle of his visage wrought ;
 His eye, as if his eye could see the air,
 Was fix'd : upwritting rose his horrent hair ;
 His limbs grew dislocate, convulsed his frame ;
 Deep from his chest mysterious noises came ;
 Now purring, hissing, barking, then they swell'd
 To hideous dissonance ; he shriek'd, he yell'd,
 As if the legion-fiend his soul possess'd,
 And a whole hell were worrying in his breast ;
 Then down he dash'd himself on earth, and roll'd
 In agony, till powerless, stiff, and cold,
 With face upturn'd to heaven, and arms outspread,
 A ghastly spectacle, he lay as dead ;
 The living too stood round like forms of death,
 And every pulse was hush'd, and every breath.

Meanwhile the wind arose, the clouds were driven
 In wat'ry masses through the waste of heaven ;
 The groaning woods foretold a tempest nigh,
 And silent lightnings skirmish'd in the sky.

Ere long the wizard started from the ground,
 Giddily reel'd, and look'd bewild'rd round,
 Till on the king he fix'd his hideous gaze ;
 Then, rapt with ecstasy, and broad amaze,
 He kneel'd in adoration, humbly bow'd
 His face upon his hands, and cried aloud ;
 Yet so remote and strange his accents fell,
 They seem'd the voice of an invisible :
 —“ Hail ! King and Conqueror of the peopled earth,
 And more than King and Conqueror know thy birth :
 Thou art a ray of uncreated fire,
 The Sun himself is thy celestial sire ;
 The Moon thy mother, who to me consign'd
 Her babe in secrecy, to bless mankind.
 These eyes have watch'd thee rising, year by year,
 More great, more glorious, in thine high career :

As the young eagle plies his growing wings
 In bounded flights, and sails in wider rings,
 Till to the fountain of meridian day,
 Full plumed and perfected he soars away ;
 Thus have I mark'd thee, since thy course begun,
 Still upward tending to thy sire the Sun :—
 Now midway meet him ! from yon flaming height,
 Chase the vain phantoms of cherubic light ;
 There build a tower, whose spiral top shall rise,
 Circle o'er circle lessening to the skies :
 The Stars, thy brethren, in their spheres shall stand
 To hail thee welcome to thy native land ;
 The Moon shall clasp thee in her glad embrace,
 The Sun behold his image in thy face,
 And call thee, as his offspring and his heir,
 His throne, his empire, and his orb to share."
 Rising, and turning his terrific head,
 That chill'd beholders, thus the enchanter said :
 —" Prepare, prepare the piles of sacrifice !
 The power that rules on earth shall rule the skies ;
 Hither, O chiefs ! the captive Patriarchs bring,
 And pour their blood an offering to your king ;
 He, like his sire the Sun, in transient clouds
 His veil'd divinity from mortals shrouds,
 Too pure to shine till these his foes are slain,
 And conquer'd Paradise hath crown'd his reign.
 Haste ! heap the fallen cedars on the pyres,
 And give the victims living to the fires :
 Shall He, in whom they vainly trust, withstand
 Your sovereign's wrath, or pluck them from his hand ?
 We dare Him ;—if He saves His servants now,
 To Him let every knee in Nature bow,
 For He is GOD."—At that most awful name,
 A spasm of horror wither'd up his frame,
 Even as he stood and look'd ;—he looks, he stands,
 With heaven-defying front, and clenched hands,
 And lips half-open'd, eager from his breast
 To bolt the blasphemy, by force repress :
 For not in feign'd abstraction, as before,
 He practised foul deceit by damn'd lore ;
 A frost was on his nerves, and in his veins
 A fire, consuming with infernal pains ;
 Conscious, though motionless, his limbs were grown ;
 Alive to suffering, but alive in stone.
 In silent expectation, sore amazed,
 The king and chieftains on the sorcerer gazed ;
 A while no sound was heard, save, through the woods,
 The wind deep-thundering, and the dashing floods :
 At length, with solemn step, amidst the scene
 Where that false prophet show'd his frantic mien,
 Where lurid flames from greenwood altars burn'd,
 Enoch stood forth !—on him all eyes were turn'd :
 O'er his dim form and saintly visage fell
 The light that glared upon that priest of hell :

Unutterably awful was his look ;
 Through every joint the Giant monarch shook ;
 Shook like Belshazzar, in his festive hall,
 When the hand wrote his judgment on the wall ;
 Shook, like Eliphaz, with dissolving fright,
 In thoughts amidst the visions of the night,
 When, as the spirit pass'd before his face,
 Nor limb nor lineament his eye could trace,
 A form of mystery, that chill'd his blood,
 Close at his couch in living terror stood,
 And death-like silence, till a voice more drear,
 More dreadful, than the silence, reach'd his ear :—
 Thus from surrounding darkness Enoch brake,
 And thus the Giant trembled while he spake.

CANTO TENTH.

*The Prophecy of Enoch concerning the Sorcerer, the King, and the Flood—His
 Translation to Heaven—The Conclusion.*

“ THE LORD is jealous :—He, who reigns on high,
 Upholds the earth, and spreads abroad the sky ;
 His voice the Moon and Stars by night obey,
 He sends the Sun His servant forth by day :
 From Him all beings came, on Him depend,
 To Him return, their Author, Sovereign, End.
 Who shall destroy when He would save ? or stand,
 When He destroys, the stroke of his right hand ?
 With none His name and power will He divide,
 For HE is GOD, and there is none beside.

“ The proud shall perish ;—mark how wild his air
 In impotence of malice and despair !
 What frenzy fires the bold blasphemer's cheek !
 He looks the curses which he cannot speak :
 A hand hath touch'd him that he once defied ;
 Touch'd, and for ever crush'd him in his pride :
 Yet shall he live, despised as fear'd before ;
 The great deceiver shall deceive no more ;
 Children shall pluck the beard of him whose arts
 Falsied the boldest hands, the stoutest hearts ;
 His vaunted wisdom fools shall laugh to scorn,
 When, muttering spells, a spectacle forlorn,
 A drivelling idiot he shall fondly roam
 From house to house, and never find a home !”

The wizard heard his sentence, nor remain'd
 A moment longer ; from his trance unchain'd,
 He plunged into the woods :—the prophet then
 Turn'd, and took up his parable again.

“ The proud shall perish :—Monarch ! know thy doom :
 Thy bones shall lack the shelter of a tomb ;

Not in the battle-field thine eyes shall close,
 Slain upon thousands of thy slaughter'd foes ;
 Not on the throne of empire, nor the bed
 Of weary Nature, thou shalt bow thine head :
 Death lurks in ambush ; death, without a name,
 Shall pluck thee from thy pinnacle of fame :
 At eve, rejoicing o'er thy finish'd toil,
 Thy soul shall deem the universe her spoil ;
 The dawn shall see thy carcase cast away,
 The wolves, at sunrise, slumber on their prey.
 Cut from the living, whither dost thou go ?
 Hades is moved to meet thee from below :
 The kings thy sword had slain, the mighty dead,
 Start from their thrones at thy descending tread ;
 They ask in scorn,—' Destroyer ! is it thus ?
 Art thou,—thou too,—become like one of us ?
 Torn from the feast of music, wine, and mirth,
 The worms thy covering, and thy couch the earth !
 How art thou fallen from thine ethereal height,
 Son of the morning ! sunk in endless night :
 How art thou fallen, who saidst, in pride of soul,
 I will ascend above the starry pole,
 Thence rule the adoring nations with my nod,
 And set my throne above the Mount of GOD !—
 Spilt in the dust, thy blood pollutes the ground ;
 Sought by the eyes that fear'd thee, yet not found ;
 Thy chieftains pause, they turn thy relics o'er,
 Then pass thee by,—for thou art known no more.
 Hail to thine advent ! Potentate, in hell,
 Unfear'd, unflatter'd, undistinguish'd, dwell :
 On earth thy fierce ambition knew no rest,
 A worm, a flame, for ever in thy breast ;—
Here feel the rage of unconsuming fire,
 Intense, eternal, impotent desire ;
Here lie, the deathless worm's unwasting prey,
 In chains of darkness till the judgment-day !

" Thus while the dead thy fearful welcome sing,
 Thy living slaves bewail their vanish'd king.
 Then, though thy reign with infamy expire,
 Fulfill'd in death shall be thy vain desire :
 The traitors, reeking with thy blood, shall swear
 They saw their sovereign ravish'd through the air,
 And point thy star revolving o'er the night,
 A baleful comet with portentous light,
 'Midst clouds and storms denouncing from afar
 Famine and havoc, pestilence and war.
 Temples, not tombs, thy monuments shall be,
 And altars blaze on hills and groves to thee ;
 A pyramid shall consecrate thy crimes,
 Thy name and honours, to succeeding times ;
 There shall thine image hold the highest place
 Among the gods of man's revolted race !

" That race shall perish :—Men and Giants, all
 Thy kindred and thy worshippers, shall fall.

The babe, whose life with yesterday began,
 May spring to youth, and ripen into man ;
 But, ere his locks are tinged with fading gray
 This world of sinners shall be swept away.
 JEHOVAH lifts his standard to the skies ;
 Swift at the signal, winds and vapours rise ;
 The sun in sackcloth veils his face at noon.—
 The stars are quench'd, and turn'd to blood the moon.
 Heaven's fountains open ; clouds dissolving roll
 In mingled cataracts from pole to pole ;
 Earth's central sluices burst ; the hills, upturn,
 In rapid whirlpools down the gulf are borne :
 The voice that taught the deep his bounds to know,
 ' Thus far, O Sea ! nor farther, shalt thou go,'—
 Sends forth the floods, commission'd to devour
 With boundless license and resistless power ;
 They own no impulse but the tempest's sway,
 Nor find a limit but the light of day.

“ The vision opens :—sunk beneath the wave,
 The guilty share an universal grave ;
 One wilderness of water rolls in view,
 And heaven and ocean wear one turbid hue ;
 Still stream unbroken torrents from the skies,
 Higher beneath the inundations rise ;
 A lurid twilight glares athwart the scene,
 Low thunders peal, faint lightnings flash between.
 —Methinks I see a distant vessel ride,
 A lonely object, on the shoreless tide ;
 Within whose ark the Innocent have found
 Safety, while stay'd Destruction ravens round :
 Thus, in the hour of vengeance, GOD, who knows
 His servants, spares them, while He smites his foes.

“ Eastward I turn ;—o'er all the deluged lands,
 Unshaken yet, a mighty mountain stands,
 Where Seth, of old, his flock to pasture led,
 And watch'd the stars at midnight, from its head :
 An island now, its dark majestic form
 Scowls through the thickest ravage of the storm ;
 While on its top, the monument of fame,
 Built by thy murderers to adorn thy name,
 Defies the shock ;—a thousand cubits high,
 The sloping pyramid ascends the sky.
 Thither, their latest refuge in distress,
 Like hunted wolves, the rallying Giants press ;
 Round the broad base of that stupendous tower,
 The shuddering fugitives collect their power,
 Cling to the dizzy cliff, o'er ocean bend,
 And howl with terror as the deeps ascend.
 The mountain's strong foundations still endure,
 The heights repel the surge.—Awhile secure,
 And cheer'd with frantic hope, thy votaries climb
 The fabric, rising step by step, sublime.
 Beyond the clouds they see the summit glow
 In heaven's pure daylight, o'er the gloom below

There too thy worshipp'd image shines like fire,
 In the full glory of thy fabled sire.
 They hail the omen, and with heart and voice,
 Call on thy name, and in thy smile rejoice :
 False omen ! on thy name in vain they call ;
 Fools in their joy ;—a moment and they fall.
 Rent by an earthquake of the buried plain,
 And shaken by the whole disrupted main,
 The mountain trembles on its failing base,
 It slides, it stoops, it rushes from its place ;
 From all the Giants bursts one drowning cry ;
 Hark ! 'tis thy name—they curse it as they die :
 Sheer to the lowest gulf the pile is hurl'd,
 The last sad wreck of a devoted world !

“So fall transgressors :—Tyrant ! now fulfil
 Thy secret purposes, thine utmost will ;
 Here crown thy triumphs :—life or death decree,
 The weakest here disdains thy power and thee !”

Thus when the Patriarch ceased, and every ear
 Still listen'd in suspense of hope and fear,
 Sublime, ineffable, angelic grace
 Beam'd in his meek and venerable face ;
 And sudden glory, streaming round his head,
 O'er all his robes with lambent lustre spread ;
 His earthly features grew divinely bright,
 His essence seem'd transforming into light.
 Brief silence, like the pause between the flash
 At midnight and the following thunder-crash,
 Ensued :—Anon, with universal cry,
 The Giants rush'd upon the prophet—“Die !”
 The king leapt foremost from his throne ;—he drew
 His battle-sword, as on his mark he flew ;
 With aim unerring, and tempestuous sound,
 The blade descended deep along the ground :
 The foe was fled, and, self-o'erwhelm'd, his strength
 Hurl'd to the earth his Atlantean length ;
 But, ere his chiefs could stretch the helping arm,
 He sprang upon his feet in pale alarm ;
 Headlong and blind with rage he search'd around,
 But *Enoch walk'd with God, and was not found.*

Yet where the captives stood, in holy awe,
 Rapt on the wings of Cherubim, they saw
 Their sainted sire ascending through the night ;
 He turn'd his face to bless them in his flight,
 Then vanish'd :—Javan caught the Prophet's eye,
 And snatch'd his mantle falling from the sky ;
 O'er him the spirit of the Prophet came,
 Like rushing wind awakening hidden flame :
 “Where is the God of Enoch now ?” he cried ;
 “Captives, come forth ! despisers, shrink aside !”
 He spake, and, bursting through the Giant throng,
 Smote with the mantle as he moved along :
 A power invisible their rage controll'd,
 Hither and thither as he turn'd they roll'd ;

Unawed, unharm'd, the ransom'd prisoners pass'd
Through ranks of foes astonied and aghast :
Close in the youth's conducting steps they trod :
—So Israel march'd when Moses raised his rod,
And led their host, enfranchised, through the wave,
The people's safeguard, the pursuers' grave.

Thus from the wolves this little flock was torn,
And, sheltering in the mountain caves till morn,
They join'd to sing, in strains of full delight,
Songs of deliverance through the dreary night.

The Giants' frenzy, when they lost their prey,
No tongue of man or angel might portray :
First on their Idol-gods their vengeance turn'd,
Those gods on their own altar-piles they burn'd ;
Then, at their sovereign's mandate, sallied forth
To rouse their host to combat, from the north ;
Eager to risk their uttermost emprise,
Perish ere morn, or reign in Paradise.
Now the slow tempest, that so long had lower'd,
Keen in their faces sleet and hailstones shower'd ;
The winds blew loud, the waters roar'd around,
An earthquake rock'd the agonizing ground ;
Red in the west the burning Mount, array'd
With tenfold terror by incumbent shade,
(For moon and stars were wrapt in dunnest gloom,)
Glared like a torch amidst Creation's tomb :
So Sinai's rocks were kindled when they felt
Their Maker's footstep, and began to melt ;
Darkness was His pavilion ; whence He came,
Hid in the brightness of descending flame,
While storm, and whirlwind, and the trumpet's blast,
Proclaim'd His law in thunder as He pass'd.

The Giants reach'd their camp :—the night's alarms
Meanwhile had startled all their slaves to arms ;
They grasp'd their weapons as from sleep they sprang,
From tent to tent the brazen clangour rang :
The hail, the earthquake, the mysterious light
Unnerv'd their strength, o'erwhelm'd them with affright.
“ Warriors ! to battle ;—summon all your powers !
Warriors ! to conquest ;—Paradise is ours ! ”
Exclaim'd their monarch :—not an arm was raised ;
In vacancy of thought, like men amazed,
And lost amidst confounding dreams, they stood,
With palsied eyes, and horror-frozen blood.
The Giants' rage to instant madness grew ;
The king and chiefs on their own legions flew,
Denouncing vengeance ! then had all the plain
Been heap'd with myriads by their leaders slain ;
But, ere a sword could fall,—by whirlwinds driven,
In mighty volumes, through the vault of heaven,
From Eden's summit, o'er the camp accurst,
The darting fires with noonday splendour burst ;
And fearful grew the scene above, below,
With sights of mystery, and sounds of woe.

The embattled Cherubim appear'd on high,
 And coursers, wing'd with lightning, swept the sky ;
 Chariots, whose wheels with living instinct roll'd,
 Spirits of unimaginable mould,
 Powers, such as dwell in heaven's serenest light,
 Too pure, too terrible for mortal sight,
 From depth of midnight suddenly reveal'd,
 In arms, against the Giants took the field.
 On such an host Elisha's servant gazed,
 When all the mountain round the prophet blazed ;
 With such an host, when war in heaven was wrought,
 Michael against the Prince of Darkness fought.
 Roused by the trumpet that shall wake the dead,
 The torpid foe in consternation fled ;
 The Giants headlong in the uproar ran,
 The king himself the foremost of the van,
 Nor e'er his rushing squadrons led to fight
 With swifter onset than he led that fight.
 Homeward the panic-stricken legions flew ;
 Their arms, their vestments, from their limbs they threw ;
 O'er shields and helms the reinless camel strode,
 And gold and purple strew'd the desert road.
 When through the Assyrian army, like a blast,
 At midnight, the destroying angel pass'd,
 The tyrant that defied the living GOD,
 Precipitately thus his steps retrod ;
 Even by the way he came, to his own land,
 Return'd, to perish by his offspring's hand.
 So fled the Giant-monarch ;—but unknown
 The hand that smote his life ;—he died alone ;
 Amidst the tumult treacherously slain :
 At morn his chieftains sought their lord in vain,
 Then, reckless of the harvest of their toils,
 Their camp, their captives, all their treasured spoils,
 Renew'd their flight o'er eastern hills afar,
 With life alone escaping from that war
 In which their king had hail'd his realm complete,
 The world's last province bow'd beneath his feet.
 As, when the waters of the Flood declined,
 Rolling tumultuously before the wind,
 The proud waves shrunk from low to lower beds,
 And high the hills and higher raised their heads,
 Till Ocean lay, enchased with rock and strand,
 As in the hollow of the Almighty's hand,
 While Earth with wrecks magnificent was strew'd,
 And stillness reign'd o'er Nature's solitude :
 —Thus, in a storm of horror and dismay,
 All night the Giant army sped away ;
 Thus, on a lonely, sad, and silent scene
 The morning rose in majesty serene.
 Early and joyful o'er the dewy grass,
 Straight to their glen the ransom'd Patriarchs pass :
 As doves released their parent-dwelling find,
 They fly for life, nor cast a look behind ;

And when they reach'd the dear sequester'd spot,
Enoch alone of all their train "*was not.*"
With them the bard, who from the world withdrew,
Javan, from folly and ambition flew ;
Though poor his lot, within that narrow bound
Friendship, and home, and faithful love, he found :
There did his wanderings and afflictions cease ;
His youth was penitence, his age was peace.

Meanwhile the scatter'd tribes of Eden's plain
Turn'd to their desolated fields again,
And join'd their brethren, captives once in fight,
But left to freedom in that dreadful fight :
Thenceforth redeem'd from war's unnumber'd wocs,
Rich with the spoils of their retreated foes,
By Giant tyranny no more oppress'd,
The people flourish'd, and the land had rest.

GREENLAND.

PREFACE.

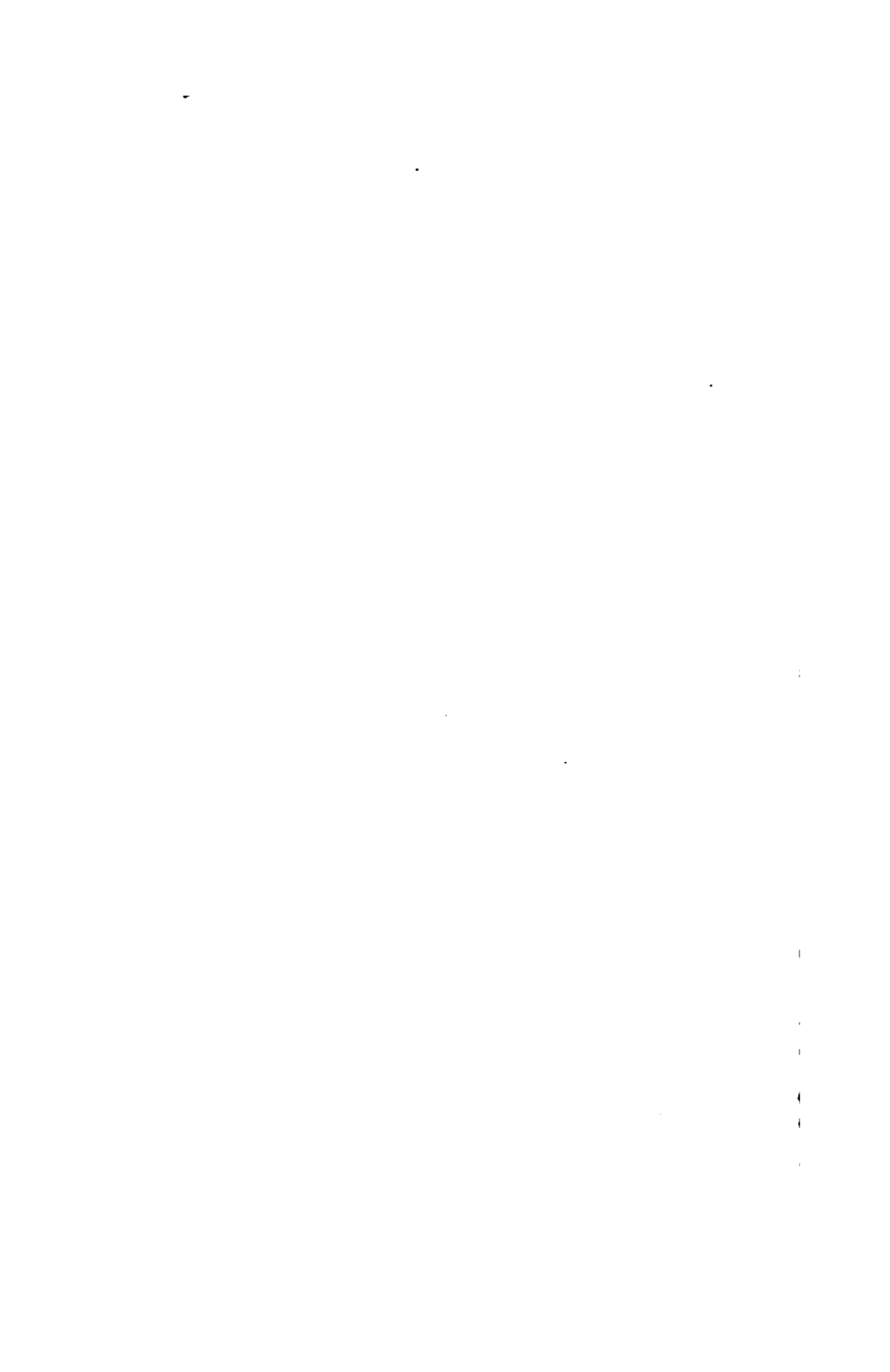
IN this Poem, the Author frankly acknowledges that he has so far failed, as to be under the necessity of sending it forth incomplete, or suppressing it altogether. Why he has not done the latter is of little importance to the public, which will assuredly award him no more credit than his performance, taken as it is, can command; while the consequences of his temerity, or his misfortune, must remain wholly with himself.

The original plan was intended to embrace the most prominent events in the annals of ancient and modern Greenland; incidental descriptions of whatever is sublime or picturesque in the seasons and scenery, or peculiar in the superstitions, manners, and character of the natives; with a rapid retrospect of that moral revolution which the gospel has wrought among these people, by reclaiming them, almost universally from idolatry and barbarism.

Of that part of the projected Poem which is here exhibited, the first three Cantos contain a sketch of the history of the ancient Moravian Church, the origin of the missions by that people to Greenland, and the voyage of the first three Brethren who went thither in 1733. The fourth Canto refers principally to traditions concerning the Norwegian colonies, which are said to have existed on both shores of Greenland from the tenth to the fifteenth centuries. In the fifth Canto the Author has attempted, in a series of episodes, to sum up and exemplify the chief causes of the extinction of those colonies, and the abandonment of Greenland, for several centuries, by European voyagers. Although this Canto is entirely a work of imagination, the fiction has not been adopted merely as a substitute for lost facts, but as a vehicle for illustrating many of the most splendid and striking phenomena of the climate, for which a more appropriate place might not have been found, even if the Poem had been carried on to a successful conclusion.

The principal subjects introduced in the course of the Poem will be found in Crantz's Histories of the Brethren, and of Greenland, or in Risler's Select Narratives, extracted from the records of the ancient *Unitas Fratrum*, or United Brethren. To the accounts of Iceland by various travellers, the Author is also much indebted.

Sheffield, March 27, 1819.





GREENLAND.

**"Where, poised as in the centre of a sphere,
A ship above and ship below appear."—P. 107.**

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CANTO FIRST.

The three first Moravian Missionaries are represented as on their voyage to Greenland, in the year 1733—Sketch of the descent, establishment, persecutions, extinction, and revival of the Church of the United Brethren, from the Tenth to the beginning of the Eighteenth Century—The Origin of their Missions to the West Indies and to Greenland.

THE moon is watching in the sky ; the stars
Are swiftly wheeling on their golden cars ;
Ocean, outstretched with infinite expanse,
Serenely slumbers in a glorious trance ;
The tide, o'er which no troubling spirits breathe,
Reflects a cloudless firmament beneath ;
Where, poised as in the centre of a sphere,
A ship above and ship below appear ;
A double image, pictured on the deep,
The vessel o'er its shadow seems to sleep ;
Yet, like the host of heaven, that never rest,
With evanescent motion to the west
The pageant glides through loneliness and night,
And leaves behind a rippling wake of light.

Hark ! through the calm and silence of the scene,
Slow, solemn, sweet, with many a pause between,
Celestial music swells along the air !
—No !—'tis the evening hymn of praise and prayer
From yonder deck ; where, on the stern retired,
Three humble voyagers, with looks inspired,
And hearts enkindled with a holier flame
Than ever lit to empire or to fame,
Devoutly stand :—their choral accents rise
On wings of harmony beyond the skies ;
And, 'midst the songs that seraph-minstrels sing,
Day without night, to their immortal King,
These simple strains,—which erst Bohemian hills
Echo'd to pathless woods and desert rills,
Now heard from Shetland's azure bound,—are known
In heaven ; and He, who sits upon the throne
In human form, with mediatorial power,
Remembers Calvary, and hails the hour
When, by the Almighty Father's high decree,
The utmost north to Him shall bow the knee,
And, won by love, an untamed rebel-race
Kiss the victorious sceptre of His grace.
Then to *His* eye, whose instant glance pervades
Heaven's heights, earth's circle, hell's profoundest shades,
Is there a group more lovely than those three
Night-watching pilgrims on the lonely sea ?
Or to *His* ear, that gathers in one sound
The voices of adoring worlds around,
Comes there a breath of more delightful praise
Than the faint notes His poor disciples raise,

Ere on the treacherous main they sink to rest,
 Secure as leaning on their Master's breast ?
 They sleep : but memory wakes ; and dreams array
 Night in a lively masquerade of day.
 The land they seek, the land they leave behind,
 Meet on mid-ocean in the plastic mind :
 One brings forsaken home and friends so nigh,
 That tears in slumber swell the unconscious eye ;
 The other opens, with prophetic view,
 Perils, which e'en their fathers never knew,
 (Though school'd by suffering, long inured to toil,
 Outcast and exiles from their natal soil ;)
 Strange scenes, strange men ; untold, untried distress ;
 Pain, hardships, famine, cold, and nakedness,
 Diseases ; death in every hideous form,
 On shore, at sea, by fire, by flood, by storm ;
 Wild beasts and wilder men ;—unmoved with fear,
 Health, comfort, safety, life, they count not dear,
 May they but hope a Saviour's love to show,
 And warn one spirit from eternal woe :
 Nor will they faint ; nor can they strive in vain,
 Since thus—to live is CHRIST, to die is gain.
 'Tis morn :—the bathing moon her lustre shrouds ;
 Wide o'er the east impends an arch of clouds,
 That spans the ocean ;—while the infant dawn
 Peeps through the portal o'er the liquid lawn,
 That ruffled by an April gale appears,
 Between the gloom and splendour of the spheres,
 Dark-purple as the moorland-heath, when rain
 Hangs in low vapours o'er the autumnal plain :
 Till the full sun, resurgent from the flood,
 Looks on the waves, and turns them into blood ;
 But quickly kindling, as his beams aspire,
 The lambent billows play in forms of fire.
 —Where is the vessel?—shining through the light,
 Like the white sea-fowl's horizontal flight,
 Yonder she wings, and skims, and cleaves her way
 Through reflux foam and iridescent spray.
 Lo ! on the deck with patriarchal grace,
 Heaven in his bosom opening o'er his face,
 Stands CHRISTIAN DAVID ;—venerable name !
 Bright in the records of celestial fame,
 On earth obscure ;—like some sequester'd star,
 That rolls in its Creator's beams afar,
 Unseen by man, till telescopic eye,
 Sounding the blue abyasses of the sky,
 Draws forth its hidden beauty into light,
 And adds a jewel to the crown of night.
 Though hoary with the multitude of years,
 Unshorn of strength, between his young compeers
 He towers ;—with faith, whose boundless glance can see
 Time's shadows brightening through eternity ;
 Love—GOD's own love in his pure breast enshrined ;
 Love—love to man the magnet of his mind ;

Sublimar schemes maturing in his thought
 Than ever statesman plann'd or warrior wrought :
 While, with rejoicing tears, and rapturous sighs,
 To heaven ascends their morning sacrifice.*
 Whence are the pilgrims ? whither would they roam ?
 Greenland their port ;—Moravia *was* their home,
 Sprung from a race of martyrs ; men who bore
 The cross on many a Golgotha of yore ;
 When first Slavonian tribes the truth received,
 And princes, at the price of thrones, believed ;
 When WALDO, flying from the apostate west,
 In German wilds his righteous cause confess'd ;
 —When WICKLIFFE, like a rescuing angel, found
 The dungeon where the Word of GOD lay bound,
 Unloosed its chains, and led it by the hand,
 In its own sunshine, through his native land :
 When HUSS—the victim of perfidious foes,
 To heaven upon a fiery chariot rose ;
 And, ere he vanish'd, with a prophet's breath,
 Foretold the immortal triumphs of his death :
 —When ZISKA, burning with fanatic zeal,
 Exchanged the Spirit's sword for patriot steel,
 And through the heart of Austria's thick array
 To Tabor's summit stabb'd resistless way ;
 But there (as if transfigured on the spot
 The world's Redeemer stood) his rage forgot ;
 Deposed his arms and trophies in the dust,
 Wept like a babe, and placed in GOD his trust,
 While prostrate warriors kiss'd the hallow'd ground,
 And lay, like slain, in silent ranks around :
 —When mild GREGORIUS, in a lowlier field,
 As brave a witness, as unwont to yield,
 As ZISKA's self, with patient footsteps trod
 A path of suffering, like the SON of GOD,
 And nobler palms, by meek endurance won,
 Than if his sword had blazed from sun to sun :
 Though nature fail'd him on the racking wheel,
 He felt the joys which parted spirits feel ;
 Rapp'd into bliss from ecstasy of pain,
 Imagination wander'd o'er a plain :
 Fair in the midst, beneath a morning sky,
 A Tree its ample branches bore on high,
 With fragrant bloom, and fruit delicious hung,
 While birds beneath the foliage fed and sung ;
 All glittering to the sun with diamond dew,
 O'er sheep and kine a breezy shade it threw ;
 A lovely boy, the child of hope and prayer,
 With crook and shepherd's pipe, was watching there ;
 At hand three venerable forms were seen,
 In simple garb, with apostolic mien,
 Who mark'd the distant fields convulsed with strife,
 —The guardian cherubs of that Tree of Life ;

* The names of the first three Moravian missionaries to Greenland were *Christian David*, *Matthew Stack*, and *Christian Stack*.

Not arm'd, like Eden's host, with flaming brands,
 Alike to friends and foes they stretch'd their hands
 In sign of peace, and, while Destruction spread
 His path with carnage, welcomed all who fled :
 —When poor COMENIUS, with his little flock,
 Escaped the wolves, and, from the boundary rock,
 Cast o'er Moravian hills a look of woe,
 Saw the green vales expand, the waters flow,
 And happier years revolving in his mind,
 Caught every sound that murmur'd on the wind ;
 As if his eye could never thence depart,
 As if his ear were seated in his heart,
 And his full soul would thence a passage break,
 To leave the body, for his country's sake ;
 While on his knees he pour'd the fervent prayer,
 That God would make that martyr-land his care,
 And nourish in its ravaged soil a root
 Of GREGOR's Tree, to bear perennial fruit.

His prayer was heard :—that Church, through ages past,
 Assail'd and rent by Persecution's blast ;
 Whose sons no yoke could crush, no burthen tire,
 Unawed by dungeons, tortures, sword, and fire,
 (Less proof against the world's alluring wiles,
 Whose frowns have weaker terrors than its smiles ;) —
 That Church o'erthrown, dispersed, unpeopled, dead,
 Oft from the dust of ruin raised her head,
 And rallying round her feet, as from their graves,
 Her exiled orphans, hid in forest-caves ;
 Where, midst the fastnesses of rocks and glens,
 Banded like robbers, stealing from their dens,
 By night they met, their holiest vows to pay,
 As if their deeds were dark, and shunn'd the day ;
 While CHRIST's revilers, in His seamless robe,
 And parted garments, flaunted round the globe ;
 From east to west while Priestcraft's banners flew,
 And harness'd kings his iron chariot drew :
 —That Church advanced, triumphant o'er the ground
 Where all her conquering martyrs had been crown'd,
 Fearless her foes' whole malice to defy,
 And worship God in liberty,—or die :
 For truth and conscience, oft she pour'd her blood,
 And firmest in the fiercest conflicts stood,
 Wrestling from bigotry the proud control
 Claim'd o'er the sacred empire of the soul,
 Where GOD, the judge of all, should fill the throne,
 And reign, as in His universe, alone.

'Twas thus through centuries she rose and fell ;
 At length victorious seem'd the gates of hell ;
 But founded on a rock, which cannot move—
 The eternal rock of her Redeemer's love—
 That Church, which Satan's legions thought destroy'd,
 Her name extinct, her place for ever void,
 Alive once more, respired her native air,
 But found no freedom for the voice of prayer :

Again the cowl'd oppressor clank'd his chains,
 Flourish'd his scourge, and threaten'd bonds and pains,
 (His arm enfeebled could no longer kill,
 But in his heart he was a murderer still :)
 Then CHRISTIAN DAVID, strengthen'd from above,
 Wise as the serpent, harmless as the dove ;
 Bold as a lion on his Master's part,
 In zeal a seraph, and a child in heart ;
 Pluck'd from the gripe of antiquated laws,
 (Even as a mother from the felon-jaws
 Of a lean wolf, that bears her babe away,
 With courage beyond nature, rends the prey,)
 The little remnant of that ancient race :
 —Far in Lusatian woods they found a place ;
There—where the sparrow builds her busy nest,
 And the clime-changing swallow loves to rest,
 'Thine altar, GOD of hosts !—*there* still appear
 The tribes to worship, unassail'd by fear ;
 Not like their fathers, vex'd from age to age
 By blatant Bigotry's insensate rage,
 Abroad in every place,—in every hour
 Awake, alert, and ramping to devour.
 No ; peaceful as the spot where Jacob slept,
 And guard all night the journeying angels kept,
 Herrnhut yet stands amidst her shelter'd bowers ;
 —The LORD has set His watch upon her towers !
 Soon, homes of humble form, and structure rude,
 Raised sweet society in solitude :
 And the lorn traveller there, at fall of night,
 Could trace from distant hills the spangled light
 Which now from many a cottage window stream'd,
 Or in full glory round the chapel beam'd ;
 While hymning voices, in the silent shade,
 Music of all his soul's affections made ;
 Where through the trackless wilderness, erewhile,
 No hospitable ray was known to smile,—
 Or if a sudden splendour kindled joy,
 'Twas but a meteor dazzling to destroy :
 While the wood echo'd to the hollow owl,
 The fox's cry, or wolf's lugubrious howl.
 Unwearied as the camel, day by day,
 Tracks through unwater'd wilds his doleful way,
 Yet in his breast a cherish'd draught retains,
 To cool the fervid current in his veins,
 While from the sun's meridian realms he brings
 The gold and gems of Ethiopian kings :
 So CHRISTIAN DAVID, spending yet unspent,
 On many a pilgrimage of mercy went ;
 Through all their haunts his suffering brethren sought,
 And safely to that land of promise brought ;
 While in his bosom, on the toilsome road,
 A secret well of consolation flow'd,
 Fed from the fountain near th' eternal throne,
 —Bliss to the world unyielded and unknown.

In stillness thus the little Zion rose :
 But scarcely found those fugitives repose,
 Ere to the west with pitying eyes they turn'd ;
 Their love to CHRIST beyond the Atlantic burn'd.
 Forth sped their messengers, content to be
 Captives themselves, to cheer captivity ;
 Soothe the poor Negro with fraternal smiles,
 And preach deliverance in those prison-isles
 Where man's most hateful forms of being meet,
 —The tyrant, and the slave that licks his feet.
 O'er Greenland next two youths in secret wept :
 And where the sabbath of the dead was kept,
 With pious forethought, while their hands prepar'd
 Beds which the living and unborn shall share
 (For man so surely to the dust is brought,
 His grave before his cradle may be wrought,)
 They told their purpose, each o'erjoyed to find
 His own idea in his brother's mind.
 For counsel in simplicity they pray'd,
 And vows of ardent consecration made :
 —Vows heard in heaven ; from that accepted hour,
 Their souls were clothed with confidence and power,
 Nor hope deferr'd could quell their heart's desire ;
 The bush once kindled grew amidst the fire :
 But ere its shoots a tree of life became,
 Congenial spirits caught the electric flame ;
 And for that holy service, young and old
 Their plighted faith and willing names enroll'd ;
 Eager to change the rest, so lately found,
 For life-long labours on barbarian ground ;
 To break, through barriers of eternal ice,
 A vista to the gates of Paradise,
 And light beneath the shadow of the pole
 The tenfold darkness of the human soul :
 To man,—a task more hopeless than to bless
 With Indian fruits that arctic wilderness ;
 With GOD,—as possible when unbegun
 As though the destined miracle were done.
 Three chosen candidates at length went forth,
 Heralds of mercy to the frozen north ;
 Like mariners with seal'd instructions sent,
 They went in faith, (as childless Abram went
 To dwell, by sufferance, in a land, decreed
 The future birthright of his promised seed,)
 Unknowing whither ;—uninquiring why
 Their lot was cast beneath so strange a sky,
 Where cloud nor star appear'd, to mortal senso
 Pointing the hidden path of Providence,
 And all around was darkness to be felt ;
 —Yet in that darkness light eternal dwelt :
 They knew—and 'twas enough for them to know—
 The still small voice that whisper'd them to go ;
 For He, who spake by that mysterious voice,
 Inspired their will, and made His call their choico.

See the swift vessel, bounding o'er the tide,
 That wafts, with CHRISTIAN DAVID for their guide,
 Two young Apostles on their joyful way
 To regions in the twilight verge of day :
 Freely they quit the clime that gave them birth,
 Home, kindred, friendship, all they loved on earth ;
 What things were gain before, accounting loss,
 And, glorying in the shame, they bear the cross ;
 —Not as the Spaniard, on his flag unfurl'd,
 A bloody omen through a Pagan world ;
 —Not the vain image, which the Devotee
 Clasps as the God of his idolatry ;—
 But in their hearts, to Greenland's western shore,
 That dear memorial of their LORD they bore ;
 Amidst the wilderness to lift the sign
 Of wrath appeased by Sacrifice Divine ;
 And bid a serpent-stung and dying race
 Look on their Healer, and be saved by grace.



CANTO SECOND.

Hopes and Fears—The Brethren pursue their Voyage—A Digression on Iceland.

WHAT are thine hopes, Humanity !—thy fears,
 Poor voyager, upon this flood of years,
 Whose tide, unturning, hurries to the sea
 Of dark unsearchable eternity,
 The fragile skiffs, in which thy children sail
 A day, an hour, a moment, with the gale,
 Then vanish ;—gone like eagles on the wind,
 Or fish in waves, that yield and close behind ?
 Thine Hopes,—lost anchors buried in the deep,
 That rust, through storm and calm, in iron sleep ;
 Whose cables, loose aloft and fix'd below,
 Rot with the sea-weed, floating to and fro !
 Thy Fears—are wrecks that strew the fatal surge,
 Whose whirlpools swallow, or whose currents urge,
 Adventurous barks on rocks, that lurk at rest,
 Where the blue halcyon builds her foam-light nest ;
 Or strand them on illumined shoals, that gleam
 Like drifted gold in summer's cloudless beam :
 Thus would thy race, beneath their parent's eye,
 Live without knowledge, without prospect die.
 But when Religion bids her spirit breathe,
 And opens bliss above and woe beneath :
 When GOD reveals His march through Nature's night,
 His steps are beauty, and His presence light,
 His voice is life :—the dead in conscience start ;
 They feel a new creation in the heart.

Ah ! then, Humanity, thy hopes, thy fears,
 How changed, how wond'rous !—On this tide of years,
 Though the frail barks, in which thine offspring sail
 Their day, their hour, their moment with the gale,
 Must perish ;—shipwreck only sets them free ;
 With joys unmeasured as eternity.
 They ply on seas of glass their golden oars,
 And pluck immortal fruits along the shores ;
 Nor shall *their* cables fail, *their* anchors rust,
 Who wait the resurrection of the just :
 Moor'd on the Rock of Ages, though decay
 Moulder the weak terrestrial frame away,
 The trumpet sounds,—and lo ! wherever spread,
 Earth, Air, and Ocean render back their dead ;
 And souls with bodies, spiritual and divine,
 In the new heavens, like stars, for ever shine.
 These are thine Hopes :—thy Fears what tongue can tell ?
 Behold them graven on the gates of Hell :
 “ The wrath of GOD abideth here : His breath
 Kindled the flames :—*this* is the second death.”
 ’Twas Mercy wrote the lines of judgment there ;
 None who from earth can read them may despair !
 Man !—let the warning strike presumption dumb ;—
 Awake ! arise ! escape the wrath to come !
 No resurrection from *that* grave shall be ;
 The worm within, is—immortality.

The terrors of JEHOVAH, and His grace,
 The Brethren bear to earth's remotest race.
 And now, exulting on their swift career,
 The northern waters narrowing in the rear,
 They rise upon the Atlantic flood that rolls
 Shoreless and fathomless, between the poles,
 Whose waves the east and western world divide,
 Then gird the globe with one circumfluent tide ;
 For mighty Ocean, by whatever name
 Known to vain man, is everywhere the same,
 And deems all regions by his gulfs embraced
 But vassal tenures of his sovereign waste.
 Clear shines the sun ; the surge, intensely blue,
 Assumes by day heaven's own aerial hue :
 Buoyant and beautiful, as through a sky,
 On balanced wings, behold the vessel fly ;
 Invisibly impelled, as though it felt
 A soul, within its heart of oak that dwelt,
 Which broke the billows with spontaneous force,
 Ruled the free elements, and chose its course.
 Not so :—and yet, along the trackless realm,
 A hand unseen directs the unconscious helm ;
 The Power that sojourn'd in the cloud by day,
 And fire by night, on Israel's desert way ;
 That Power the obedient vessel owns :—His will,
 Tempest and calm, and death and life, fulfil.

Day following day the current smoothly flows ;
 Labour is but refreshment from repose ;

Perils are vanish'd ; every fear resign'd ;
 Peace walks the waves, Hope carols on the wind ;
 And Time so sweetly travels o'er the deep,
 They feel his motion like the fall of sleep
 On weary limbs, that, stretch'd in stillness, seem }
 To float upon the eddy of a stream,
 Then sink,—to wake in some transporting dream. }
 Thus, while the Brethren far in exile roam,
 Visions of Greenland show their future home.
 —Now a dark speck, but brightening as it flies,
 A vagrant sea-fowl glads their eager eyes ;
 How lovely from the narrow deck to see
 The meanest link of nature's family,
 Which makes us feel, in dreariest solitude,
 Affinity with all that breathe renew'd :
 At once a thousand kind emotions start,
 And the blood warms and mantles round the heart !
 —O'er the ship's lee, the waves, in shadow seen,
 Change from deep indigo to beryl green,
 And wreaths of frequent weed, that slowly float,
 Land to the watchful mariner denote :
 Ere long the pulse beats quicker through his breast,
 When, like a range of evening clouds at rest,
 Iceland's grey cliffs and ragged coast he sees,
 But shuns them, leaning on the southern breeze ;
 And, while they vanish far in distance, tells
 Of lakes of fire and necromancers' spells.
 Strange isle ! a moment to poetic gaze
 Rise in thy majesty of rocks and bays,
 Glens, fountains, caves that seem not things of earth,
 But the wild shapes of some prodigious birth ;
 As if the kraken monarch of the sea,
 Wallowing abroad in his immensity,
 By polar storms and lightning shafts assail'd,
 Wedged with ice-mountains, here had fought and fail'd ;
 Perish'd—and, in the petrifying blast,
 His hulk became an island rooted fast ;
 —Rather, from Ocean's dark foundation hurl'd,
 Thou art a type of his mysterious world,
 Buoy'd on the desolate abyss, to show
 What wonders of creation hide below.
 Here Hecla's triple peaks with meteor lights,
 Nature's own beacons, cheer hybernal nights :
 But when the orient flames in red array,
 Like ghosts the spectral splendours flee the day ;
 Morn at her feet beholds supinely spread
 The carcase of the old Chimera dead,
 That wont to vomit flames and molten ore,
 Now cleft asunder to the inmost core ;
 In smouldering heaps, wide wrecks and cinders strown,
 Lie like the walls of Sodom overthrown,
 (Ere from the face of blushing Nature swept,
 And where the city stood the Dead Sea slept ;)

While inaccessible, tradition feigns,
To human foot the guarded top remains,
Where birds of hideous shape and doleful note,
Fate's ministers, in livid vapours float.

Far off, amidst the placid sunshine, glow
Mountains with hearts of fire and crests of snow,
Whose blacken'd slopes with deep ravines entrench'd,
Their thunders silenced, and their lightnings quench'd,
Still the slow heat of spent eruptions breathe,
While embryo earthquakes swell their wombs beneath.

Hark ! from yon caldron-cave, the battle sound
Of fire and water warring under ground :
Rack'd on the wheels of an ebullient tide,
Here might some spirit, fallen from bliss, abide,—
Such fitful wailings of intense despair,
Such emanating splendours, fill the air.
—He comes, he comes ; the infuriate Geyser springs
Up to the firmament on vapoury wings ;
With breathless awe the mounting glory view ;
White whirling clouds his steep ascent pursue.
But lo ! a glimpse ;—refulgent to the gale,
He starts all naked through his riven veil ;
A fountain-column, terrible and bright,
A living, breathing, moving form of light :
From central earth to heaven's meridian thrown,
The mighty apparition towers alone,
Rising, as though for ever he could rise,
Storm and resume his palace in the skies,
All foam, and turbulence, and wrath below ;
Around him beams the reconciling bow ;
(Signal of peace, whose radiant girdle binds,
Till Nature's doom, the waters and the winds :)
While mist and spray, condensed to sudden dews,
The air illumine with celestial hues,
As if the bounteous sun were raining down
The richest gems of his imperial crown.
In vain the spirit wrestles to break free,
Foot-bound to fathomless captivity ;
A power unseen, by sympathetic spell
For ever working, to his flinty cell
Recalls him from the ramparts of the spheres :
He yields, collapses, lessens, disappears ;
Darkness receives him in her vague abyss,
Around whose verge light froth and bubbles hiss,
While the low murmurs of the reflux tide
Far into subterranean silence glide,
The eye still gazing down the dread profound,
When the bent ear hath wholly lost the sound.
—But is he slain and sepulchred ?—Again
The deathless giant sallies from his den,
Scales with recruited strength the ethereal walls,
Struggles afresh for liberty—and falls.
Yes, and for liberty the fight renew'd,
By day, by night, undaunted, unsubdued,

He shall maintain, till Iceland's solid base
Fail, and the mountains vanish from its face.

And can these fail?—Of Alpine height and mould
Schapta's unshaken battlements behold;
His throne an hundred hills; his sun-crown'd head
Resting on clouds; his robe of shadow spread
O'er half the isle; he pours from either hand
An unexhausted river through the land,
On whose fair banks, through valleys warm and green,
Cattle and flocks, and homes, and spires are seen.
Here Nature's earthquake-pangs were never felt;
Here in repose hath man for ages dwelt;
The everlasting mountain seems to say,
"I am,—and I shall never pass away."

Yet fifty winters, and, with huge uproar,
Thy pride shall perish,—thou shalt be no more!
Amidst chaotic ruins on the plain,
Those cliffs, these waters, shall be sought in vain!
Through the dim vista of unfolding years,
A pageant of portentous woe appears.
Yon rosy groups, with golden locks, at play,
I see them,—few, decrepid, silent, gray;
Their fathers all at rest beneath the sod,
Whose flowerless verdure marks the House of God,
Home of the living and the dead;—where meet
Kindred and strangers, in communion sweet,
When dawns the Sabbath on the block-built pile;
The kiss of peace, the welcome, and the smile
Go round; till comes the Priest, a father there,
And the bell knolls his family to prayer:
Angels might stoop from thrones in heaven, to be
Co-worshippers in such a family,
Whom from their nooks and dells, where'er they roam,
The Sabbath gathers to their common home.
Oh! I would stand a keeper at this gate
Rather than reign with kings in guilty state;
A day in such serene enjoyment spent
Were worth an age of splendid discontent!
—But whither am I hurried from my theme?
Schapta returns on the prophetic dream.

From eve till morn strange meteors streak the pole;
At cloudless noon mysterious thunders roll,
As if below both shore and ocean hurl'd
From deep convulsions of the nether world:
Anon the river, boiling from its bed,
Shall leap its bounds and o'er the lowlands spread,
Then waste in exhalation,—leaving void
As its own channel, utterly destroy'd,
Fields, gardens, dwellings, churches, and their graves,
All wreck'd or disappearing with the waves.
The fugitives that 'scape this instant death
Inhale slow pestilence with every breath;
Mephitic steams, from Schapta's mouldering breast
With livid horror shall the air infest;

And day shall glare so foully on the sight,
 Darkness were refuge from the curse of light.
 Lo ! far among the glaciers, wrapt in gloom,
 The red precursors of approaching doom,
 Scatter'd and solitary founts of fire,
 Unlock'd by hands invisible, aspire ;
 Ere long, more rapidly than eye can count,
 Above, beneath, they multiply, they mount,
 Converge, condense,—a crimson phalanx form,
 And rage aloft in one unbounded storm ;
 From heaven's red roof the fierce reflections throw
 A sea of fluctuating light below.

—Now the whole army of destroyers, fleet
 As whirlwinds, terrible as lightnings, meet ;
 The mountains melt like wax along their course,
 When, downward pouring with resistless force,
 Through the void channel where the river roll'd,
 To ocean's verge their flaming march they hold ;
 While blocks of ice, and crags of granite rent,
 Half-fluid ore, and rugged minerals blent,
 Float on the gulf, till molten or immersed,
 Or in explosive thunderbolts dispersed.
 Thus shall the Schapta, towering on the brink
 Of unknown jeopardy, in ruin sink ;
 And, this wild paroxysm of frenzy past,
 At her own work shall Nature stand aghast.

Look on this desolation :—mark yon brow,
 Once adamant, a cone of ashes now :
 Here rivers swampt ; there valleys levell'd, plains
 O'erwhelm'd ;—one black-red wilderness remains,
 One crust of lava, through whose cinder heat
 The pulse of buried streams is felt to beat ;
 These from the frequent fissures, eddying white,
 Sublimed to vapour, issue forth like light
 Amidst the sulphury fumes, that, drear and dun,
 Poison the atmosphere and blind the sun.
 Above, as if the sky had felt the stroke
 Of that volcano, and consumed to smoke,
 One cloud appears in heaven, and one alone,
 Hung round the dark horizon's craggy zone,
 Forming at once the vast encircling wall,
 And the dense roof, of some Tartarean hall,
 Propp'd by a thousand pillars, huge and strange,
 Fantastic forms that every moment change,
 As, hissing, surging from the floor beneath,
 Volumes of steam the imprison'd waters breathe.
 Then, should the sun, ere evening gloom ascend,
 Quick from the west the murky curtain rend,
 And pour the beauty of his beams between
 These hideous arches, and light up the scene ;
 At the sweet touch of his transforming rays,
 With amber lustre all the columns blaze,
 And the thick folds of cumbrous fog aloof
 Change to rich drapery of celestial woof :

With such enchantment air and earth were fraught,
 Beyond the colouring of the wealthiest thought
 That Iceland scalds, transported at the view,
 Might deem the legends of their fathers true,
 And here behold, illumining the waste,
 The palace of immortal Odin placed ;
 Till rapt Imagination joy'd to hear
 The neigh of steeds, the clank of armour near,
 And saw, in barbarous state, the tables spread
 With shadowy food, and compass'd with the dead,
 Weary from conflicts,—still the fierce delight
 Of spectre-warriors, in the daily fight :
 Then while they quaff'd the mead from skulls of foes,
 By whirlwind gusts the din of battle rose ;
 The strife of tongues, the tournament of words,
 Following the shock of shields, the clash of swords ;
 Till, gorged and drunken at the enormous feast,
 Awhile their revels and their clamours ceased ;
 Ceased to the eye and ear ;—yet where they lay,
 Like sleeping lions, surfeited with prey,
 In tawny groups, recumbent through the den,
 In dreams the heroes drank and fought again.

Away with such divinities ! their birth
 Man's brain-sick superstition, and their mirth
 Lust, rapine, cruelty ;—their fell employ
 God's works and their own votaries to destroy.
 —The Runic bard to nobler themes shall string
 His ancient harp, and mightier triumphs sing ;
 For glorious days are risen on Iceland :—clear
 The gospel-trumpet sounds to every ear,
 And deep in many a heart the Spirit's voice
 Bids the believing soul in hope rejoice.
 O'er the stern face of this tempestuous isle,
 Though briefly Spring, and Autumn never, smile,
 Truth walks with naked foot the unyielding snows,
 And the glad desert blossoms like the rose.
 Though earthquakes heave, though torrents drown, his cot,
 Volcanoes waste his fields,—the peasant's lot
 Is blest beyond the destiny of kings :
 —Lifting his eyes above sublunar things,
 Like dying Stephen, when he saw in prayer
 Heaven open'd, and his Saviour beckoning there,
 He cries, and clasps his Bible to his breast,
 " Let the earth perish,—*here* is not my rest."

CANTO THIRD.

The Voyage to Greenland concluded—A Fog at Sea—Ice-fields—Eclipses of the Sun—The Greenland fable of Mallina and Aninga—A Storm—The Ice-blink—Northern Lights—The Brethren land.

How speed the faithful witnesses, who bore
 The Bible and its hopes to Greenland's shore ?
 —Like Noah's ark, alone upon the wave,
 (Of one lost world the immeasurable grave,)
 Yonder the ship, a solitary speck,
 Comes bounding from the horizon ; while on deck
 Again Imagination rests her wing,
 And smooths her pinions, while the pilgrims sing
 Their vesper-oraisons. The sun retires,—
 Not as he wont, with clear and golden fires ;
 Bewilder'd in a labyrinth of haze,
 His orb redoubled, with discolour'd rays,
 Struggles and vanishes ;—along the deep,
 With slow array, expanding vapours creep,
 Whose folds, in twilight's yellow glare uncurl'd,
 Present the dreams of an unreal world ;
 Islands in air suspended ; marching ghosts
 Of armies, shapes of castles, winding coasts,
 Navies at anchor, mountains, woods, and streams,
 Where all is strange, and nothing what it seems ;
 Till deep involving gloom, without a spark
 Of star, moon, meteor, desolately dark,
 Seals up the vision :—then, the pilot's fears
 Slacken his arm ; a doubtful course he steers,
 Till morning comes, but comes not clad in light ;
 Uprisen day is but a paler night,
 Revealing not a glimpse of sea or sky ;
 The ship's circumference bounds the sailor's eye.
 So cold and dense the impervious fog extends,
 He might have touched the point where being ends ;
 His bark is all the universe ; so void
 The scene,—as though creation were destroy'd,
 And he and his few mates, of all their race,
 Were here becalm'd in everlasting space.
 Silent and motionless, above, below,
 The sails all struck, the waves unheard to flow,
 In this drear blank of utter solitude,
 Where life stands still, no faithless fears intrude ;
 Through that impervious veil the Brethren see
 The face of omnipresent Deity :
 Nor Him alone ;—whate'er His hand hath made ;
 His glory in the firmament display'd ;
 The sun, majestic in his course, and sole ;
 The moon and stars, rejoicing round the pole ;

Earth o'er its peopled realms and wastes unknown,
 Clad in the wealth of every varying zone ;
 Ocean, through all the enchantment of his forms,
 From breathing calms to devastating storms ;
 Heaven, in the vision of eternal bliss ;
 Death's terrors, hell's unsearchable abyss ;
 —Though rapt in secrecy from human eye,
 These in the mind's profound sensorium lie,
 And, with their Maker, by a glance of thought,
 Are in a moment to remembrance brought ;
 Then most, when most restrain'd the imperfect sight,
 God and His works shine forth in His own light.
 Yet clearest through that veil the Pilgrims trace
 Their Father's image in their Saviour's face ;
 A sigh can waft them to His feet in prayer,
 Not Gabriel bends with more acceptance there,
 Nor to the throne from heaven's pure altar rise
 The odours of a sweeter sacrifice,
 Than when before the mercy-seat they kneel,
 And tell Him all they fear, or hope, or feel ;
 Perils without, and enemies within,
 Satan, the world, temptation, weakness, sin ;
 Yet rest unshaken on His sure defence,
 Invincible through His omnipotence :
 " Oh ! step by step," they cry, " direct our way
 And give thy grace, like manna, day by day ;
 The store of yesterday will not suffice,
 To-morrow's sun to us may never rise :
 Safe only, when our souls are stay'd on Thee ;
 Rich only, when we know our poverty."

And step by step the LORD those suppliants led ;
 He gave them daily grace like daily bread ;
 By sea, on shore, through all their pilgrimage,
 In rest and labour, to their latest age ;
 Sharp though their trials, and their comforts scant,
 GOD was their refuge, and they knew not want.
 On rustling pinions, like an unseen bird,
 Among the yards a stirring breeze is heard :
 The conscious vessel wakes as from a trance.
 Her colours float, the filling sails advance ;
 White from her prow the murmuring surge recedes :
 —So the swan, startled from her nest of reeds,
 Swells into beauty, and, with curving chest,
 Cleaves the blue lake, with motion soft as rest.
 Light o'er the liquid lawn the pageant glides ;
 Her helm the well-experienced pilot guides,
 And, while he threads the mist-enveloped maze,
 Turns to the magnet his inquiring gaze,
 In whose mute oracle, where'er he steers,
 The pointing hand of Providence appears ;
 With this, though months of gloom the main enrobe,
 His keel might plough a furrow round the globe.

Again the night ascends without a star :
 Low sounds come booming o'er the waves afar,

As if conflicting navies shook the flood,
 With human thunders in the strife of blood,
 That slay more victims in one brief campaign
 Than heaven's own bolts through centuries have slain.
 The seaman hearkens ;—colour flies his cheek,
 His stout heart throbs with fears he dare not speak.
 No lightning-splendours streak the unbroken gloom ;
 —His bark may shoot the gulf beyond the tomb,
 And he, if e'er it come, may meet a light
 Which never yet hath dawn'd on living sight.
 Fresher and fresher blows th' insurgent gale ;
 He reefs his tops, he narrows sail by sail,
 Yet feels the ship with swifter impulse sweep
 O'er mightier billows, the recoiling deep ;
 While still, with doleful omen on his ear,
 Come the deaf echoes of those sounds of fear,
 Distant,—yet every volley rolls more near. }

Oh ! in that agony of thought forlorn,
 How longs the impatient mariner for morn !
 She wakes,—his eyes are wither'd to behold
 The scene which her disastrous beams unfold :
 The fog is vanish'd, but the welkin lowers,
 Sharp hail descends, and sleet in blinding showers ;
 Ocean one bed of foam, with fury toss'd,
 In undistinguishable whiteness lost,
 Save where vast fields of ice their surface show,
 Buoyant, but many a fathom sunk below :
 Changing his station as the fragments pass,
 Death stands the pilot of each ponderous mass ;
 Gathering his brow into the darkest frown,
 He bolts his raft to run the victim down,
 But shoots astern :—the shock the vessel feels,
 A moment in the giddy whirlpool reels,
 Then like an arrow soars, as through the air,
 So high the salient waves their burthen bear.

Quick skirmishes with floating batteries past,
 Ruin inevitable threats at last :
 Athwart the north, like ships of battle spread,
 Winter's flotilla, by their captain led,
 (Who boasts with these to make his prowess known,
 And plant his foot beyond the arctic zone,) Islands of ice, so wedged and grappled lie,
 One moving continent appals the eye,
 And to the ear renews those notes of doom
 That brought portentous warnings through the gloom ;
 For loud and louder, with explosive shocks,
 Sudden convulsions split the frost-bound rocks,
 And launch loose mountains on the frothing ooze,
 As pirate-barks, on summer seas to cruise.
 In front this perilous array ;—behind,
 Borne on the surges, driven by the wind,
 The vessel hurries to the brink of fate ;
 All efforts fail,—but prayer is not too late :
 Then, in the imminent and ghastly fall

Foul on destruction, the disciples call
 On Him, their Master, who, in human form,
 Slept in the lap of the devouring storm ;
 On Him, who in the midnight watch was seen,
 Walking the gulf, ineffably serene,
 At whose rebuke the tempest ceased to roar,
 The winds caress'd the waves, the waves the shore :
 On Him they call ;—their prayer, in faith preferr'd
 Amidst the frantic hurricane, is heard ;
He gives the sign, by none in earth or heaven
 Known, but by him to whom the charge is given,
 The angel of the waters ;—he, whose wrath
 Had hurl'd the vessel on that shipwreck path,
 Becomes a minister of grace ;—his breath
 Blows,—and the enemies are scatter'd,—Death,
 Reft of his quarry, plunges through the wave,
 Buried himself where he had mark'd their grave.
 The line of battle broken, and the chain
 Of that armada, which oppress'd the main,
 Snapt hopelessly asunder, quickly all
 The enormous masses in disruption fall,
 And the weak vessel, through the chaos wild,
 Led by the mighty angel,—as a child,
 Snatch'd from its crib, and in the mother's arms
 Borne through a midnight tumult of alarms,—
 Escapes the wrecks ; nor slackens her career
 Till sink the forms, and cease the sounds, of fear,
 And He, who rules the universe at will,
 Saith to the reinless elements, " Be still."
 Then rise sweet hymns of gratulation ; praise
 From hearts and voices, in harmonious lays ;—
 So Israel sang deliverance, when he stood
 By the Red Sea, and saw the morning-flood,
 That in its terrible embraces bore
 The slain pursuers and their spoils on shore.
 Light-breathing gales awhile their course propel,
 The billows roll with pleasurable swell,
 Till the seventh dawn ; when o'er the pure expanse
 The sun, like lightning, throws his earliest glance,
 " Land ! land !" exclaims the shipboy from the mast,
 " Land ! land !" with one electric shock hath pass'd
 From lip to lip, and every eye hath caught
 The cheering glimpse so long, so dearly sought :
 Yet must imagination half supply
 The doubtful streak, dividing sea and sky ;
 Nor clearly known, till, in sublimer day,
 From icy cliffs refracted splendours play,
 And clouds of sea-fowl high in ether sweep,
 Or fall like stars through sunshine on the deep.
 'Tis Greenland ! but so desolately bare,
 Amphibious life alone inhabits there ;
 'Tis Greenland ! yet so beautiful the sight,
 The Brethren gaze with undisturb'd delight :
 In silence (as before the Throne) they stand,

And pray, in prospect of that promised land,
That He, who sends them thither, may abide
Through the waste howling wilderness their guide ;
And the Good Shepherd seek his straying flocks,
Lost on those frozen waves and herbless rocks,
By the still waters of his comforts lead,
And in the pastures of salvation feed.

Their faith must yet be tried :—the sun at noon
Shrinks from the shadow of the passing moon,
Till, ray by ray of all his pomp bereft
(Save one slight ring of quivering lustre left),
Total eclipse involves his peerless eye :
Portentous twilight creeps around the sky ;
The frightened seabirds to their haunts repair ;
There is a freezing stillness in the air,
As if the blood through Nature's veins ran cold,
A prodigy so fearful to behold ;
A few faint stars gleam through the dread serene,
Trembling and pale spectators of the scene ;
While the rude mariners, with stern amaze,
As on some tragic execution gaze,
When calm but awful guilt is stretch'd to feel
The torturing fire, or dislocating wheel,
And life, like light from yonder orb, retires,
Spark after spark, till the whole man expires.
Yet may the darken'd sun and mourning skies
Point to a higher, holier sacrifice :
The Brethren's thoughts to Calvary's brow ascend,
Round the Redeemer's Cross their spirits bend,
And while heaven frowns, earth shudders, graves disclose
The forms of sleepers, startled from repose,
They catch the blessing of his latest breath,
Mark his last look, and, through the eclipse of death
See lovelier beams than Tabor's vision shed,
Wreath a meek halo round His sacred head.
To Greenland then, with quick compassion, turn
Their deepest sympathies ; their bosoms burn,
To her barbarian race, with tongues of flame,
His love, His grief, His glory to proclaim.

O could they view, in this alarming hour,
Those wretched ones, themselves beneath the power
Of darkness, while the shadow clips the sun !
How to their dens the fierce sea-hunters run,
Who death in every shape of peril brave,
By storms and monsters, on the faithless wave,
But now in speechless horror lie aghast,
Till the malignant prodigy be past :
While bolder females, with tormenting spells,
Consult their household dogs as oracles,
And by the yelping of their curs divine,
That still the earth may stand, the sun may shine.
Then forth they creep, and to their offspring tell
What fate of old a youth and maid befell :
How, in the age of night, ere day was born

On the blue hills of undiscover'd morn ;
 Where one pale cresset twinkled through the shade,
MALINA and her gay companions play'd
 A thousand mimic sports, as children wont ;
 They hide, they seek, they shoot, harpoon, and hunt ;
 When lo ! **ANINGA**, passionate and young,
 Keen as a wolf, upon his sister sprung,
 And pounced his victim ;—gentler way to woo
 He knew not, or he scorn'd it if he knew :
MALINA snatch'd her lamp, and in the dark
 Dash'd on his felon-front a hideous mark,
 Slipt from his foul embrace (and laugh'd aloud),
 Soft as the rainbow melting from the cloud ;
 Then shot to heaven, and in her wondrous flight
 Transform'd her image, sparkled into light,
 Became the sun, and, through the firmament,
 Forth in the glory of a goddess went.
ANINGA baffled, madden'd, unsubdued,
 By her own beams the fugitive pursued,
 And, when she set, his broad disfigured mien
 As the dim moon among the stars was seen ;
 Then-reward doom'd his sister's steps to chase,
 But ne'er o'ertake in heaven's eternal race.
 Yet when his vanish'd orb might seem to sleep,
 He takes his monthly pastime on the deep,
 Through storms, o'er cataracts, in his Kayak sails,
 Strikes with unerring dart the polar whales,
 Or o'er ice-mountains, in his dog-drawn car,
 Pursues the rein-deer to the farthest star.
 But when eclipse his baneful disk invades,
 He prowls for prey among the Greenland maids,
 Till roaring drums, belabouring sticks, and cries
 Repel the errant demon to the skies.

The sun hath cast aside his veil ;—he shines
 With purest splendour till his orb declines ;
 Then landward, marshalling in black array,
 Eruptive vapours drive him from the day ;
 And night again, with premature control,
 Binds light in chains of darkness o'er the pole ;
 Heaven in one ebon mass of horror scowls :
 —Anon a universal whirlwind howls,
 With such precipitation dash'd on high,
 Not from one point, but from the whole dark sky,
 The surges at the onset shrink aghast,
 Borne down beneath the paralyzing blast ;
 But soon the mad tornado slants its course,
 And rolls them into mountains by main force,
 Then, utterly embroil'd through clouds and waves,
 As 'twixt two oceans met in conflict, raves.
 Now to the passive bark, alternate tost,
 Above, below, both sea and sky are lost
 All but the giddy summit, where her keel
 Hangs in light balance on the billowy wheel ;
 Then, as the swallow, in his windward flight,

Quivers the wing, returns, and darts downright,
 She plunges through the blind abyss, and o'er
 Her groaning masts the cavern'd waters roar.
 Ruled by the hurricane, no more the helm
 Obeys the pilot ;—seas on seas o'erwhelm
 The deck ; where oft embattled currents meet,
 Foam in white whirlpools, flash to spray, retreat,
 And rock the vessel with their huge turmoils,
 Like the cork-float around the fisher's toils.
 Three days of restless agony, that seem
 Of one delirious night the waking dream,
 The mariners in vain their labours ply,
 Or sick at heart in pale despondence lie.
 The Brethren, weak, yet firm as when they faced
 Winter's ice-legions on his own bleak waste,
 In patient hope, that utters no complaint,
 Pray without ceasing ; pray, and never faint ;
 Assured that He, who from the tempest's neck
 Hath loosed His grasp, still holds it at His beck,
 And, with a pulse too deep for mortal sense,
 —The secret pulse of His omnipotence,
 That beats through every motion of the storm,
 —Can check destruction in its wildest form :
 Bow'd to His will,—their lot how truly blest,
 Who live to serve Him, and who die to rest !
 To live and serve Him, is their LORD's decree ;
 He curbs the wind, He calms the infuriate sea ;
 The sea and wind their Maker's yoke obey,
 And waft His servants on their destined way.
 Though many a league by that disaster driven
 'Thwart from their course, with planks and cordage riven,
 With hands disabled, and exhausted strength,
 The active crew refit their bark at length ;
 Along the placid gulf, with heaving sails,
 That catch from every point propitious gales,
 Led like the moon, from infancy to age,
 Round the wide zodiac of her pilgrimage,
 Onward and smooth their voyage they pursue
 Till Greenland's coast again salutes their view.
 'Tis sunset : to the firmament serene
 The Atlantic wave reflects a gorgeous scene ;
 Broad in the cloudless west a belt of gold
 Girds the blue hemisphere ; above, unroll'd,
 The keen clear air grows palpable to sight,
 Embodied in a flush of crimson light,
 Through which the evening star, with milder gleam,
 Descends, to meet her image in the stream.
 Far in the east, what spectacle unknown
 Allures the eye to gaze on it alone ?
 —Amidst black rocks, that lift on either hand
 Their countless peaks, and mark receding land ;
 Amidst a tortuous labyrinth of seas,
 That shine around the arctic Cyclades ;
 Amidst a coast of dreariest continent,

In many a shapeless promontory rent ;
 — O'er rocks, seas, islands, promontories spread,
 The Ice-Blink rears its undulated head,
 On which the sun, beyond the horizon shrined,
 Hath left his richest garniture behind ;
 Piled on a hundred arches, ridge by ridge,
 O'er fix'd and fluid strides the Alpine bridge,
 Whose blocks of sapphire seem to mortal eye
 Hewn from cerulean quarries of the sky ;
 With glacier-battlements, that crowd the spheres,
 The slow creation of six thousand years,
 Amidst immensity it towers sublime,
 — Winter's eternal palace, built by Time :
 All human structures by his touch are borne
 Down to the dust ; — mountains themselves are worn
 With his light footsteps ; *here* for ever grows,
 Amid the region of unmelting snows,
 A monument, where every flake that falls,
 Gives adamantine firmness to the walls.
 The sun beholds no mirror, in his race,
 That shows a brighter image of his face ;
 The stars, in their nocturnal vigils, rest
 Like signal fires on its illumined crest ;
 The gliding moon around the ramparts wheels,
 And all its magic lights and shades reveals ;
 Beneath, the tide with idle fury raves
 To undermine it through a thousand caves ;
 Rent from its roof, though thundering fragments oft
 Plunge to the gulf ; immoveable aloft,
 From age to age, in air, o'er sea, on land,
 Its turrets heighten and its piers expand.
 Midnight hath told his hour ; the moon, yet young,
 Hangs in the argent west her bow unstrung ;
 Larger and fairer, as her lustre fades,
 Sparkle the stars amidst the deepening shades :
 Jewels, more rich than night's regalia, gem
 The distant Ice-Blink's spangled diadem ;
 Like a new morn from orient darkness, there
 Phosphoric splendours kindle in mid air,
 As though from heaven's self-opening portals came
 Legions of spirits in an orb of flame,
 — Flame, that from every point an arrow sends
 Far as the concave firmament extends :
 Spun with the tissue of a million lines,
 Glistening like gossamer the welkin shines :
 The constellations in their pride look pale
 Through the quick trembling brilliance of that veil
 Then, suddenly converged, the meteors rush
 O'er the wide south ; one deep vermilion blush
 O'erspreads Orion glaring on the flood,
 And rabid Sirius foams through fire and blood ;
 Again the circuit of the pole they range,
 Motion and figure every moment change,
 Through all the colours of the rainbow run,

Or blaze like wrecks of a dissolving sun ;
Wide ether burns with glory, conflict, flight,
And the glad ocean dances in the light.

The seaman's jealous eye askance surveys
This pageantry of evanescent rays,
While in the horror of misgiving fear
New storms already thunder on his ear :
But morning comes, and brings him sweet release ;
Day shines and sets ; at evening all is peace ;
Another and another day is past ;
The fourth appears,—the loveliest and the last !
The sails are furl'd ; the anchor drags the sand ;
The boat hath cross'd the creek ;—the Brethren land.



CANTO FOURTH.

*Retrospect of Ancient Greenland—The Discovery of Iceland, of Greenland, of Wineland—
The Norwegian Colonies on the Eastern and Western Coasts of Greenland—The
appearance of the Skrælings, or modern Greenlanders, in the West, and the destruction
of the Norwegian Settlers in that quarter.*

HERE while in peace the weary Pilgrims rest,
Turn we our voyage from the new-found west,
Sail up the current of departed Time,
And seek along its banks that vanish'd clime
By ancient scalds in Runic verse renown'd,
Now, like old Babylon, no longer found.
—" Oft was I weary when I toil'd at thee ;"
This, on an oar abandon'd to the sea,
Some hand had graven :—From what founder'd boat
It fell ;—how long on Ocean's waves afloat ;
—Who mark'd it with that melancholy line ;
No record tells :—Greenland ! such fate was thine ;
Whate'er thou wast, of thee remains no more
Than a brief legend on a foundling oar ;
And he, whose song would now revive thy fame,
Grasps but the shadow of a mighty name.

From Asia's fertile womb, when Time was young,
And earth a wreck, the sires of nations sprung ;
In Shinar's land of rivers, Babel's tower,
Stood the lorn relic of their scatter'd power ;
A broken pillar, snapt as from the spheres,
Slow-wasting through the silent lapse of years,
While o'er the regions by the Flood destroy'd
The builders breathed new life throughout the void,
Soul, passion, intellect ; till blood of man
Through every artery of Nature ran,
O'er eastern islands pour'd its quickening stream,
Caught the warm crimson of the western beam,
Beneath the burning line made fountains start
In the dry wilderness of Afric's heart,

And through the torpid north, with genial heat,
 Taught love's exhilarating pulse to beat ;
 Till the great sun, in his perennial round,
 Man, of all climes the restless native, found,
 Pursuing folly in his vain career,
 As if existence were immortal here ;
 While on the fathers' graves the sons, untaught
 By their mischance, the same illusions sought,
 By gleams and shadows measured woe and bliss,
 As though unborn for any world but this.

Five thousand years, unvisited, unknown,
 Greenland lay slumbering in the frozen zone,—
 While heaven's resplendent host pursued their way
 To light the wolf and eagle to their prey,
 And tempests o'er the main their terrors spread
 To rock Leviathan upon his bed ;—
 Ere Ingolf his undaunted flag unfurl'd,
 To search the secrets of the polar world.
 'Twas liberty, that fires the coldest veins,
 And exile, famine, death, prefers to chains ;
 'Twas liberty, through floods unplough'd before,
 That led his gallant crew from Norway's shore ;
 They cut their cable, and in thunder broke
 With their departing oars the tyrant's yoke ;
 The deep their country, and their bark their home,
 A floating isle, on which they joy'd to roam
 Amidst immensity ; with waves and wind
 Now sporting and now wrestling ;—unconfined,
 Save by the blue surrounding firmament,
 Full, yet for ever widening as they went ;
 Thus sail'd those mariners, unheeding where
 They found a port, if Freedom anchor'd there.

By stars that never set their course they steer'd,
 And northward with indignant impulse veer'd ;
 For sloth had lull'd, and luxury o'errun,
 And bondage seiz'd, the realms that loved the sun.
 At length by mountain-ice, with perils strange,
 Menaced, repell'd, and forced their track to change,
 They bade the unimprison'd raven fly,
 A living compass through the chartless sky :
 Up to the zenith, swift as fire, he soar'd,
 Through the clear boundless atmosphere explored
 The dim horizon stretch'd beneath his sight ;
 Then to the west full onward shot his flight :
 Thither they follow ; till, from Thule's rocks,
 Around the bird of tempests rose the flocks
 Of screaming sea-fowl, widening ring o'er ring,
 Till heaven grew dark,—then, wheeling on the wing
 Landward, they whiten all the rocks below,
 Or, diving, melt into the gulf like snow.
 Pleased with the proud discovery, Ingolf gave
 His lintel and his door-posts to the wave,
 Divining, as they drifted to the strand,
 The will of destiny,—the place to land.

There on a homeless soil his foot he placed,
 Framed his hut-palace, colonized the waste,
 And ruled his horde with patriarchal sway ;
 —Where justice reigns, 'tis freedom to obey :
 And there his race, in long succession blest,
 (Like generations in the eagle's nest,
 Upon their own hereditary rock,)
 Flourish'd, invincible to every shock
 Of time, chance, foreign force, or civil rage,—
 A noble dynasty from age to age ;
 And Iceland shone for generous lore renown'd,
 A northern light, when all was gloom around.

Ere long, by brave adventurers on the tide,
 A new Hesperian region was descried,
 Which fancy deem'd, or fable feign'd, so fair,
 Fleets from old Norway pour'd their settlers there,
 Who traced and peopled far that double shore,
 Round whose repelling rocks two oceans roar,
 Till, at the southern promontory, tost
 By tempests, each is in its rival lost.
 Thus Greenland (so that arctic world they named)
 Was planted, and to utmost Calpe famed
 For wealth exhaustless, which her seas could boast,
 And prodigies of Nature on her coast ;
 Where, in the green recess of every glen,
 The House of Prayer o'erthrew the abodes of men,
 And flocks and cattle grazed by summer-streams,
 That track'd the valleys with meandering gleams.
 While on the mountains ice eternal frown'd,
 And growing glaciers deepen'd towards the ground,
 Year after year, as centuries roll'd away,
 Nor lost one moment till that judgment-day
 When eastern Greenland from the world was rent,
 Ingulf'd,—or fix'd one frozen continent.

'Twere long and dreary to recount in rhyme
 The crude traditions of that long-lost clime :
 To sing of wars, by barbarous chieftains waged,
 In which as fierce and noble passions raged,
 Heroes as subtle, bold, remorseless, fought,
 And deeds as dark and terrible were wrought,
 As round Troy walls became the splendid themes
 Of Homer's song, and Jove's Olympian dreams ;
 When giant-prowess, in the iron field,
 With single arm made phalanx'd legions yield ;
 When battle was but massacre,—the strife
 Of murderers,—steel to steel, and life to life.
 —Who follows Homer, takes the field too late ;
 Though stout as Hector, sure of Hector's fate,
 A wound as from Achilles' spear he feels,
 Falls, and adorns the Grecian's chariot-wheels.

Nor stay we monkish legends to rehearse ;
 To build their cloister-walls in Gothic verse ;
 Of groves and gardens, wine and music, tell ;
 Fresh roses breathing round the hermit's cell,

And baths, in which Diana's nymphs might lave,
 —From Earth's self-opening veins the blood-warm wave,
 Whose genial streams, amidst disparted ice,
 Made laps of verdure,—like those isles of spice
 In eastern seas ; or rich oases, graced
 With flowers and fountains, in the Libyan waste.

Rather the muse would stretch a mightier wing,
 Of a new world the earliest dawn to sing ;
 How,—long ere Science, in a dream of thought,
 Earth's younger daughter to Columbus brought,
 And sent him, like the Faerie Prince, in quest
 Of *that* " bright virgin throned in the west."
 —Greenland's bold sons, by instinct, sallied forth
 On barks, like icebergs drifting from the north,
 Cross'd without magnet undiscover'd seas,
 And, all surrendering to the stream and breeze,
 Touch'd on the line of that twin-bodied land
 That stretches forth to either pole a hand,
 From arctic wilds that see no winter sun
 To where the oceans of the world are one,
 And round Magellan's straits, Fuego's shore,
 Atlantic, Indian, and Pacific roar.

Regions of beauty there these rovers found,
 The flowery hills with emerald woods were crown'd ;
 Spread o'er the vast savannahs, buffalo herds
 Ranged without master ; and the bright-wing'd birds
 Made gay the sunshine as they glanced along,
 Or turn'd the air to music with their song.

Here from his mates a German youth had stray'd,
 Where the broad river cleft the forest glade ;
 Swarming with alligator-shoals, the flood
 Blazed in the sun, or moved in clouds of blood ;
 The wild boar rustled headlong through the brake ;
 Like a live arrow leapt the rattlesnake ;
 The uncouth shadow of the climbing bear
 Crawl'd on the grass, while he aspired in air ;
 Anon with hoofs, like hail, the greenwood rang,
 Among the scattering deer a panther sprang :
 The stripling fear'd not,—yet he trod with awe,
 As if enchantment breathed o'er all he saw,
 Till in his path uprose a wilding vine
 —Then o'er his memory rush'd the noble Rhine ;
 Home and its joys, with fulness of delight,
 So rapt his spirit, so beguiled his sight,
 That, in those glens of savage solitude,
 Vineyards and corn-fields, towns and spires, he view'd,
 And through the image-chamber of his soul
 The days of other years like shadows stole :
 All that he once had been, again he grew ;
 Through every stage of life he pass'd anew ;
 The playmates of his infancy were there,
 With dimpled cheeks, blue eyes, and flaxen hair ;
 The blithe companions of his riper youth,
 And one whose heart was love, whose soul was truth.

—When the quick-mingling pictures of that dream
 (Like broken scenery on a troubled stream,
 Where sky and landscape, light and darkness, run
 Through widening circles,) harmonized in one,
 His father's cot appear'd, with vine leaves drest,
 And clusters pendent round the swallow's nest ;
 In front the little garden, at whose gate,
 Amidst their progeny, his parents sate,
 He only absent ;—but his mother's eye
 Look'd through a tear,—she reach'd him with a sigh :
 Then in a moment vanish'd time and space,
 And with a shout he rush'd to her embrace.
 Round hills and dales the joyful tidings spread ;
 All ran to welcome TYRKEE from the dead.
 With bliss inebriate, in that giddy trance,
 He led his waltzing partner through the dance ;
 And, while he pluck'd the grapes that blush'd at hand,
 Trod the rich wine-press in his native land,
 Quaff'd the full flowing goblet, loosed his tongue,
 And songs of vintage, harvest, battle, sung.
 At length his shipmates came : their laughter broke
 The gay delusion ; in alarm he woke :
 Transport to silent melancholy changed ;
 At once from love, and joy, and hope estranged,
 O'er his blank mind, with cold bereaving spell,
 Came that heart-sickness which no tongue can tell ;
 —Felt when, in foreign climes, 'midst sounds unknown,
 We hear the speech or music of our own,
 Roused to delight, from drear abstraction start,
 And feel our country beating at our heart ;
 The rapture of a moment ;—in its birth
 It perishes for ever from the earth ;
 And dumb, like shipwreck'd mariners we stand,
 Eyeing by turns the ocean and the land,
 Breathless ;—till tears the struggling thought release,
 And the lorn spirit weeps itself to peace.
Wineland the glad discoverers call'd that shore,
 And back the tidings of its riches bore ;
 But soon return'd with colonizing bands,
 —Men that at home would sigh for unknown lands ;
 Men of all weathers, fit for every toil,
 War, commerce, pastime, peace, adventure, spoil ;
 Bold master-spirits, where they touch'd they gain'd
 Ascendancy ; where they fix'd their foot they reign'd.
 Both coasts they long inherited, though wide
 Discover'd ; stemming to and fro the tide,
 Free as the Syrian dove explores the sky,
 Their helm their hope, their compass in their eye,
 They found at will, where'er they pleased to roam,
 The ports of strangers or their northern home,
 Still 'midst tempestuous seas and zones of ice,
 Loved as their own, their *unlost* Paradise.
 —Yet was their Paradise for ever lost :
 War, famine, pestilence, the power of frost,

Their woes combining, wither'd from the earth
 This late creation, like a timeless birth,
 The fruit of age and weakness, forced to light,
 Breathing awhile,—relapsing into night.

Ages had seen the vigorous race, that sprung
 From Norway's stormy forelands, rock'd when young
 In ocean's cradle, hardening as they rose,
 Like mountain pines amidst perennial snows ;
 —Ages had seen these sturdiest-sons of Time
 Strike root and flourish in that ruffian clime,
 Commerce with lovelier lands and wealthier hold,
 Yet spurn the lures of luxury and gold ;
 Beneath the umbrage of the Gallic vine,
 For moonlight snows and cavern shelter pine ;
 Turn from Campanian fields a lofty eye
 To gaze upon the glorious Alps, and sigh,
 Remembering Greenland ; more and more endear'd,
 As far and farther from its shores they steer'd ;
 Greenland their world,—and all was strange beside ;
 Elsewhere they wander'd ; here they lived and died.

At length a swarthy tribe, without a name,
 Unknown the point of windward whence they came ;
 The power by which stupendous gulfs they cross'd,
 Or compass'd wilds of everlasting frost,
 Alike mysterious ;—found their sudden way
 To Greenland ; pour'd along the western bay
 Their straggling families ; and seized the soil
 For their domain, the ocean for their spoil.
Straellings the Normans called these hordes in scorn,
 That seem'd created on the spot,—though born
 In trans-Atlantic climes, and thither brought
 By paths as covert as the birth of thought ;
 They were at once ;—the swallow-tribes in spring
 Thus daily multiply upon the wing,
 As if the air, their element of flight,
 Brought forth new broods from darkness every night ;
 Slipp'd from the secret hand of Providence,
 They come we see not how, nor know we whence.

A stunted, stern, uncouth, amphibious stock,
 Hewn from the living marble of the rock,
 Or sprung from mermaids, and in ocean's bed,
 With orcs and seals, in sunless caverns bred,
 They might have held, from unrecorded time,
 Sole patrimony in that hideous clime,
 So lithe their limbs, so fenced their frames to bear
 The intensest rigours of the polar air ;
 Nimble, and muscular, and keen to run
 The reindeer down a circuit of the sun ;
 To climb the slippery cliffs, explore their cells,
 And storm and sack the sea-birds' citadels ;
 In bands, through snows, the mother-bear to trace,
 Slay with their darts the cubs in her embrace,
 And, while she lick'd their bleeding wounds, to brave
 Her deadliest vengeance in her inmost cave :

Train'd with inimitable skill to float,
Each, balanced in his bubble of a boat,
With dexterous paddle steering through the spray,
With poised harpoon to strike his plunging prey,
As though the skiff, the seaman, oar, and dart
Were one compacted body, by one heart
With instinct, motion, pulse, empower'd to ride
A human Nautilus upon the tide ;
Or with a fleet of Kayaks to assail
The desperation of the stranded whale,
When, wedged 'twixt jagged rocks, he writhes and rolls
In agony among the ebbing shoals,
Lashing the waves to foam, until the flood,
From wounds, like geysers, seems a bath of blood,
Echo all night dumb-pealing to his roar,
Till morn beholds him slain along the shore.
Of these,—hereafter should the lyre be strung
To arctic themes,—may glorious days be sung ;
Now be our task the sad reverse to tell,
How in their march the nobler Normans fell ;
—Whether by dire disease, that turn'd the breath
Of bounteous heaven to pestilence and death,
In number, strength, and spirit worn away,
Their lives became the cool assassin's prey ;
—Or in the battle-field, as Skraelings boast,
These pigmies put to flight their giant-host,
When front to front on scowling cliffs they stood,
And shot their barbs athwart the parting flood ;
Arrow smote arrow, dart encounter'd dart,
From hand to hand, impaling heart for heart ;
Till spent their missiles ; quick as in a dream
The images are changed ; across the stream
The Skraelings rush'd, the precipices scaled ;
—O'erwhelm'd by multitudes, the Normans fail'd :
A scatter'd remnant to the south retir'd,
But one by one along their route expired :
They perish'd ;—History can no more relate
Of their obscure and unlamented fate :
They perish'd ;—yet along that western shore,
Where Commerce spread her colonies of yore,
Ruins of temples and of homes are traced,
—Steps of magnificence amidst the waste
Where Time hath trod, and left those wrecks to show
That Life hath been, where all is Death below.

CANTO FIFTH.

The Depopulation of the Norwegian Colonies on the Eastern Coast of Greenland, and the abandonment of intercourse with it from Europe, in consequence of the increase of the Arctic Ice, about the beginning of the Fifteenth Century.

LAUNCH on the gulf, my little Greenland bark !
 Bear me through scenes unutterably dark ;
 Scenes with the mystery of Nature seal'd,
 Nor till the day of doom to be reveal'd.
 What though the spirits of the arctic gales
 Freeze round thy prow, or fight against thy sails,
 Safe as Arion, whom the dolphin bore,
 Enamour'd of his music, to the shore,
 On thee adventuring o'er an unknown main,
 I raise to warring elements a strain
 Of kindred harmony :—O, lend your breath,
 Ye tempests ! while I sing this reign of death :
 Utter dark sayings of the days of old ;
 In parables upon my harp unfold
 Deeds perish'd from remembrance ; truth, array'd,
 Like heaven by night, in emblematic shade,
 When shines the horoscope, and star on star
 By what they are not lead to what they are ;
 Atoms, that twinkle in an infant's eye,
 Are worlds, suns, systems in the unbounded sky :
 Thus the few tabled woes my strains create
 Are hieroglyphics in a book of fate ;
 And while the shadowy symbols I unroll,
 Imagination reads a direr scroll.
 Wake, ye wild visions ! o'er the northern deep,
 On clouds and winds, like warrior-spectres sweep ;
 Show by what plagues and hurricanes destroy'd,
 A breathing realm became a torpid void !
 The floods are raging, and the gales blow high,
 Low as a dungeon-roof impends the sky ;
 Prisoners of hope, between the clouds and waves,
 Six fearless sailors man yon boat, that braves
 Peril redoubling upon peril past :
 —From childhood nurselings of the wayward blast,
 Aloft as o'er a buoyant arch they go,
 Whose keystone breaks—as deep they plunge below ;
 Unyielding, though the strength of man be vain ;
 Struggling, though borne like surf along the main ;
 In front a battlement of rocks ; in rear,
 Billow on billow bounding : near, more near,
 They verge to ruin ;—life and death depend
 On the next impulse ;—shrieks and prayers ascend ;
 When, like the fish that mounts on drizzling wings,
 Sheer from the gulf the ejected vessel springs,
 And grounds on inland ice, beyond the track
 Of hissing foam-wreaths, whence the tide roll'd back ;

Then ere that tide, returning to the charge,
 Swallows the wreck, the captives are at large;
 On either hand steep hills obstruct their path;
 Behind, the ocean roaring in his wrath,
 Mad as a Libyan wilderness by night,
 With all its lions up, in chase or fight.
 The fugitives right onward shun the beach,
 Nor tarry till the inmost cove they reach;
 Reclused in the labyrinthine dell,
 Like the last hollow of a spiral shell.
 There, with the axe or knife which haste could save,
 They build a house;—perhaps they dig a grave:
 Of solid snow, well-squared, and piled in blocks,
 Brilliant as hewn from alabaster rocks,
 Their palace rises, narrowing to the roof,
 And freezes into marble, tempest-proof;
 Night closing round, within its shade they creep,
 And weary nature sinks at once to sleep.

Oh! could we walk amidst their dreams, and see
 All that they have been, are, or wish to be,
 In fancy's world!—each at his own fireside:
 One greets a parent; one a new-made bride;
 Another clasps his babe with fond embrace,
 A smile in slumber mantling o'er his face;
 All dangers are forgotten in a kiss,
 Or but remember'd to exalt the bliss.
 —One wounded sufferer wakes, with pain oppress,
 Yet are his thoughts at home among the rest;
 Then beams his eye, his heart dilated burns,
 Till the dark vigil to a vision turns,
 That vision to reality: and home
 Is so endear'd, he vows no more to roam.
 Ha! suddenly he starts: with trembling lips,
 Salt shower-drops, oozing through the roof, he sips:
 Aware that instant, yet alarm'd too late,
 —The sea hath burst its barrier, fix'd their fate;
 Escape impossible: the tempests urge
 Through the deep dell the inundating surge:
 Nor wall nor roof the impetuous flood controls;
 Above, around, within, the deluge rolls:
 He calls his comrades;—ere their doom be known,
 'Tis past!—the snow-house utterly o'erthrown,
 Its inmates vanish; never to be found,
 Living or dead, on habitable ground.

There is a beauteous hamlet in the vale;
 Green are the fields around it; sweetly sail
 The twilight shadows o'er the darkening scene,
 Earth, air, and ocean, all alike serene;
 Dipp'd in the hues of sunset, wreathed in zones,
 The clouds are resting on their mountain thrones:
 One peak alone exalts its glacier crest,
 A golden paradise, above the rest;
 Thither the day with lingering steps retires,
 And in its own blue element expires:

Thus Aaron laid his gorgeous robes aside
 On Horeb's consecrated top, and died.
 The moon, meanwhile, o'er ocean's sombre bed,
 New-risen, a thousand glow-worm lights hath spread ;
 From east to west the wildfire splendours glance,
 And all the billows in her glory dance ;
 Till, in mid-heaven, her orb might seem the eye
 Of Providence, wide-watching from the sky,
 While Nature slumbers ;—emblem of *His* grace
 Whose presence fills the infinite of space.
 The clouds have left the mountains ; coldly bright,
 Their icy summits shed cerulean light ;
 The steep declivities between assume
 A horror of unfathomable gloom :
 The village sleeps ;—from house to house, the ear
 Of yonder sentinel no sound can hear :
 A maniac ;—he, while calmer heads repose,
 Takes his night-round, to tell the stars his woes ;
 Woes which his noble heart to frenzy stung ;
 —*He* hath no bard, and *they* remain unsung.
 A warrior once, victorious arms he bore,
 And bears them still, although his wars are o'er ;
 For 'tis his boast, with shield and sword in hand,
 To be the guardian Angel of the land.
 Mark with what stern solemnity he stalks,
 And to himself, as to a legion, talks :
 Now deep in counsel with his chiefs ; anon
 He starts, as at the trumpet ; leads them on,
 And wins the day ;—his battle-shout alarms
 None but the infant in the nurse's arms ;
 Soon hush'd, but closer to her side, it sleeps ;
 While he abroad his watch in silence keeps.
 At every door he halts, and brings a sigh,
 But leaves a blessing, when he marches by :
 He stops ; from that low roof a deadly groan
 Hath made unutterable anguish known ;
 A spirit into eternity hath pass'd ;
 A spouse, a father, there hath breathed his last.
 The widow and her little ones weep *not* ;
 In its excess their misery is forgot,
 One dumb, dark moment ;—then from all their eyes
 Rain the salt tears, and loud their wailings rise :
 Ah ! little think that family forlorn
 How brief the parting—they shall meet ere morn !
 For lo ! the witness of their pangs hath caught
 A sight that startles madness into thought :
 Back from their gate unconsciously he reels ;
 A resurrection of his soul he feels.
 There is a motion in the air : his eye
 Blinks as it fear'd the falling of the sky.
 The splendid peak of adamantine ice,
 At sunset like an earthly paradise,
 And in the moon of such empyrean hue,
 It seem'd to bring the unseen world to view ;

—That splendid peak, the Power (which to the spheres
 Had piled its turrets through a thousand years)
 Touches as lightly as the passing wind,
 And the huge mass, o'erbalanced, undermined,
 And dislocated from its base of snow,
 Slides down the slope, majestically slow,
 Till, o'er the precipice down headlong sent,
 And in ten thousand thousand spangles rent,
 It piles a hill where spread a vale before :
 —From rock to rock the echoes round the shore
 Tell with their deep artillery the fate
 Of the whole village crush'd beneath its weight.
 —The sleepers wake,—their homes in ruins hurl'd,—
 They wake—from death into another world.
 The gazing maniac, palsied into stone,
 Amidst the wreck of ice, survives alone ;
 A sudden interval of reason gleams,
 Steady and clear, amidst his 'wilderer dreams,
 But shows reality in such a shape,
 'Twere rapture back to frenzy to escape.
 Again the clouds of desolation roll,
 Blotting all old remembrance from his soul :
 Whate'er his sorrows or his joys have been,
 His spirit grows embodied through this scene ;
 With eyes of agony, and clenching hands,
 Fix'd in recoil, a frozen form he stands,
 And, smit with wonder at his people's doom,
 Becomes the monument upon their tomb.
 Behold a scene, magnificent and new ;
 Nor land nor water meet the excursive view ;
 The round horizon girds one frozen plain,
 The mighty tombstone of the buried main,
 Where, dark and silent, and unfelt to flow,
 A dead sea sleeps with all its tribes below.
 But heaven is still itself ; the deep blue sky
 Comes down with smiles to meet the glancing eye,
 Though, if a keener sight its bound would trace,
 The arch recedes through everlasting space.
 The sun, in morning glory, mounts his throne,
 Nor shines he here in solitude unknown ;
 North, south, and west, by dogs or reindeer drawn,
 Careering sledges cross the unbroken lawn,
 And bring from bays and forelands round the coast,
 Youth, beauty, valour, Greenland's proudest boast,
 Who thus, in winter's long and social reign,
 Hold feasts and tournaments upon the main,
 When, built of solid floods, his bridge extends
 A highway o'er the gulf to meeting friends,
 Whom rocks impassable, or winds and tide,
 Fickle and false, in summer months divide.
 The scene runs round with motion, rings with mirth,
 —No happier spot upon the peopled earth ;
 The drifted snow to dust the travellers beat,
 The uneven ice is flint beneath their feet.

Here tents, a gay encampment, rise around,
 Where music, song, and revelry resound ;
 There the blue smoke upwreathes a hundred spires,
 Where humbler groups have lit their pinewood fires.
 Ere long they quit the tables ; knights and dames
 Lead the blithe multitude to boisterous games.
 Bears, wolves, and lynxes yonder head the chase ;
 Here start the harness'd reindeer in the race ;
 Borne without wheels, a flight of rival cars
 Track the ice-firmament, like shooting stars,
 Right to the goal,—converging as they run,
 They dwindle through the distance into one.
 Where smoother waves have form'd a sea of glass,
 With pantomimic change the skaters pass ;
 Now toll like ships 'gainst wind and stream ; then wheel
 Like flames blown suddenly asunder ; reel
 Like drunkards ; then, dispersed in tangents wide,
 Away with speed invisible they glide.
 Peace in their hearts, death-weapons in their hands
 Fierce in mock-battle meet fraternal bands,
 Whom the same chiefs erewhile to conflict led,
 When friends by friends, by kindred kindred, bled.
 Here youthful rings with pipe and drum advance,
 And foot the mazes of the giddy dance ;
 Greybeard spectators, with illumined eye,
 Lean on their staves, and talk of days gone by ;
 Children, who mimic all, from pipe and drum
 To chase and battle, dream of years to come.
 Those years to come, the young shall ne'er behold ;
 The days gone by, no more rejoice the old.

There is a boy, a solitary boy,
 Who takes no part in all this whirl of joy,
 Yet, in the speechless transport of his soul,
 He lives, and moves, and breathes throughout the whole :
 Him should destruction spare, the plot of earth,
 That forms his playground, gave a poet birth,
 Who, on the wings of his immortal lays,
 Thine heroes, Greenland ! to the stars shall raise.
 It must not be ;—abruptly from the show
 He turns his eyes ; his thoughts are gone below
 To sound the depths of ocean, where his mind
 Creates the wonders which it cannot find.
 Listening, as oft he listens in a shell
 To the mock tide's alternate fall and swell,
 He kneels upon the ice,—inclines his ear,
 And hears,—or does he only seem to hear ?—
 A sound, as though the Genius of the deep
 Heaved a long sigh, awaking out of sleep.
 He starts ;—'twas but a pulse within his brain !
 No ;—for he feels it beat through every vein ;
 Groan following groan, (as from a giant's breast,
 Beneath a burying mountain, ill at rest,)
 With awe ineffable his spirit thrills,
 And rapture fires his blood, while terror chills.

The keen expression of his eye alarms
 His mother ; she hath caught him in her arms,
 And learn'd the cause ;—that cause no sooner known,
 From lip to lip o'er many a league is flown ;
 Voices to voices, prompt as signals, rise
 In shrieks of consternation to the skies :
 Those skies, meanwhile, with gathering darkness scowl ;
 Hollow and winterly the bleak winds howl.
 —From morn till noon had ether smiled serene,
 Save one black-belted cloud, far eastward seen,
 Like a snow-mountain ;—there in ambush lay
 The undreaded tempest, panting for his prey :
 That cloud by stealth hath through the welkin spread,
 And hangs in meteor-twilight overhead ;
 At foot, beneath the adamant floor,
 Loose in their prison-house the surges roar :
 To every eye, ear, heart, the alarm is given,
 And landward crowds, (like flocks of sea-fowl driven,
 When storms are on the wing,) in wild affright,
 On foot, in sledges, urge their panic flight,
 In hope the refuge of the shore to gain
 Ere the disruption of the struggling main,
 Foretold by many a stroke, like lightning sent
 In thunder, through the unstable continent,
 Which now, elastic on the swell below,
 Rolls high in undulation to and fro.
 Men, reindeer, dogs, the giddy impulse feel,
 And, jostling headlong, back and forward reel :
 While snow, sleet, hail, or whirling gusts of wind,
 Exhaust, bewilder, stop the breath, and blind.
 All is dismay and uproar ; some have found
 Death for deliverance, as they leap'd on ground
 Swept back into the flood :—but hope is vain :
 Ere half the fugitives the beach can gain,
 The fix'd ice, severing from the shore, with shocks
 Of earthquake violence, bounds against the rocks ;
 Then suddenly, while on the verge they stand,
 The whole recoils for ever from the land,
 And leaves a gulf of foam along the shore,
 In which whoever plunge are seen no more.
 Ocean, meanwhile, abroad hath burst the roof
 That sepulchred his waves ; he bounds aloof.
 In boiling cataracts, as volcanoes spout
 Their fiery fountains, gush the waters out ;
 The frame of ice with dire explosion rends,
 And down the abyss the mingled crowd descends,
 Heaven ! from this closing horror hide thy light ;
 Cast thy thick mantle o'er it, gracious Night !
 These screams of mothers with their infants lost,
 These groans of agony from wretches tost
 On rocks and whirlpools,—in thy storms be drown'd,
 The crash of mountain-ice to atoms ground,
 And rage of elements :—while winds, that yell
 Like demons, peal the universal knell,

The shrouding waves around their limbs shall spread,
 "And darkness be the burier of the dead."
 Their pangs are o'er :—at morn the tempests cease,
 And the freed ocean rolls himself to peace ;
 Broad to the sun his heaving breast expands,
 He holds his mirror to a hundred lands ;
 While cheering gales pursue the eager chase
 Of billows round immeasurable space.

Where are the multitudes of yesterday ?
 At morn they came ; at eve they pass'd away.
 Yet some survive ;—yon castellated pile
 Floats on the surges, like a fairy isle :
 Pre-eminent upon its peak, behold,
 With walls of amethyst and roofs of gold,
 The semblance of a city ; towers and spires
 Glance in the firmament with opal fires :
 Prone from those heights pellucid fountains flow
 O'er pearly meads through emerald vales below.
 No lovelier pageant moves beneath the sky,
 Nor one so mournful to the nearer eye ;
 Here, when the bitterness of death hath pass'd
 O'er others, with their sledge and reindeer cast,
 Five wretched ones, in dumb despondence wait
 The lingering issue of a nameless fate ;
 A bridal party :—mark yon reverend sage
 In the brown vigour of autumnal age ;
 His daughter in her prime ; the youth, who won
 Her love by miracles of prowess done ;
 With these, two meet companions of their joy,
 Her younger sister, and a gallant boy,
 Who hoped, like *him*, a gentle heart to gain
 By valorous enterprise on land or main.
 —These, when the ocean-pavement fail'd their feet
 Sought on a glacier's crags a safe retreat ;
 But in the shock, from its foundation torn,
 That mass is slowly o'er the waters borne,
 An iceberg !—on whose verge all day they stand,
 And eye the blank horizon's ring for land.
 All night around a dismal flame they weep ;
 Their sledge, by piecemeal, lights the hoary deep.
 Morn brings no comfort : at her dawn expire
 The latest embers of their latest fire ;
 For warmth and food the patient reindeer bleeds,
 Happier in death than those he warms and feeds.
 —How long, by that precarious raft upbuoy'd,
 They blindly drifted on a shoreless void ;
 How long they suffer'd, or how soon they found
 Rest in the gulf, or peace on living ground ;
 —Whether, by hunger, cold, and grief consumed,
 They perish'd miserably—and, unentomb'd,
 (While on that frigid bier their corpses lay,)
 Became the sea-fowl's or the sea-bear's prey ;
 —Whether the wasting mound, by swift degrees,
 Exhaled in mist and vanish'd from the seas,

While they, too weak to struggle even in death,
 Lock'd in each other's arms resign'd their breath,
 And their white skeletons, beneath the wave,
 Lie intertwined in one sepulchral cave ;
 —Or meeting some Norwegian bark at sea,
 They deem'd its deck a world of liberty ;
 —Or, sunward sailing, on green Erin's sod
 They kneel'd, and worshipp'd a delivering GOD,
 Where yet the blood they brought from Greenland runs
 Among the noblest of our sister's sons,
 —Is all unknown :—their iceberg disappears
 Amidst the flood of unreturning years.

Ages are fled ; and Greenland's hour draws nigh ;
 Seal'd is the judgment ; all her race must die :
 Commerce forsakes the unvoyageable seas,
 That year by year with keener rigour freeze ;
 The embargued waves in narrower channels roll
 To blue Spitzbergen and the utmost pole :
 A hundred colonies, erewhile that lay
 On the green marge of many a shelter'd bay,
 Lapse to the wilderness ; their tenants throng
 Where streams in summer, turbulent and strong,
 With molten ice from inland Alps supplied,
 Hold free communion with the breathing tide,
 That from the heart of ocean sends the flood
 Of living water round the world, like blood :
 But Greenland's pulse shall slow and slower beat,
 Till the last spark of genial warmth retreat,
 And, like a palsied limb of Nature's frame,
 Greenland be nothing but a place and name.
 That crisis comes : the wafted fuel fails ;
 The cattle perish ; famine long prevails ;
 With torpid sloth, intenser seasons bind
 The strength of muscle and the spring of mind ;
 Man droops, his spirits waste, his powers decay ;
 —His generation soon shall pass away.

At moonless midnight, on this naked coast,
 How beautiful in heaven the starry host !
 With lambent brilliance o'er these cloister walls,
 Slant from the firmament a meteor falls ;
 A steadier flame from yonder beacon streams,
 To light the vessel, seen in golden dreams
 By many a pining wretch, whose slumbers feign
 The bliss for which he looks at morn in vain.
 Two years are gone, and half expired a third,
 (The nation's heart is sick with hope deferr'd,)
 Since last for Europe sail'd a Greenland prow,
 Her whole marine,—so shorn is Greenland now,
 Though once, like clouds in ether unconfined,
 Her naval wings were spread to every wind.
 The monk who sits, the weary hours to count,
 In the lone block-house on the beacon-mount,
 Watching the east, beholds the morning star
 Eclipsed at rising o'er the waves afar,

As if—for so would fond expectance think—
 A sail had cross'd it on the horizon's brink.
 His fervent soul, in ecstasy outdrawn,
 Glows with the shadows kindling through the dawn,
 Till every bird that flashes through the brine
 Appears an arm'd and gallant brigantine;
 And every sound along the air that comes,
 The voice of clarions and the roll of drums.
 —'Tis she! 'tis she! the well-known keel at last,
 With Greenland's banner streaming at the mast;
 The full-swoln sails, the spring-tide, and the breeze,
 Waft on her way the pilgrim of the seas.
 The monks at matins, issuing from their cells,
 Spread the glad tidings; while their convent-bells
 Wake town and country, sea and shore, to bliss
 Unknown for years on any morn but this.
 Men, women, children throng the joyous strand,
 Whose mob of moving shadows o'er the sand
 Lengthen to giants, while the hovering sun
 Lights up a thousand radiant points from one.
 The pilots launch their boats:—a race! a race!
 The strife of oars is seen in every face;
 Arm against arm puts forth its might to reach,
 And guide the welcome stranger to the beach.
 —Shouts from the shore, the cliffs, the boats, arise;
 No voice, no signal, from the ship replies;
 Nor on the deck, the yards, the bow, the stern,
 Can keenest eye a human form discern.
 O! that those eyes were open'd, there to see
 How, in serene and dreadful majesty,
 Sits the destroying Angel at the helm!
 —He, who hath lately march'd from realm to realm,
 And, from the palace to the peasant's shed,
 Made all the living kindred to the dead:
 Nor man alone,—dumb nature felt his wrath,
 Drought, mildew, murrain, strew'd his carnage-path;
 Harvest and vintage cast their timeless fruit,
 Forests before him wither'd from the root.
 To Greenland now, with unexhausted power,
 He comes commission'd; and in evil hour
 Propitious elements prepare his way;
 His day of landing is a festal day.
 A boat arrives;—to those who scale the deck,
 Of life appears but one disastrous wreck.
 Fallen from the rudder, which he fain had grasp'd,
 But stronger Death his wrestling hold unclasp'd,
 The film of darkness freezing o'er his eyes,
 A lukewarm corpse, the brave commander lies;
 Survivor sole of all his buried crew,
 Whom one by one the rife contagion slew,
 Just when the cliffs of Greenland cheer'd his sight,
 Even from their pinnacle his soul took flight.
 Chill'd at the spectacle, the pilots gaze
 One on another, lost in blank amaze;

But, from approaching boats when rivals throng,
 They seize the helm, in silence steer along,
 And cast their anchor, 'midst exulting cries,
 That make the rocks the echoes of the skies,
 Till the mysterious signs of woes to come,
 Circled by whispers, strike the uproar dumb.
 Rumour affirms, that by some heinous spell
 Of Lapland witches, crew and captain tell ;
 None guess the secret of perfidious fate,
 Which all shall know too soon,—yet know too late.

The monks, who claim the ship, divide the stores
 Of food and raiment at their convent doors.

—A mother, hastening to her cheerless shed,
 Breaks to her little ones untasted bread ;
 Clamorous as nestling birds, the hungry band
 Receive a mortal portion at her hand :
 On each would equal love the best confer,
 Each by distinct affection dear to her ;
 One the first pledge that to her spouse she gave,
 And one unborn till he was in his grave ;
 This was *his* darling, that to *her* most kind ;
 A fifth was once a twin, the sixth is blind :
 In each she lives ;—in each by turns she dies ;
 Smitten by pestilence before her eyes ;
 Three days, and all are slain ;—the heaviest doom
 Is hers : their ice-barr'd cottage is their tomb.
 —The wretch, whose limbs are impotent with cold,
 In the warm comfort of a mantle roll'd,
 Lies down to slumber on his soul's desire ;
 But wakes at morn, as wrapt in flames of fire :
 Not Hercules, when from his breast he tore
 The cloak envenom'd with the Centaur's gore,
 Felt sharper pangs than he, who, mad with rage,
 Dives in the gulf, or rolls in snow, t' assuage
 His quenchless agony ; the rankling dart
 Within him burns till it consumes his heart.
 From vale to vale the affrighted victims fly,
 But catch or give the plague with every sigh ;
 A touch contaminates the purest veins,
 Till the *Black Death* through all the region reigns.

Comes there no ship again to Greenland's shore ?
 There comes another :—there shall come no more ;
 Nor this shall reach an haven :—What are these
 Stupendous monuments upon the seas ?
 Works of Omnipotence, in wondrous forms,
 Immoveable as mountains in the storms !
 Far as Imagination's eye can roll,
 One range of Alpine glaciers to the pole
 Flanks the whole eastern coast ; and, branching wide,
 Arches o'er many a league the indignant tide,
 That works and frets, with unavailing flow,
 To mine a passage to the beach below ;
 Thence from its neck that winter yoke to rend,
 And down the gulf the crashing fragments send.

There lies a vessel in this realm of frost,
 Not wreck'd, nor stranded, yet for ever lost :
 Its keel embedded in the solid mass ;
 Its glistening sails appear expanded glass ;
 The transverse ropes with pearls enormous strung,
 The yards with icicles grotesquely hung,
 Wrapp'd in the topmast shrouds there rests a boy,
 His old seafaring father's only joy :
 Sprung from a race of rovers, ocean born,
 Nursed at the helm, he trod dry land with scorn ;
 Through fourscore years from port to port he veer'd,
 Quicksand, nor rock, nor foe, nor tempest fear'd ;
 Now cast ashore, though like a hulk he lie,
 His son at sea is ever in his eye,
 And his prophetic thought, from age to age,
 Esteems the waves his offspring's heritage :
He ne'er shall know, in his Norwegian cot,
 How brief that son's career, how strange his lot ;
 Writhed round the mast, and sepulchred in air,
 Him shall no worm devour, no vulture tear ;
 Congeal'd to adamant, his frame shall last,
 Though empires change, till time and tide be past.
 On deck, in groups embracing as they died,
 Singly, erect, or slumbering side by side,
 Behold the crew !—They sail'd, with hope elate,
 For eastern Greenland—till, ensnared by fate,
 In toils that mock'd their utmost strength and skill,
 They felt, as by a charm, their ship stand still :
 The madness of the wildest gale that blows
 Were mercy to that shudder of repose,
 When withering horror struck from heart to heart
 The blunt rebound of Death's benumbing dart,
 And each, a petrification at his post,
 Look'd on yon father, and gave up the ghost :
 He, meekly kneeling, with his hands upraised,
 His beard of driven snow, eyes fix'd and glazed,
 Alone among the dead shall yet survive,
 —The imperishable dead, that seem alive ;
 —The immortal dead, whose spirits, breaking free,
 Bore his last words into eternity,
 While with a seraph's zeal, a Christian's love,
 Till his tongue fall'd, he spoke of joys above.
 Now motionless, amidst the icy air,
 He breathes from marble lips unutter'd prayer.
 The clouds condensed, with dark unbroken hue
 Of stormy purple, overhang his view,
 Save in the west, to which he strains his sight,
 One golden streak, that grows intensely bright,
 Till thence the emerging sun, with lightning blaze,
 Pours the whole quiver of his arrowy rays ;
 The smitten rocks to instant diamond turn,
 And round the expiring saint such visions burn
 As if the gates of Paradise were thrown
 Wide open to receive his soul ;—'tis flown :

The glory vanishes, and over all
Cimmerian darkness spreads her funeral pall !
Morn shall return, and noon, and eve, and night
Meet here with interchanging shade and light :
But from this bark no timber shall decay,
Of these cold forms no feature pass away ;
Perennial ice around the encrusted bow,
The peopled deck, and full-rigg'd masts, shall grow,
Till from the sun himself the whole be hid,
Or spied beneath a crystal pyramid ;
As in pure amber, with divergent lines,
A rugged shell emboss'd with sea-weed shines.
From age to age increased with annual snow,
This new *Mont Blanc* among the clouds may glow,
Whose conic peak, that earliest greets the dawn,
And latest from the sun's shut eye withdrawn,
Shall from the zenith, through incumbent gloom,
Burn like a lamp upon this naval tomb.
But when the archangel's trumpet sounds on high,
The pile shall burst to atoms through the sky,
And leave its dead, upstarting at the call,
Naked and pale, before the Judge of all.
Once more to Greenland's long-forsaken beach,
Which foot of man again shall never reach,
Imagination wings her flight, explores
The march of Pestilence along the shores,
And sees how Famine in his steps hath paced,
While winter laid the soil for ever waste.
Dwellings are heaps of fallen or falling stones,
The charnel-houses of unburied bones,
On which obscene and prowling monsters fed,
But, with the ravin in their jaws, fell dead.
Thus while Destruction, blasting youth and age,
Raged till it wanted victims for its rage,—
Love, the last feeling that from life retires,
Blew the faint sparks of his unfuell'd fires.
In the cold sunshine of yon narrow dell
Affection lingers ;—*there* two lovers dwell,
Greenland's whole family : nor long forlorn ;
There comes a vistant,—a babe is born.
O'er his meek helplessness the parents smiled ;
'Twas Hope ;—for Hope is every mother's child :
Then seemed they in that world of solitude,
The Eve and Adam of a race renew'd.
Brief happiness ! too perilous to last ;
The moon hath wax'd and waned, and all is past :
Behold the end :—One morn, athwart the wall,
They mark'd the shadow of a reindeer fall,
Bounding in tameless freedom o'er the snow ;
The father track'd him, and with fatal bow
Smote down the victim ; but before his eyes,
A rabid she-bear pounced upon the prize ;
A shaft into the spoiler's flank he sent,
She turned in wrath, and limb from limb had rent

The hunter,—but his dagger's plunging steel
 With riven bosom made the monster reel ;
 Unvanquish'd, both to closer combat flew,
 Assailants each, till each the other slew :
 Mingling their blood from mutual wounds, they lay
 Stretch'd on the carcase of their antler'd prey.

Meanwhile his partner waits, her heart at rest,
 No burthen but her infant on her breast.
 With him she slumbers, or with him she plays,
 And tells him all her dreams of future days,
 Asks him a thousand questions, feigns replies,
 And reads whate'er she wishes in his eyes.
 —Red evening comes ; no husband's shadow falls
 Where fell the reindeer's o'er the latticed walls :
 'Tis night ; no footstep sounds towards her door :
 The day returns,—but he returns no more.
 In frenzy, forth she sallies ; and with cries,
 To which no voice except her own replies
 In frightful echoes, starting all around,
 Where human voice again shall never sound,
 She seeks him, finds him not : some angel-guide
 In mercy turns her from the corpse aside ;
 Perhaps his own freed spirit, lingering near,
 Who waits to waft her to a happier sphere,
 But leads her first, at evening, to their cot,
 Where lies the little one, all day forgot ;
 Imparadised in sleep she finds him there,
 Kisses his cheek, and breathes a mother's prayer.
 Three days she languishes, nor can she shed
 One tear, between the living and the dead :
 When her lost spouse comes o'er the widow's thought,
 The pangs of memory are to madness wrought ;
 But when her suckling's eager lips are felt,
 Her heart would fain—but oh ! it cannot—melt ;
 At length it breaks, while on her lap he lies,
 With baby wonder gazing in her eyes.
 Poor orphan ! mine is not a hand to trace
 Thy little story, last of all thy race !
 Not long thy sufferings ; cold and colder grown,
 The arms that clasp thee chill thy limbs to stone.
 —'Tis done :—from Greenland's coast, the latest sigh
 Bore infant innocence beyond the sky.

PRISON AMUSEMENTS:

WRITTEN DURING NINE MONTHS OF CONFINEMENT IN THE CASTLE
OF YORK, IN THE YEARS 1795 AND 1796.

THE circumstances to which the following effusions owed their existence were briefly these:—When Montgomery took up his abode in Sheffield, and became the clerk of Joseph Gales, the printer, the heat of parties raged violently; and Gales, as the publisher of the *Sheffield Register*, was at the mercy of all the bad passions of the town. This newspaper had a large circulation, which proved fatal to the proprietor by drawing the “notice” of the government. A letter from a printer at Sheffield, found in the possession of “Citizen Hardy,” was falsely attributed to Gales, who sought safety by flight. Montgomery, then twenty-three years of age, reigned in his stead; and on July 4th, 1794, the first number of the *Iris*, in succession to the *Register*, was published. But his own hour was at hand. For an offence hardly appreciable by judicial analysis—the printing of a patriotic song for a street-hawker—he was twice sentenced to the penalties of fine and imprisonment;—in January, 1795, and in January, 1796;—the first time, a fine of twenty pounds, and three months’ confinement; the second, six months’ confinement, and a fine of thirty pounds.

The author, in the original Preface to these “trifles,” as he calls them, touchingly says:

“These Pieces were composed in bitter moments, amid the horrors of a gaol, under the pressure of sickness. They were the transcripts of melancholy feelings,—the warm effusions of a bleeding heart. The writer amused his imagination with attiring his sorrows in verse, that, under the romantic appearance of fiction, he might sometimes forget that his misfortunes were real.”

VERSES TO A ROBIN REDBREAST,

WHO VISITS THE WINDOW OF MY PRISON EVERY DAY.

WELCOME, pretty little stranger!
Welcome to my lone retreat!
Here, secure from every danger,
Hop about, and chirp, and eat:
Robin! how I envy thee,
Happy child of Liberty!

Now, though tyrant Winter, howling,
Shakes the world with tempests round,
Heaven above with vapours scowling,
Frost imprisons all the ground ;—
Robin ! what are these to thee ?
Thou art blest with liberty.

Though yon fair majestic river*
Mourns in solid icy chains,
Though yon flocks and cattle shiver
On the desolated plains ;—
Robin ! thou art gay and free,
Happy in thy liberty.

Hunger never shall distress thee
While my cates one crumb afford ;
Colds nor cramps shall e'er oppress thee ;
Come and share my humble board :
Robin ! come and live with me,
Live—yet still at liberty.

Soon shall Spring in smiles and blushes
Steal upon the blooming year ;
Then, amid the enamour'd bushes,
Thy sweet song shall warble clear :
Then shall I, too, join'd with thee,
Swell the hymn of liberty.

Should some rough unfeeling Dobbin,
In this iron-hearted age,
Seize thee on thy nest, my robin !
And confine thee in a cage,
Then, poor prisoner ! think of me,
Think—and sigh for liberty.



MOONLIGHT.

GENTLE Moon ! a captive calls ;
Gentle Moon ! awake, arise !
Gild the prison's sullen walls ;
Gild the tears that drown his eyes.

Throw thy veil of clouds aside ;
Let those smiles that light the pole
Through the liquid ether glide,—
Glide into the mourner's soul.

Cheer his melancholy mind ;
Soothe his sorrows, heal his smart :
Let thine influence, pure, refined,
Cool the fever of his heart.

* The Ouse.

Chase despondency and care,
 Fiends that haunt the GUILTY breast :
 Conscious virtue braves despair,
 Triumphs most when most oppress'd.

Now I feel thy power benign
 Swell my bosom, thrill my veins,
 As thy beams the brightest shine
 When the deepest midnight reigns.

Say, fair shepherdess of night !
 Who thy starry flock dost lead
 Unto rills of living light,
 On the blue ethereal mead ;

At this moment, dost thou see,
 From thine elevated sphere,
 One kind friend who thinks of me,—
 Thinks, and drops a feeling tear ?

On a brilliant beam convey
 This soft whisper to his breast,—
 " Wipe that generous drop away ;
 He for whom it falls is blest.

" Blest with freedom unconfin'd,
 Dungeons cannot hold the soul :
 Who can chain the immortal mind ?—
 None but He who spans the pole."

Fancy, too, the nimble fairy,
 With her subtle magic spell,
 In romantic visions airy
 Steals the captive from his cell.

On her moonlight pinions borne,
 Far he flies from grief and pain ;
 Never, never to be torn
 From his friends and home again.

Stay, thou dear delusion ! stay ;
 Beauteous bubble ! do not break ;
 Ah ! the pageant flits away ;
 —Who from such a dream would wake ?



THE CAPTIVE NIGHTINGALE.

NOCTURNAL silence reigning,
 A Nightingale began
 In his cold cage complaining
 Of cruel-hearted man :
 His drooping pinions shiver'd,
 Like wither'd moss so dry ;
 His heart with anguish quiver'd,
 And sorrow dimm'd his eye.

His grief in soothing slumbers
No balmy power could steep ;
So sweetly flow'd his numbers,
The music seem'd to weep.
Unfeeling sons of folly !
To you the mourner sung ;
While tender melancholy
Inspired his plaintive tongue.

“ Now reigns the Moon in splendour
Amid the heaven serene ;
A thousand stars attend her,
And glitter round their queen :
Sweet hours of inspiration !
When I, the still night long,
Was wont to pour my passion,
And breathe my soul in song.

“ But now, delicious season !
In vain thy charms invite ;
Entomb'd in this dire prison,
I sicken at the sight.
This morn, this vernal morning,
The happiest bird was I
That hail'd the sun returning,
Or swam the liquid sky.

“ In yonder breezy bowers,
Among the foliage green,
I spent my tuneful hours,
In solitude serene :
There soft Melodia's beauty
First fired my ravish'd eye ;
I vow'd eternal duty ;
She look'd—half kind, half shy !

“ My plumes with ardour trembling
I flutter'd, sigh'd, and sung ;
The fair one, still dissembling,
Refused to trust my tongue :
A thousand tricks inventing,
A thousand arts I tried ;
Till the sweet nymph, relenting,
Confess'd herself my bride.

“ Deep in the grove retiring
To choose our secret seat,
We found an oak aspiring,
Beneath whose mossy feet,
Where the tall herbage swelling
Had formed a green alcove,
We built our humble dwelling,
And hallow'd it with love.

" Sweet scene of vanish'd pleasure !
 This day, this fatal day,
 My little ones, my treasure,
 My spouse, were stolen away !
 I saw the precious plunder
 All in a napkin bound ;
 Then, smit with human thunder,
 I flutter'd on the ground !

" O Man ! beneath whose vengeance
 All Nature bleeding lies !
 Who charged thine impious engines
 With lightning from the skies ?
 Ah ! is thy bosom iron ?
 Does it thine heart enchain ?
 As these cold bars environ,
 And, captive, me detain !

" Where are my offspring tender ?
 Where is my widow'd mate !—
 Thou guardian Moon ! defend her !
 Ye Stars ! avert their fate !—
 O'erwhelm'd with killing anguish,
 In iron cage, forlorn,
 I see my poor babes languish :
 I hear their mother mourn !

" O Liberty ! inspire me,
 And eagle strength supply !
 Thou, Love almighty ! fire me !
 I'll burst my prison—or die !"
 He sung, and forward bounded ;
 He broke the yielding door !
 But, with the shock confounded,
 Fell lifeless on the floor !

Farewell, then, Philomela ;
 Poor martyr'd bird ! adieu !
 There's one, my charming fellow !
 Who thinks, who feels, like you :
 The bard that pens thy story,
 Amidst a prison's gloom,
 Sighs—not for wealth, nor glory—
 But Freedom, or thy tomb !



ODE TO THE EVENING STAR.

HAIL ! resplendent Evening Star !
 Brightly beaming from afar ;
 Fairest gem of purest light
 In the diadem of night.

Now thy mild and modest ray
 Lights to rest the weary day,
 While the lustre of thine eye
 Sweetly trembles through the sky ;
 As the closing shadows roll
 Deep and deeper round the pole,
 Lo ! thy kindling legions bright
 Steal insensibly to light ;
 Till, magnificent and clear,
 Shines the spangled hemisphere.

In these calmly pleasing hours,
 When the soul expands her powers,
 And, on wings of contemplation,
 Ranges round the vast creation ;
 When the mind's immortal eye
 Bounds with rapture to the sky,
 And in one triumphant glance
 Comprehends the wide expanse,
 Where stars, and suns, and systems shine,
 Faint beams of MAJESTY DIVINE ;—
 Now, when visionary sleep
 Lulls the world in slumbers deep ;
 When silence, awfully profound,
 Breathes solemn inspiration round,—
 Queen of beauty ! queen of stars !
 Smile upon these frowning bars ;
 Softly sliding from thy sphere,
 Condescend to visit here.

In the circle of this cell
 No tormenting demons dwell ;
 Round these walls in wild despair
 No agonizing spectres glare :
 Here reside no furies gaunt ;
 No tumultuous passions haunt ;
 Fell revenge, nor treachery base ;
 Guilt, with bold unblushing face ;
 Pale remorse, within whose breast
 Scorpion horrors murder rest ;
 Coward malice, hatred dire,
 Lawless rapine, dark desire ;
 Pining envy, frantic ire ;
 Never, never, dare intrude
 On this pensive solitude :
 —But a sorely hunted deer
 Finds a sad asylum here ;
 One whose panting sides have been
 Pierced with many an arrow keen ;
 One whose deeply-wounded heart
 Bears the scars of many a dart.
 In the herd he vainly mingled ;
 From the herd, when harshly singled,
 Too proud to fly, he scorn'd to yield ;
 Too weak to fight, he lost the field :

Assail'd, and captive led away,
He fell a poor inglorious prey.

Deign then, gentle Star ! to shed
Thy soft lustre round mine head ;
With cheering radiance gild the room,
And melt the melancholy gloom.
When I see thee from thy sphere
Trembling like a brilliant tear,
Shed a sympathizing ray
On the pale expiring day,
Then a welcome emanation
Of reviving consolation,
Swifter than the lightning's dart,
Glances through my glowing heart ;
Soothes my sorrows, lulls my woes,
In a soft, serene repose.
Like the undulating motion
Of the deep, majestic ocean,
When the whispering billows glide
Smooth along the tranquil tide ;
Calmly thus, prepared, resign'd,
Swells the independent mind.

But when through clouds thy beauteous light
Streams in splendour on the night,
Hope, like thee, my leading star,
Through the sullen gloom of care,
Sheds an animating ray
On the dark, bewildering way.
Starting, then, with sweet surprise,
Tears of transport swell mine eyes ;
Wildly through each throbbing vein,
Rapture thrills with pleasing pain :
All my fretful fears are banish'd,
All my dreams of anguish vanish'd ;
Energy my soul inspires,
And wakes the muse's hallow'd fires ;
Rich in melody, my tongue
Warbles forth spontaneous song.

Thus my prison moments gay
Swiftly, sweetly, glide away ;
Till, the last long day declining,
O'er yon tower thy glory, shining,
Shall the welcome signal be
Of to-morrow's liberty !
Liberty, triumphant borne
On the rosy wings of morn,
Liberty shall then return !
Rise to set the captive free ;
Rise, O sun of Liberty !

SOLILOQUY OF A WATER-WAGTAIL,

ON THE WALLS OF YORK CASTLE.

ON the walls that guard my prison,
Swelling with fantastic pride,
Brisk and merry as the season,
I a feather'd coxcomb spied :
When the little hopping elf
Gaily thus amused himself.

"Hear your sovereign's proclamation,
All good subjects, young and old :
I'm the lord of the creation ;
I—a water-wagtail bold !
All around, and all you see,
All the world, was made for ME !

"Yonder sun, so proudly shining,
Rises—when I leave my nest ;
And behind the hills declining,
Sets—when I retire to rest :
Morn and evening, thus you see,
Day and night, were made for ME !

"Vernal gales to love invite me ;
Summer sheds for me her beams ;
Autumn's jovial scenes delight me ;
Winter paves with ice my streams :
All the year is mine, you see ;
Seasons change, like moons, for ME !

"On the heads of giant mountains,
Or beneath the shady trees,
By the banks of warbling fountains,
I enjoy myself at ease :
Hills and valleys, thus you see,
Groves and rivers, made for ME !

"Boundless are my vast dominions ;
I can hop, or swim, or fly ;
When I please, my towering pinions
Trace my empire through the sky :
Air and elements, you see,
Heaven and earth, were made for ME !

"Birds and insects, beasts and fishes,
All their humble distance keep ;
Man, subservient to my wishes,
Sows the harvest which I reap :
Mighty man himself you see,
All that breathe, were made for ME !

"'Twas for my accommodation
 Nature rose when I was born ;
 Should I die—the whole creation
 Back to nothing would return :
 Sun, moon, stars, the world, you see,
 Sprung—exist—will fall—with ME !"

Here the pretty prattler, ending,
 Spread his wings to soar away ;
 But a cruel hawk, descending,
 Pounced him up—an helpless prey :
 —Couldst thou not, poor wagtail ! see
 That the hawk was made for THEE !



THE PLEASURES OF IMPRISONMENT :

IN TWO EPISTLES TO A FRIEND.

EPISTLE I.

YOU ask, my friend, and well you may,
 You ask me how I spend the day.
 I'll tell you, in unstudied rhyme,
 How wisely I befool my time :
 Expect not wit nor fancy, then,
 In this effusion of my pen ;
 These idle lines—they might be worse—
 Are simple prose, in simple verse.

Each morning, then, at five o'clock,
 The adamant doors unlock ;
 Bolts, bars, and portals, crash and thunder ;
 The gates of iron burst asunder :
 Hinges that creak, and keys that jingle,
 With clattering chains in concert mingle ;
 So sweet the din, your dainty ear
 For joy would break its drum to hear ;
 While my dull organs, at the sound,
 Rest in tranquillity profound :
 Fantastic dreams amuse my brain
 And waft my spirit home again.
 Though captive all day long, 'tis true,
 At night I am as free as you ;
 Not ramparts high, nor dungeons deep,
 Can hold me when I'm fast asleep.

But everything is good in season ;
 I dream at large—and wake in prison.
 Yet think not, sir, I lie too late ;
 I rise as early even as eight :
 Ten hours of drowsiness are plenty,
 For any man, in four and twenty.

You smile—and yet 'tis nobly done,
I'm but five hours behind the sun !

When dress'd, I to the yard repair,
And breakfast on the pure fresh air ;
But though this choice Castalian cheer
Keeps both the head and stomach clear,
For reasons strong enough with me,
I mend the meal with toast and tea.
Now air and fame, as poets sing,
Are both the same, the self-same thing,
Yet bards are not chameleons quite,
And heavenly food is very light :
Who ever dined or supp'd on fame,
And went to bed upon a name !

Breakfast despatch'd, I sometimes read,
To clear the vapours from my head ;
For books are magic charms, I ween,
Both for the crotchets and the spleen.
When genius, wisdom, wit abound,
Where sound is sense, and sense is sound ;
When art and nature both combine,
And live and breathe in every line ;
The reader glows along the page
With all the author's native rage !
But books there are with nothing fraught,—
Ten thousand words, and ne'er a thought ;
Where periods without period crawl,
Like caterpillars on a wall,
That fall to climb, and climb to fall ;
While still their efforts only tend
To keep them from their journey's end.
The readers yawn with pure vexation,
And nod—but not with approbation.
In such a fog of dulness lost,
Poor patience must give up the ghost :
Not Argus' eyes awake could keep ;
Even Death might read himself to sleep.

At half-past ten, or thereabout,
My eyes are all upon the scout,
To see the lounging post-boy come
With letters or with news from home.
Believe it, on a captive's word,
Although the doctrine seem absurd,
The paper-messengers of friends
For absence almost make amends ;—
But if you think I jest or lie,
Come to York Castle, sir, and try.

Sometimes to Fairyland I rove :—
Those iron rails become a grove ;
These stately buildings fall away
To moss-grown cottages of clay ;
Debtors are changed to jolly swains,
Who pipe and whistle on the plains ;
Yon felons grim, with fetters bound,

Are satyrs wild with garlands crown'd ;
 Their clanking chains are wreaths of flowers ;
 Their horrid cells ambrosial bowers ;
 The oaths, expiring on their tongues,
 Are metamorphosed into songs :
 While wretched female prisoners, lo !
 Are Dian's nymphs of virgin snow.
 Those hideous walls with verdure shoot ;
 These pillars bend with blushing fruit ;
 That dunghill swells into a mountain :
 The pump becomes a purling fountain ;
 The noisome smoke of yonder mills,
 The circling air with fragrance fills ;
 This horse-pond spreads into a lake,
 And swans of ducks and geese I make ;
 Sparrows are changed to turtle-doves,
 That bill and coo their pretty loves ;
 Wagtails, turn'd thrushes, charm the vales,
 And tomtits sing like nightingales.
 No more the wind through keyholes whistles,
 But sighs on beds of pinks and thistles ;
 The rattling rain that beats without,
 And gurgles down the leaden spout,
 In light delicious dew distils,
 And melts away in amber rills ;—
 Elysium rises on the green,
 And health and beauty crown the scene.

Then, by the enchantress Fancy led,
 On violet banks I lay my head ;
 Legions of radiant forms arise,
 In fair array before mine eyes ;
 Poetic visions gild my brain,
 And melt in liquid air again ;
 As in a magic-lantern clear,
 Fantastic images appear,
 That, beaming from the spectred glass,
 In beautiful succession pass,
 Yet steal the lustre of their light
 From the deep shadow of the night :
 Thus, in the darkness of my head,
 Ten thousand shining things are bred,
 That borrow splendour from the gloom,
 As glow-worms twinkle in a tomb.

But lest these glories should confound me,
 Kind Dulness draws her curtain round me ;
 The visions vanish in a trice,
 And I awake as cold as ice :
 Nothing remains of all the vapour,
 Save—what I send you—ink and paper.

Thus flow my morning hours along,
 Smooth as the numbers of my song :
 Yet, let me wander as I will,
 I feel I am a prisoner still.
 Thus Robin, with the blushing breast,

Is ravish'd from his little nest
 By barbarous boys, who bind his leg
 To make him flutter round a peg :
 See, the glad captive spreads his wings,
 Mounts, in a moment mounts and sings,
 When suddenly the cruel chain
 Twitches him back to earth again !
 —The clock strikes one—I can't delay,
 For dinner comes but once a day :
 At present, worthy friend, farewell ;
 But by to-morrow's post I'll tell
 How, during these half-dozen moons,
 I cheat the lazy afternoons.

 EPISTLE II.

IN this sweet place, where freedom reigns,
 Secured by bolts, and snug in chains ;
 Where innocence and guilt together
 Roost like two turtles of a feather ;
 Where debtors safe at anchor lie
 From saucy duns and bailiffs aly ;
 Where highwaymen and robbers stout
 Would, rather than break in, break out ;
 Where all 's so guarded and recluse,
 That none his liberty can lose ;—
 Here each may, as his means afford,
 Dine like a pauper or a lord,
 And those who can't the cost defray
 May live to dine another day.

Now let us ramble o'er the green,
 To see and hear what's heard and seen ;
 To breathe the air, enjoy the light,
 And hail yon sun, who shines as bright
 Upon the dungeon and the gallows
 As on York Minster or Kew Palace.
 And here let us the scene review :—
 That's the old castle,—this the new ;
 Yonder the felons walk,—and there
 The lady-prisoners take the air ;
 Behind are solitary cells,
 Where hermits live like snails in shells ;
 There stands the chapel for good people ;
 That black balcony is the steeple ;
 How gaily spins the weathercock !
 How proudly shines the crazy clock !
 A clock, whose wheels eccentric run
 More like my head than like the sun :
 And yet it shows us, right or wrong,
 The days are only twelve hours long ;
 Though captives often reckon here
 Each day a month, each month a year.

There honest William stands in state,
 The porter, at the horrid gate :
 Yet no ill-natured soul is he,—
 Entrance to all the world is free ;
 One thing, indeed, is rather hard,—
 Egress is frequently debarr'd :
 Of all the joys within that reign,
 There's none like—getting out again !
 Across the green, behold the court,
 Where jargon reigns and wigs resort ;
 Where bloody tongues fight bloodless battles,
 For life and death, for straws and rattles ;
 Where juries yawn their patience out,
 And judges dream in spite of gout.
 There, on the outside of the door
 (As sang a wicked wag of yore),
 Stands Mother Justice, tall and thin,
 Who never yet hath ventured in :
 The cause, my friend, may soon be shown,
 The lady was a stepping stone,
 Till—though the metamorphose odd is—
 A chisel made the block a goddess :—
 “ Odd ! ” did I say !—I'm wrong this time ;
 But I was hamper'd for a rhyme :
 Justice at—I could tell you where—
 Is just the same as justice there.

But lo ! my frisking dog attends,
 The kindest of four-footed friends ;
 Brimful of giddiness and mirth,
 He is the prettiest fool on earth.
 The rogue is twice a squirrel's size,
 With short snub nose and big black eyes ;
 A cloud of brown adorns his tail,
 That curls and serves him for a sail ;
 The same deep auburn dyes his ears,
 That never were abridged by shears :
 While white around, as Lapland snows,
 His hair in soft profusion flows ;
 Waves on his breast, and plumes his feet
 With glossy fringe, like feathers fleet.
 A thousand antic tricks he plays,
 And looks at one a thousand ways ;
 His wit, if he has any, lies
 Somewhere between his tail and eyes ;
 Sooner the light those eyes will fail,
 Than *Billy* cease to wag that tail.

And yet the fellow ne'er is safe
 From the tremendous beak of Ralph,—
 A raven grim, in black and blue,
 As arch a knave as e'er you knew ;
 Who hops about with broken pinions,
 And thinks these walls his own dominions.
 This wag a mortal foe to Bill is ;
 They fight like Hector and Achilles :

Bold Billy runs with all his might,
 And conquers, Parthian-like, in flight ;
 While Ralph his own importance feels,
 And wages endless war with heels :
 Horses and dogs, and geese and deer,
 He slyly pinches in the rear ;
 They start, surprised with sudden pain,
 While honest Ralph shears off again.

A melancholy stag appears,
 With rueful look and flagging ears ;
 A feeble, lean, consumptive elf,
 The very picture of myself !
 My ghost-like form, and new-moon phiz,
 Are just the counterparts of his :
 Blasted like me by Fortune's frown ;
 Like me, TWICE hunted, TWICE run down !
 Like me pursued, almost to death,
 He's come to gaol to save his breath !
 Still, on his painful limbs, are seen
 The scars where worrying dogs have been ;
 Still, on his woe-imprinted face,
 I weep a broken heart to trace.
 Daily the mournful wretch I feed
 With crumbs of comfort and of bread ;
 But man, false man ! so well he knows,
 He deems the species all his foes :
 In vain I smile to soothe his fear,
 He will not, dare not, come too near ;
 He lingers—looks—and fain he would—
 Then strains his neck to reach the food.
 Oft as his plaintive looks I see,
 A brother's bowels yearn in me.
 What rocks and tempests yet await
 Both him and me, we leave to fate :
 We know, by past experience taught,
 That innocence availeth nought :
 I feel, and 'tis my proudest boast,
 That conscience is itself a host :
 While this inspires my swelling breast,
 Let all forsake me—I'm at rest ;
 Ten thousand deaths, in every nerve,
 I'd rather SUFFER than DESERVE.

But yonder comes the victim's wife,
 A dappled doe, all fire and life :
 She trips along with gallant pace,
 Her limbs alert, her motion grace :
 Soft as the moonlight fairies bound,
 Her footsteps scarcely kiss the ground ;
 Gently she lifts her fair brown head,
 And licks my hand, and begs for bread :
 I pat her forehead, stroke her neck,
 She starts and gives a timid squeak ;
 Then, while her eye with brilliance burns,
 The fawning animal returns ;

Pricks her bob-tail, and waves her ears,
 And happier than a queen appears :
 —Poor beast ! from fell ambition free,
 And all the woes of LIBERTY ;
 Born in a gaol, a prisoner bred,
 No dreams of hunting rack thine head ;
 Ah ! mayst thou never pass these bounds
 To see the world—and feel the hounds !
 Still all her beauty, all her art,
 Have fail'd to win her husband's heart :
 Her lambent eyes, and lovely chest ;
 Her swan-white neck and ermine breast ;
 Her taper legs, and spotty hide,
 So softly, delicately pied,
 In vain their fond allurements spread,—
 To love and joy her spouse is dead.
 But lo ! the evening shadows fall
 Broader and browner from the wall ;
 A warning voice, like curfew bell,
 Commands each captive to his cell ;
 My faithful dog and I retire,
 To play and chatter by the fire :
 Soon comes a turnkey with "Good night, sir !"
 And bolts the door with all his might, sir :
 Then leisurely to bed I creep,
 And sometimes wake—and sometimes sleep.
 These are the joys that reign in prison ;
 And if I'm happy, 'tis with reason :
 Yet still this prospect o'er the rest
 Makes every blessing doubly blest,—
 That soon these pleasures will be vanish'd,
 And I from all these comforts banish'd !



THE BRAMIN.

EXTRACT FROM CANTO I.

ONCE, on the mountain's balmy lap reclined,
 The sage unlock'd the treasures of his mind :
 Pure from his lips sublime instruction came,
 As the blest altar breathes celestial flame ;
 A band of youths and virgins round him press'd,
 Whom thus the prophet and the sage address'd :—
 "Through the wide universe's boundless range,
 All that exist decay, revive, and change :
 No atom torpid or inactive lies ;
 A being, once created, never dies.
 The waning moon, when quench'd in shades of night,
 Renews her youth with all the charms of light :
 The flowery beauties of the blooming year
 Shrink from the shivering blast, and disappear ;

Yet, warm'd with quickening showers of genial rain,
 Spring from their graves and purple all the plain.
 As day the night, and night succeeds the day,
 So death reanimates, so lives decay :
 Like billows on the undulating main,
 The swelling fall, the falling swell again ;
 Thus on the tide of time, inconstant, roll
 The dying body and the living soul.
 In every animal, inspired with breath,
 The flowers of life produce the seeds of death ;—
 The seeds of death, though scatter'd in the tomb,
 Spring with new vigour, vegetate and bloom.
 " When, wasted down to dust, the creature dies,
 Quick from its cell the enfranchised spirit flies ;
 Fills, with fresh energy, another form,
 And towers an elephant, or glides a worm ;
 The awful lion's royal shape assumes ;
 The fox's subtlety, or peacock's plumes ;
 Swims, like an eagle, in the eye of noon,
 Or wails, a screech-owl, to the deaf cold moon ;
 Haunts the dread brakes where serpents hiss and glare,
 Or hums, a glittering insect in the air.
 The illustrious souls of great and virtuous men,
 In noble animals revive again ;
 But base and vicious spirits wind their way
 In scorpions, vultures, sharks, and beasts of prey.
 The fair, the gay, the witty, and the brave,
 The fool, the coward, courtier, tyrant, slave,
 Each, in congenial animals, shall find
 A home and kindred for his wandering mind.
 " Even the cold body, when enshrined in earth,
 Rises again in vegetable birth :
 From the vile ashes of the bad, proceeds
 A baneful harvest of pernicious weeds ;
 The relics of the good, awaked by showers,
 Peep from the lap of death, and live in flowers,
 Sweet modest flowers, that blush along the vale,
 Whose fragrant lips embalm the passing gale."

THE BRAMIN.

EXTRACT FROM CANTO II.

* * * *

" Now, mark the words these dying lips impart,
 And wear this grand memorial round your heart :
 All that inhabit ocean, air, or earth,
 From ONE ETERNAL SIRE derive their birth.
 The Hand that built the palace of the sky
 Form'd the light wings that decorate a fly ;
 The power that wheels the circling planets round
 Rears every infant floweret on the ground ;

That Bounty which the mightiest beings share
 Feeds the least gnat that gilds the evening air.
 Thus all the wild inhabitants of woods,
 Children of air, and tenants of the floods,—
 All, all are equal, independent, free,
 And all the heirs of immortality !
 For all that live and breathe have once been men,
 And, in succession, will be such again :
 Even you, in turn, that human shape must change,
 And through ten thousand forms of being range.

“ Ah ! then, refrain your brethren's blood to spill,
 And, till you can create, forbear to kill !
 Oft as a guiltless fellow-creature dies,
 The blood of innocence for vengeance cries :
 Even grim rapacious savages of prey,
 Presume not, save in self-defence, to slay ;
 What though to Heaven their forfeit-lives they owe,
 Hath Heaven commission'd thee to deal the blow ?
 Crush not the feeble, inoffensive worm,
 Thy sister's spirit wears that humble form !
 Why should thy cruel arrow smite yon bird ?
 In him thy brother's plaintive song is heard.
 When the poor harmless kid, all trembling, lies,
 And begs his little life with infant cries,
 Think, ere you take the throbbing victim's breath,
 You doom a dear, an only, child to death.
 When at the ring the beauteous heifer stands,
 Stay, monster ! stay those parricidal hands ;
 Canst thou not, in that mild dejected face,
 The sacred features of thy mother trace ?
 When to the stake the generous bull you lead,
 Tremble—ah ! tremble—lest your father bleed.
 Let not your anger on your dog descend,
 The faithful animal was once your friend ;
 The friend whose courage snatch'd you from the grave,
 When wrapp'd in flames or sinking in the wave.
 Rash, impious youth ! renounce that horrid knife ;
 Spare the sweet antelope !—ah, spare—thy wife !
 In the meek victim's tear-illumined eyes
 See the soft image of thy consort rise ;
 Such as she is, when by romantic streams
 Her spirit greets thee in delightful dreams ;—
 Not as she look'd, when blighted in her bloom ;
 Not as she lies all pale in yonder tomb :
 That mournful tomb, where all thy joys repose !
 That hallow'd tomb, where all thy griefs shall close.

“ While yet I sing, the weary king of light
 Resigns his sceptre to the queen of night ;
 Unnumber'd orbs of living fire appear,
 And roll in glittering grandeur o'er the sphere.
 Perhaps the soul, released from earthly ties,
 A thousand ages hence may mount the skies ;
 Through suns and planets, stars and systems, range,
 In each new forms assume, relinquish, change ;

From age to age, from world to world, aspire,
And climb the scale of being higher and higher :
But who these awful mysteries dare explore ?
Pause, O my soul ! and tremble and adore.
"There is a Power, all other powers above,
Whose name is Goodness, and His nature Love ;
Who call'd the infant universe to light,
From central nothing and circumfluent night.
On His great providence all worlds depend,
As trampling atoms to their centre tend ;
In nature's face His glory shines confess'd,
She wears His sacred image on her breast ;
His spirit breathes in every living soul ;
His bounty feeds, His presence fills, the whole :
Though seen, invisible—though felt, unknown ;
All that exist, exist in Him alone.
But who the wonders of His hand can trace
Through the dread ocean of unfathom'd space ?
When from the shore we lift our fainting eyes,
Where boundless scenes of Godlike grandeur rise,
Like sparkling atoms in the noontide rays,
Worlds, stars, and suns, and universes, blaze :
Yet these transcendent monuments that shine,
Eternal miracles of skill divine,
These, and ten thousand more, are only still
The shadow of His power, the transcript of His will."

THOUGHTS ON WHEELS.*

"Crooked cannot be made straight."—*Ecclesiastes*, i. 15.

No. I.

THE COMBAT.

OF old when fiery warriors met,
On edge of steel their lives were set ;
Eye watching eye, shield crossing shield,
Foot wedged to foot, they fought the field,
Dealt and withstood as many strokes
As might have fell'd two forest oaks,
Till one, between the harness-joint,
Felt the resistless weapon's point
Quick through his heart,—and in a flood
Pour'd his hot spirit with his blood.

The victor, rising from the blow
That laid his brave assailant low,
Then blush'd not from his height to bend,
Foully a gallant deed to end ;
But whirl'd in fetters round the plain,
Whirl'd at his chariot-wheels, the slain ;
Beneath the silent curse of eyes
That look'd for vengeance to the skies ;
While shame, that could not reach the dead,
Pour'd its whole vial on *his* head.

Who falls in honourable strife,
Surrenders nothing but his life ;
Who basely triumphs, casts away
The glory of the well-won day :
—Rather than feel the joy he feels,
Commend me to his chariot-wheels.

*—It published in 1817, in a volume produced by the poet's friend, Mr. S. Roberts,
"The State Lottery : a Dream."

No. II.

THE CAR OF JUGGERNAUT.

ON plains beneath the morning star,
Lo ! Juggernaut's stupendous car ;
So high and menacing its size,
The Tower of Babel seems to rise ;
Darkening the air, its shadow spreads
O'er thrice a hundred thousand heads ;
Darkening the soul, it strikes a gloom,
Dense as the night beyond the tomb.
Full in mid-heaven, when mortal eye
Up this huge fabric climbs the sky,
The Idol scowls, in dragon-pride,
Like Satan's conscience deified :—
Satan himself would scorn to ape
Divinity in *such* a shape.
Breaking the billows of the crowd,
As countless, turbulent, and loud
As surges on the windward shore,
That madly foam and idly roar ;
The unwieldy wain compels its course,
Crushing resistance down by force ;
It creaks, and groans, and grinds along
'Midst shrieks and prayers,—'midst dance and song ;
With orgies in the eye of noon,
Such as would turn to blood the moon ;
Impieties so bold, so black,
The stars to shun them would reel back ;
And secret horrors, which the sun
Would put on sackcloth to see done.
Thrice happy they, whose headlong souls,
Where'er the enormous ruin rolls,
Cast their frail bodies on the stones,
Pave its red track with crashing bones,
And pant and struggle for the fate—
To die beneath the sacred weight.
" O fools and mad ! " your Christians cry :
Yet wise, methinks, are those who die :
For me,—if Juggernaut were God,—
Rather than writhe beneath his rod ;
Rather than live his devotee,
And bow to such a brute the knee ;
Rather than be his favourite priest,
Wallow in wantonness, and feast
On tears and blood, on groans and cries,
The fume and fat of sacrifice ;
Rather than share his love,—or wrath ;
I'd fling my carcass in his path,
And almost bless his name to feel
The murdering mercy of his wheel.

No. III.

THE INQUISITION.

THERE was in Christendom, of yore,
 —And would to heaven it were no more !—
 There *was* an Inquisition-Court,
 Where priestcraft made the demons sport :
 Priestcraft,—in form a giant monk,
 With wine of Rome's pollutions drunk,
 Like captive Samson, bound and blind,
 In chains and darkness of the mind,—
 There show'd such feats of strength and skill
 As made it charity to kill,
 And well the blow of death might pass
 For what he call'd it—*coup de grace* ;
 While, in his little hell on earth,
 The foul fiends quaked amidst their mirth :
 But *not* like him, who to the skies
 Turn'd the dark embers of his eyes,
 (Where lately burn'd a fire divine,
 Where still it burn'd, but could not shine,)
 And one by violence of prayer
 (Hope's dying accents in despair),
 Power to demolish, from its base,
 Dagon's proud fane, on Dagon's race ;
 Not *thus* like Samson ;—false of heart,
 The tonsured juggler play'd his part,
 GOD's law in GOD's own name made void,
 Men for their Saviour's sake destroy'd,
 Made pure religion his pretence
 To rid the earth of innocence ;
 While spirits from the infernal flood
 Cool'd their parch'd tongues in martyrs' blood,
 And half forgot their stings and flames
 In conning, at those hideous games,
 Lessons,—which he who taught should know
 How well they had been learn'd below.

Among the engines of his power
 Most dreaded in the trying hour,
 When impotent were fire and steel,
 All but almighty was the Wheel,
 Whose harrowing revolution wrung
 Confession from the slowest tongue ;
 From joints unlock'd made secrets start,
 Twined with the cordage of the heart ;
 From muscles in convulsion drew
 Knowledge the sufferer never knew ;
 From failing flesh, in Nature's spite,
 Brought deeds that ne'er were done to light ;
 From snapping sinews wrench'd the lie,
 That gain'd the victim leave to die ;

When, self-accused, condemn'd at length,
 His only crime was want of strength ;
 From holy hands with joy he turn'd,
 And kiss'd the stake at which he burn'd.
 But from the man, of soul sublime,
 Who lived above the world of time,
 Fervent in faith, in conscience clear,
 Who knew *to love*,—but not *to fear*;
 When every artifice of pain
 Was wasted on his limbs in vain,
 And baffled cruelty could find
 No hidden passage to his mind,
 The Wheel extorted nought in death,
 Except—forgiveness, and his breath.
 Such a victorious death to die
 Were prompt translation to the sky :
 —Yet, with the weakest, I would meet
 Racks, scourges, flames, and count them sweet ;
 Nay, might I choose, I would not 'scape
 "The question," put in any shape,
 Rather than sit in judgment there,
 Where the false prophet fills the chair :
 —Rather than turn his torturing Wheel,
 Give me its utmost stretch to feel.

 No. IV.

THE STATE LOTTERY.

ESCAPED from ancient battle-field,
 Though neither *with* nor *on* my shield :
 Escaped—how terrible the thought
 Even of escape !—from Juggernaut ;
 Escaped from tenfold worse perdition
 In dungeons of the Inquisition ;
 O with what ecstasy I stand
 Once more on Albion's refuge-land !
 O with what gratitude I bare
 My bosom to that island-air,
 Which tyrants gulp and cease to be,
 Which slaves inhale and slaves are free !
 For though the wheels, behind my back,
 Still seem to rumble in my track,
 Their sound is music on the breeze ;
 I dare them all to cross the seas :
 —Nay, *should* they reach our guarded coast,
 Like Pharaoh's chariots and his host,
 Monks, Bramins, warriors, sworn and dead,
 Axles and orbs, in wrecks were spread.
 And are there on this holy ground
 No wheels to trail the vanquish'd found ?

None framed the living bones to break,
 Or rend the nerves for conscience-sake?
 No :—Britons scorn the unhallow'd touch ;
They will not use, nor suffer, such :
 Alike *they* shun, with fearless heart,
 The victim's and tormentor's part.

Yet here are wheels of feller kind,
 To drag in chains the captive mind ;
 To crush, beneath their horrid load,
 Hearts panting prostrate on the road ;
 To wind desire from spoke to spoke,
 And break the spirit stroke by stroke.

Where Gog and Magog, London's pride,
 O'er city bankruptcies preside ;
 Stone-blind at *nisi prius* sit,
 Harken stone-deaf to lawyers' wit ;
 Or scowl on men, that play the beasts,
 At Common Halls and Lord Mayors' feasts,
 When venison or the public cause,
 Taxes or turtle, stretch their jaws ;
There,—in a whisper be it said,
 Lest honest Beckford shake his head ;
 Lest Chatham, with indignant cheek,
 Start from his pedestal and speak ;
 Lest Chatham's son in marble groan,
 As if restored to skin and bone ;*
There,—speak ! speak out ! abandon fear !
 Let both the dead and living hear ;
 —The dead, that they may blush for shame
 Amidst their monumental fame ;
 —The living, that, forewarn'd of fate,
 Conscience may force them, ere too late,
 Those Wheels of infamy to shun,
 Which thousands touch, and are undone :

There,—built by legislative hands,
 On Christian ground, an altar stands.
 —"Stands? gentle Poet, tell me where?"
 Go to Guildhall :—"It stands not *there*!"
 True ; 'tis my brain that raves and reels
 Whene'er it turns on Lottery Wheels :
 Such things in youth can I recall
 Nor think of thee,—of thee, Guildhall?
 Where erst I play'd with glittering schemes,
 And lay entranced in golden dreams ;
 Bright round my head those bubbles broke,
 Poorer from every dream I 'woke ;
 Wealth came,—but not the wealth I sought ;
 Wisdom was wealth to me ; and taught
 My feet to *miss* thy gates,—that lay,
 Like toll-bars on the old "broad way,"
 Where pilgrims paid,—O grief to tell !—
 Tribute for going down to hell.

* These lines refer to the statues of British worthies which adorn the Guildhall of London.

Long on thy floor an altar stood,
 To human view unstain'd with blood,
 But red and foul in Heaven's pure eyes,
 Groaning with infant sacrifice,
 From year to year ;—till sense or shame,
 Or some strange cause without a name,
 —'Twas *not* the cry of innocence,
 —Drove such abomination thence :
 Thence drove it,—but destroy'd it not ;
 It blackens some obscurer spot ;
 Obscurer,—yet so well defined,
 Thither the blind may lead the blind,
 While heralds shout in every ear,
 " This is the temple,—worship here."
 Thither the deaf may *read* their way ;
 'Tis plain ;—to *find* it, *go astray* !
 Thither the lame, on wings of paper,
 May come to nothing, like a vapour ;
 Thither may all the world repair ;
 A word, a wish, will waft you thero ;
 And, O, so smooth and steep the track,
 'Tis worth your life to venture back ;
 Easy the step to Coopers' Hall,*
 As headlong from a cliff to fall ;
 Hard to recover from the shock,
 As broken-limb'd to climb a rock.

There, built by legislative hands,
 Our country's shame, an altar stands :
 Not votive brass, nor hallow'd stone,
 Humbly inscribed—" To God unknown ;"
 Though sure, if earth afford a space
 For such an altar, here's the place :
 —Not breathing incense in a shrine,
 Where human art appears divine,
 And man by his own skill hath wrought
 So bright an image of his thought,
 That nations, barbarous or refined,
 Might worship there the immortal mind,
 That gave their ravish'd eyes to see
 A meteor glimpse of Deity ;
 A ray of Nature's purest light
 Shot through the gulf of Pagan night,
 Dazzling,—but leaving darkness more
 Profoundly blinding than before.
 —Ah ! no such power of genius calls
 Sublime devotion to these walls ;
 No pomp of art, surpassing praise,
 Britannia's altar here displays ;
 A MONEY-CHANGER's table,—spread
 With hieroglyphics, black and red,
 Exhibits, on deceitful scrolls,
 " The price of tickets,"—and of souls ;

* Where the State Lottery was drawn for many years.

For thus are souls to market brought,
Bartered for vanity,—for nought ;
Till the poor venders find the cost,—
Time to eternal ages lost !

No sculptured idol decks the place,
Of such excelling form and face,
That Grecian pride might feign its birth
A statue fallen from heaven to earth :
The goddess here is best design'd,
—A flimsy harlot, bold and blind ;
Invisible to standers-by,
And yet in everybody's eye !
FORTUNE her name ;—a gay deceiver,
Cheat as she may, the crowd believe her ;
And she, abuse her as they will,
Showers on the crowd her favours still :
For 'tis the bliss of both to be
Themselves unseen, and not to see :
Had she discernment,—pride would scout
The homage of her motley route ;
Were she reveal'd,—the poorest slave
Would blush to be her luckiest knave.

Not good old FORTUNE here we scorn,
In classic fable heavenly born ;
She who *for nothing* deigns to deal
Her blanks and prizes from *One Wheel* ;
And who, like Justice, wisely blind,
Scatters her bounties on mankind
With such a broad impartial aim,
If none will praise her, none should blame ;
For were ten thousand fancies tried
Wealth more discreetly to divide
Among the craving race of man,
Wit could not frame a happier plan.

Here 'tis her *counterfeit*, who reigns
O'er haunted heads and moonstruck brains ;
A *two-wheel'd* jade, admired by sots,
Who flings, *for cash in hand*, her lots
To those, who, fain "their luck to try,"
Sell hope, and disappointment buy.
The wily sorceress here reveals,
With proud parade, her mystic Wheels ;—
Those Wheels, on which the nation runs
Over the morals of its sons ;
—Those Wheels, at which the nation draws
Through shouting streets its broken laws !
Engines of plotting Fortune's skill
To lure, entangle, torture, kill.
Behold her, in imperial pride,
King, Lords, and Commons at her side ;
Arm'd with authority of state,
The public peace to violate :
More might be told,—but not by me
Must this "eternal blazon" be.

Between her Wheels the Phantom stands,
 With Syren voice, and Harpy hands :
 She turns the enchanted axle round ;
 Forth leaps the "TWENTY THOUSAND POUND !"
 That "twenty thousand" *one* has got ;
 —But twenty thousand more have *not*.
 These curse her to the face, deplore
 Their loss, then—take her word once more ;
 Once more deceived, they rise like men
 Bravely resolved—to try again ;
 Again they fail ;—again trepann'd,
 She mocks them with her sleight of hand ;
 Still fired with rage, with avarice steel'd,
 Perish they may, but never yield ;
 They woo her till their latest breath,
 Then snatch *their* prize—a blank in death.

The priests that in her temple wait,
 Her minor ministers of fate,
 Like Dian's silversmiths of old,
 True to the craft that brings them gold,
 Lungs, limbs, and pens, unwearied ply
 To puff their goddess to the sky :
 O that their puffs could *fix* her there,
 Who builds such castles in the air,
 And, in the malice of her mirth
 Lets them to simpletons on earth !
 —Who steals the rainbow's peaceful form,
 But *is* the demon of the storm ;
 —Assumes a star's benignant mien,
 But wears a comet's tail unseen ;
 —Who smiles a Juno to the crowd,
 But all that win her catch a cloud,
 And, doom'd Ixion's fate to cel,
 Are whirl'd upon a giddier wheel.
 —O that her priests could *fix her* there,
 Whose breath and being are but air !
 Yet not for this their spells they try ;
 They bawl to keep her *from* the sky,
 A harmless meteor in that sphere ;
 A baleful *Ignis fatuus* here,
 With wandering and bewildering light,
 To cheer, and then confound, the sight,
 Guide the lorn traveller,—then betray,
 Where death in ambush lurks for prey.
 Fierce, but familiar, at their call,
 The veriest fiend of Satan's fall ;
 —The fiend that tempted him to stake
 Heaven's bliss against the burning lake ;
 The fiend that tempted him again
 To burst the darkness of his den,
 And risk whate'er of wrath untried
 Eternal justice yet could hide,
 For one transcendent chance, by sin,
 Man and his new-made world to win ;

—That fiend, while Satan play'd his part
 At Eve's fond ear, assail'd her heart,
 And tempted her to hazard more
 Than fallen angels lost before ;
 They ruin'd but themselves—her crime
 Brought death on all the race of time :
 —That fiend comes forth, like Ætna's flame ;
 The SPIRIT OF GAMBLING call his name ;
 So flush'd and terrible in power,
 The priests themselves he would devour ;
 But straight, by Act of Parliament,
 Loose through the land his plagues are sent.
 The Polypus himself divides,
 A legion issues from his sides ;
 Ten thousand shapes he wears at will,
 In every shape a devil still ;
 Eager and restless to be known
 By any mark except his own ;
 In airy, earthly, heavenly guise,
 No matter,—if it strike the eyes ;
 Yet ever, at the clink of pelf,
 He starts, and shrinks into himself :
 —A traitor now, with face of truth,
 He dupes the innocence of youth ;
 A shrewd pretender, smooth and sage,
 He tempts the avarice of age ;
 A wizard, versed in damned arts,
 He trammels uncorrupted hearts ;
 He lulls Suspicion, Sense waylays,
 Honour and Honesty betrays,
 Finds Virtue sleeping, and by stealth
 Beguiles her with a dream of wealth ;
 Till rich and poor, till fools and wise,
 Haste to the headlong sacrifice,
 Gaze till they slip into the snare ;
 —Angels might weep to see them there ;
 Then to the Lottery Wheels away,
 The SPIRIT OF GAMBLING drags his prey.
 Hail to the fiery bigot's rack !
 Hail Juggernaut's destructive track !
 Hail to the warrior's iron car !
 But oh, be Lottery Wheels afar !
 I'll die by torture, war, disease,
 I'll die—by any Wheels but these !

 No. V.

TO BRITAIN.

I LOVE Thee, O my native Isle !
 Dear as my mother's earliest smile,
 Sweet as my father's voice to me,
 Is all I hear, and all I see,

When, glancing o'er thy beauteous land,
In view thy *Public Virtues* stand,
The guardian-angels of thy coast,
Who watch the dear *domestic Host*,
The *Heart's Affections*, pleased to roam
Around the quiet heaven of home.

I love Thee,—when I mark thy soil
Flourish beneath the peasant's toil,
And from its lap of verdure throw
Treasures which neither Indies know.

I love Thee,—when I hear around
Thy looms, and wheels, and anvils sound,
Thine engines heaving all their force,
Thy waters labouring on their course,
And arts, and industry, and wealth,
Exulting in the joys of health.

I love Thee,—when I trace thy tale
To the dim point where records fail;
Thy deeds of old renown inspire
My bosom with our fathers' fire;
A proud inheritance I claim
In all their sufferings, all their fame:
Nor less delighted, when I stray
Down History's lengthening, widening way,
And hail thee in thy present hour,
From the meridian arch of power,
Shedding the lustre of thy reign,
Like sunshine, over land and main.

I love Thee,—when I read the lays
Of British bards in elder days,
Till, rapt on visionary wings,
High o'er thy cliffs my spirit sings;
For I, amidst thy living choir,
I, too, can touch the sacred lyre.

I love Thee,—when I contemplate
The full-orb'd grandeur of thy state;
Thy laws and liberties, that rise,
Man's noblest works beneath the skies,
To which the Pyramids are tame,
And Grecian temples bow their fame:
These, thine immortal sages wrought
Out of the deepest mines of thought;
These, on the scaffold, in the field,
Thy warriors won, thy patriots seal'd;
These, at the parricidal pyre,
Thy martyrs sanctified in fire,
And, with the generous blood they spilt,
Wash'd from thy soil their murderers' guilt,
Cancell'd the curse which Vengeance sped,
And left a blessing in its stead.
Can words, can numbers, count the price
Paid for this little paradise?
Never, oh! never be it lost;
The land is *worth* the price it cost.

I love Thee,—when thy Sabbath dawns
 O'er woods and mountains, dales and lawns,
 And streams that sparkle while they run,
 As if their fountain were the sun :
 When, hand in hand, thy tribes repair,
 Each to their chosen house of prayer,
 And all in peace and freedom call
 On Him, who is the Lord of all.

I love Thee,—when my soul can feel
 The seraph-ardours of thy zeal :
 Thy charities, to none confined,
 Bless, like the sun, the rain, the wind ;
 Thy schools the human brute shall raise,
 Guide erring youth in wisdom's ways,
 And leave, when we are turn'd to dust,
 A generation of the just.

I love Thee,—when I see thee stand
 The hope of every other land ;
 A sea-mark in the tide of time,
 Rearing to heaven thy brow sublime ;
 Whence beams of Gospel-splendour shed
 A sacred halo round thine head ;
 And Gentiles from afar behold
 (Not as on Sinai's rocks of old)
 GOD,—from eternity conceal'd,
 In his own light, on thee reveal'd.

I love Thee,—when I hear thy voice
 Bid a despairing world rejoice,
 And loud from shore to shore proclaim,
 In every tongue, Messiah's name ;
 That name, at which, from sea to sea,
 All nations *yet* shall bow the knee.

I love Thee :—next to heaven above,
 Land of my fathers ! *thee* I love ;
 And, rail thy slanderers as they will,
 “ With all thy *faults* I love thee ” still ;
 For faults thou hast of heinous size ;
 Repent, renounce them, ere they rise
 In judgment ; lest thine ocean-wall
 With boundless ruin round thee fall,
 And that, which was thy mightiest stay,
 Sweep all thy rocks like sand away.

Yes, thou hast faults of heinous size,
 From which I turn with weeping eyes ;
 On these let them that hate Thee dwell ;
 Yet *one* I spare not—*one* I tell,
 Tell with a whisper in thine ear ;
 Oh ! might it wring thy heart with fear !
 Oh ! that my weakest word might roll,
 Like heaven's own thunder through thy soul !
 There is a *lie* in thy right hand ;
 A *bride*, corrupting all the land ;
 There is within thy gates a pest,—
 Gold and a *Babylonish* vest ;

Not hid in shame-concealing shade,
But broad against the sun display'd.
These,—tell it *not*,—it *must* be told ;
These, by the LOTTERY WHEELS are sold ;
And these, thy children, taught to sin,
Venture two worlds at once to win ;
Nay, thy deluded statesmen stake
Thyself,—and lose thee for their sake !
—Lose thee ?—They *shall not* ;—HE, whose will
Is Nature's law, preserves thee still ;
And while the uplifted bolt impends,
ONE WARNING MORE His mercy sends.
O BRITAIN ! O my country ! bring
Forth from thy camp the accursed thing ;
Consign it to remorseless fire ;
Watch till the latest spark expire,
Then cast the ashes on the wind,
Nor leave one atom-wreck behind.
So may thy wealth and power increase ;
So may thy people dwell in peace ;
On thee the ALMIGHTY's glory rest,
And all the world in thee be blest.

Sheffield, October 10, 1816.

APPENDIX

GENERAL INSTRUCTIONS

1. The object of this Appendix is to provide a series of questions and answers which will help the student to understand the principles of the subject.
2. The questions are arranged in a logical order, and the answers are given in a clear and concise manner.
3. The student should read the questions carefully, and then attempt to answer them. If he is unable to do so, he should refer to the answers.
4. The questions are designed to test the student's understanding of the principles of the subject, and his ability to apply them to practical problems.
5. The answers are given in a way which will help the student to understand the principles of the subject, and to see how they are applied in practice.
6. The student should read the answers carefully, and then attempt to answer the questions again. If he is still unable to do so, he should refer to the answers again.
7. The student should continue to read the questions and answers until he is able to answer them all.
8. The student should then attempt to answer the questions again, and if he is still unable to do so, he should refer to the answers again.
9. The student should continue to read the questions and answers until he is able to answer them all.
10. The student should then attempt to answer the questions again, and if he is still unable to do so, he should refer to the answers again.

"The ghosts of all whom Death shall doom
 Within the coming year,
 In pale procession walk the gloom
 Amid the silence drear !

"If Edmund, bold in conscious might,
 By love severely tried,
 Can brave the terrors of to-night,
 Ella will be his bride."

She spake,—and, like the nimble fawn,
 From Edmund's presence fled :
 He sought, across the rural lawn,
 The dwelling of the dead ;—

That silent, solemn, simple spot,
 The mouldering realm of peace,
 Where human passions are forgot,
 Where human follies cease.

The gliding moon, through heaven serene
 Pursued her tranquil way,
 And shed o'er all the sleeping scene
 A soft nocturnal day.

With swelling heart and eager feet
 Young Edmund gain'd the church,
 And chose his solitary seat
 Within the dreadful porch.

Thick, threatening clouds assembled soon,
 Their dragon wings display'd ;
 Eclipsed the slow-retiring moon,
 And quench'd the stars in shade.

Amid the deep abyss of gloom
 No ray of beauty smiled,
 Save, glistening o'er some haunted tomb,
 The glowworm's lustre wild.

The village watch-dogs bay'd around,
 The long grass whistled drear,
 The steeple trembled to the ground,
 Ev'n Edmund quaked with fear.

All on a sudden died the blast,
 Dumb horror chill'd the air ;
 While Nature seem'd to pause aghast,
 In uttermost despair.

—Twelve times the midnight herald toll'd,
 As oft did Edmund start ;
 For every stroke fell dead and cold
 Upon his fainting heart.

Then, glaring through the ghastly gloom,
Along the churchyard green,
The destined victims of the tomb
In winding sheets were seen.

In that strange moment Edmund stood,
Sick with severe surprise !
While creeping horror drank his blood,
And fix'd his flinty eyes.

He saw the secrets of the grave ;
He saw the face of DEATH :
No pitying power appear'd to save—
He gasp'd away his breath.

Yet still the scene his soul beguiled,
And every spectre cast
A look unutterably wild
On Edmund as they pass'd.

All on the ground entranced he lay ;
At length the vision broke ;
—When, lo !—a kiss, as cold as clay,
The slumbering youth awoke.

That moment through a rifted cloud
The darting moon display'd,
Robed in a melancholy shroud,
The image of a maid.

Her dusky veil aside she threw,
And show'd a face most fair :
“ My love ! my Ella ! ”—Edmund flew,
And clasp'd the yielding air.

“ Ha ! who art thou ? ” his cheek grew pale :
A well-known voice replied,
“ Ella,—the lily of the vale ;
Ella—thy destined bride ! ”

To win his neck her airy arms
The pallid phantom spread ;
Recoiling from her blasted charms,
The affrighted lover fled.

To shun the visionary maid,
His speed outstripp'd the wind ;
But,—though unseen to move,—the shade
Was evermore behind.

So Death's unerring arrows glide,
Yet seem suspended still ;
Nor pause, nor shrink, nor turn aside,
But smite, subdue, and kill.

O'er many a mountain, moor, and vale,
On that tremendous night,
The ghost of Ella, wild and pale,
Pursued her lover's flight.

But when the dawn began to gleam,
Ere yet the morning shone,
She vanish'd like a nightmare-dream,
And Edmund stood alone.

Three days, bewilder'd and forlorn,
He sought his home in vain ;
At length he hail'd the hoary thorn
That crown'd his native plain.

'Twas evening ;—all the air was balm,
The heavens serenely clear ;
When the soft music of a psalm
Came pensive o'er his car.

Then sunk his heart ;—a strange surmise
Made all his blood run cold :
He flew,—a funeral met his eyes :
He paused,—a death-bell toll'd.

" 'Tis she ! 'tis she !"—he burst away ;
And bending o'er the spot
Where all that once was Ella lay,
He all beside forgot.

A maniac now, in dumb despair,
With love-bewilder'd mien,
He wanders, weeps, and watches there,
Among the hillocks green.

And every eve of pale St. Mark,
As village hinds relate,
He walks with Ella in the dark,
And reads the rolls of Fate.



THE CASTAWAY SHIP.

The subjects of the two following poems were suggested by the loss of the *Blenheim*, commanded by Sir Thomas Trowbridge, which was separated from the vessels under its convoy during a storm in the Indian Ocean. The Admiral's son afterwards made a voyage, without success, in search of his father. Trowbridge was one of Nelson's captains at the battle of the Nile, but his ship unfortunately ran aground as he was bearing down on the enemy.

A VESSEL sail'd from Albion's shore,
To utmost India bound,
It's crest a hero's pendant bore,
With broad sea-laurels crown'd

In many a fierce and noble fight,
Though foil'd on that Egyptian night
When Gallia's host was drown'd,
And Nelson o'er his country's foes
Like the destroying angel rose.

A gay and gallant company,
With shouts that rend the air,
For warrior-wreaths upon the sea,
Their joyful brows prepare ;
But many a maiden's sigh was sent,
And many a mother's blessing went,
And many a father's prayer,
With that exulting ship to sea,
With that undaunted company.

The deep, that like a cradled child
In breathing slumber lay,
More warmly blush'd, more sweetly smiled,
As rose the kindling day :
Through ocean's mirror dark and clear,
Reflected clouds and skies appear
In morning's rich array ;
The land is lost, the waters glow,
'Tis heaven above, around, below.

Majestic o'er the sparkling tide,
See the tall vessel sail,
With swelling wings in shadowy pride,
A swan before the gale :
Deep-laden merchants rode behind ;—
But, fearful of the fickle wind,
Britannia's cheek grew pale,
When, lessening through the flood of light,
Their leader vanish'd from her sight.

Oft had she hail'd its trophied prow,
Victorious from the war,
And banner'd masts that would not bow,
Though riven with many a scar ;
Oft had her oaks their tribute brought,
To rib its flanks, with thunder fraught ;
But late her evil star
Had cursed it on its homeward way,—
"The spoiler shall become the prey."

Thus warn'd, Britannia's anxious heart
Throbb'd with prophetic woe
When she beheld that ship depart,
A fair ill-omen'd show !
So views the mother, through her tears,
The daughter of her hopes and fears,
When hectic beauties glow
On the frail cheek, where sweetly bloom
The roses of an early tomb.

No fears the brave adventurers knew,
 Peril and death they spurn'd ;
 Like full-fledged eagles forth they flew !
 Jove's birds, that proudly burn'd
 In battle-hurricanes to wield
 His lightnings on the billowy field ;
 And many a look they turn'd
 O'er the blue waste of waves to spy
 A Gallic ensign in the sky.

But not to crush the vaunting foe,
 In combat on the main,
 Nor perish by a glorious blow,
 In mortal triumph slain,
 Was their unutterable fate ;
 —That story would the muse relate,
 The song might rise in vain ;
 In ocean's deepest, darkest bed,
 The secret slumbers with the dead.

On India's long-expecting strand
 Their sails were never furl'd ;
 Never on known or friendly land,
 By storms their keel was hurl'd ;
 Their native soil no more they trod,
 They rest beneath no hallow'd sod :
 Throughout the living world,
 This sole memorial of their lot
 Remains,—they *were*, and they are *not*.

The Spirit of the Cape * pursued
 Their long and toilsome way ;
 At length, in ocean solitude,
 He sprang upon his prey ;
 "Havoc !" the shipwreck-demon cried,
 Loosed all his tempests on the tide,
 Gave all his lightnings play ;
 The abyss recoil'd before the blast,
 Firm stood the seaman till the last.

Like shooting-stars, athwart the gloom
 The merchant-sails were sped ;
 Yet oft, before its midnight doom,
 They mark'd the high mast-head
 Of that devoted vessel, tost
 By winds and floods, now seen, now lost :
 While every gun-fire spread
 A dimmer flash, a fainter roar ;—
 At length they saw, they heard, no more.

There are to whom that ship was dear,
 For love and kindred's sake ;
 When these the voice of rumour hear,
 Their inmost heart shall quake,

* The Cape of Good Hope, formerly called the Cape of Storm

Shall doubt, and fear, and wish, and grieve,
 Believe, and long to unbelieve,
 But never cease to ache ;
 Still doom'd, in sad suspense, to bear
 The hope that keeps alive despair.

The Sequel.

He sought his sire from shore to shore,
 He sought him day by day ;
 The prow he track'd was seen no more,
 Breasting the ocean spray ;
 Yet, as the winds his voyage sped,
 He sail'd above his father's head,
 Unconscious where it lay,
 Deep, deep beneath the rolling main ;
 —He sought his sire ; he sought in vain.

Son of the brave ! no longer weep ;
 Still with affection true,
 Along the wild disastrous deep,
 Thy father's course pursue ;
 Full in his wake of glory steer,
 His spirit prompts thy bold career,
 His compass guides thee through ;
 So, while thy thunders awe the sea,
 Britain shall find thy sire in thee.



A NIGHT IN A STAGE-COACH.

BEING A MEDITATION ON THE WAY BETWEEN LONDON AND

BRISTOL, SEPT. 23, 1815.

I TRAVEL all the irksome night,
 By ways to me unknown ;
 I travel, like a bird in flight,
 Onward, and all alone.

In vain I close my weary eyes,
 They will not, cannot sleep,
 But, like the watchers of the skies,
 Their twinkling vigils keep.

My thoughts are wandering wild and far ;
 From earth to heaven they dart ;
 Now wing their flight from star to star,
 Now dive into my heart.

Backward they roll the tide of time,
And live through vanish'd years ;
Or hold their "colloquy sublime"
With future hopes and fears ;

Then passing joys and present woes
Chase through my troubled mind,
Repose still seeking,—but repose
Not for a moment find.

So yonder lone and lovely moon
Gleams on the clouds gone by,
Illumines those around her noon,
Yet westward points her eye.

Nor wind nor flood her course delay,
Through heaven I see her glide ;
She never pauses on her way,
She never turns aside.

With anxious heart and throbbing brain,
Strength, patience, spirits gone,
Pulses of fire in every vein,
Thus, thus I journey on.

But soft !—in Nature's failing hour,
Up springs a breeze,—I feel
Its balmy breath, its cordial power,—
A power to soothe and heal.

Lo ! gray, and gold, and crimson streaks
The gorgeous east adorn,
While o'er the empurpled mountain breaks
The glory of the morn.

Insensibly the stars retire,
Exhaled like drops of dew ;
Now through an arch of living fire
The sun comes forth to view.

The hills, the vales, the waters burn
With his enkindling rays,
No sooner touch'd than they return
A tributary blaze.

His quickening light on me descends,
His cheering warmth I own ;
Upward to him my spirit tends,
But worships GOD alone.

Oh ! that on me, with beams benign,
His countenance would turn :
I too should then arise and shine,—
Arise, and shine, and burn !

Slowly I raise my languid head,
 Pain and soul-sickness cease ;
 The phantoms of dismay are fled,
 And health returns, and peace.

Where is the beauty of the scene
 Which silent night display'd ?
 The clouds, the stars, the blue sereno,
 The moving light and shade ?

All gone !—the moon, erewhile so bright,
 Veil'd with a dusky shroud,
 Seems, in the sun's o'erpowering light,
 The fragment of a cloud.

At length I reach my journey's end :
 Welcome that well-known face !
 I meet a brother and a friend ;
 I find a resting-place.

Just such a pilgrimage is life ;
 Hurried from stage to stage,
 Our wishes with our lot at strife,
 Through childhood to old age.

The world is seldom what it seems :—
 To man, who dimly sees,
 Realities appear as dreams,
 And dreams realities.

The Christian's years, though slow their flight,
 When he is call'd away,
 Are but the watches of a night,
 And Death the dawn of day.



THE REIGN OF SPRING.

WHO loves not Spring's voluptuous hours,
 The carnival of birds and flowers ?
 Yet who would choose, however dear,
 That Spring should revel all the year ?
 —Who loves not Summer's splendid reign,
 The bridal of the earth and main ?
 Yet who would choose, however bright,
 A dog-day noon without a night ?
 —Who loves not Autumn's joyous round,
 When corn, and wine, and oil abound ?
 Yet who would choose, however gay,
 A year of unrenow'd decay ?
 —Who loves not Winter's awful form ?
 The sphere-born music of the storm ?

Yet who would choose, how grand so ever,
 The shortest day to last for ever !
 'Twas in that age renown'd, remote,
 When all was true that Esop wrote ;
 And in that land of fair Ideal,
 Where all that poets dream is real ;
 Upon a day of annual state,
 The Seasons met in high debate.
 There blush'd young Spring in maiden pride,
 Blithe Summer look'd a gorgeous bride,
 Staid Autumn moved with matron grace,
 And beldame Winter pursed her face.
 Dispute grew wild ; all talk'd together ;
 The four at once made wondrous weather ;
 Nor one (whate'er the rest had shown)
 Heard any reason but her own,
 While each (for nothing else was clear)
 Claim'd the whole circle of the year.
 Spring, in possession of the field,
 Compell'd her sisters soon to yield :
 They part,—resolved elsewhere to try
 A twelvemonth's empire of the sky ;
 And—calling off their airy legions,
 Alighted in adjacent regions.
 Spring o'er the eastern champaign smiled,
 Foll Winter ruled the northern wild,
 Summer pursued the sun's red car,
 But Autumn loved the twilight star.
 As Spring parades her new domain,
 Love, Beauty, Pleasure, hold her train ;
 Her footsteps wake the flowers beneath,
 That start, and blush, and sweetly breathe ;
 Her gales on nimble pinions rove,
 And shake to foliage every grove ;
 Her voice, in dell and thicket heard,
 Cheers on the nest the mother-bird ;
 The ice-lock'd streams, as if they felt
 Her touch, to liquid diamond melt ;
 The lambs around her bleat and play ;
 The serpent flings his slough away,
 And shines in orient colours dight,
 A flexile ray of living light.
 Nature unbinds her wintry shroud
 (As the soft sunshine melts the cloud),
 With infant gambols sports along,
 Bounds into youth, and soars in song.
 The morn impearls her locks with dew,
 Noon spreads a sky of boundless blue,
 The rainbow spans the evening scene,
 The night is silent and serene,
 Save when her lonely minstrel wrings
 The heart with sweetness while he sings.
 Who would not wish, unrivall'd here,
 That spring might frolic all the year

Three months are fled, and still she reigns,
 Exulting queen o'er hills and plains ;
 The birds renew their nuptial vow,
 Nestlings themselves are lovers now ;
 Fresh broods each bending bough receives,
 Till feathers far outnumber leaves ;
 But kites in circles swim the air,
 And sadden music to despair.
 The stagnant pools, the quaking bogs,
 Teem, croak, and crawl with hordes of frogs ;
 The matted woods, the infected earth,
 Are venomous with reptile birth ;
 Armies of locusts cloud the skies ;
 With beetles hornets, gnats with flies,
 Interminable warfare wage,
 And madden heaven with insect-rage.

The flowers are wither'd ;—sun nor dew
 Their fallen glories shall renew ;
 The flowers are wither'd ;—germ nor seed
 Ripen in garden, wild, or mead :
 The corn-fields shoot :—their blades, alas !
 Run riot in luxuriant grass.
 The tainted flocks, the drooping kine,
 In famine of abundance pine,
 Where vegetation, sour, unsound,
 And loathsome, rots and rankles round ;
 Nature with nature seems at strife ;
 Nothing can live but monstrous life
 By death engender'd ;—food and breath
 Are turn'd to elements of death ;
 And where the soil his victims strew,
 Corruption quickens them anew.

But ere the year was half expired,
 Spring saw her folly, and retired ;
 Yoked her light chariot to a breeze,
 And mounted to the Pleiades ;
 Content with them to rest or play
 Along the calm nocturnal way ;
 Till, heaven's remaining circuit run,
 They meet the pale hybernal sun,
 And, gaily mingling in his blaze,
 Hail the true dawn of vernal days.



THE REIGN OF SUMMER.

THE hurricanes are fled ! the rains,
 That plough'd the mountains, wreck'd the plains,
 Have pass'd away before the wind,
 And left a wilderness behind,
 As if an ocean had been there
 Exhaled, and left its channels bare.

But, with a new and sudden birth,
 Nature replenishes the earth ;
 Plants, flowers, and shrubs, o'er all the land
 So promptly rise, so thickly stand,
 As if they heard a voice,—and came,
 Each at the calling of its name.
 The tree, by tempests stript and rent,
 Expands its verdure like a tent,
 Beneath whose shade, in weary length,
 The enormous lion rests his strength,
 For blood, in dreams of hunting, burns,
 Or, chased himself, to fight returns ;
 Growls in his sleep, a dreary sound,
 Grinds his wedged teeth, and spurns the ground ;
 While monkeys, in grotesque amaze,
 Down from their bending perches gaze,
 But when he lifts his eye of fire,
 Quick to the topmost boughs retire.

Loud o'er the mountains bleat the flocks ;
 The goat is bounding on the rocks ;
 Far in the valleys range the herds ;
 The welkin gleams with flitting birds,
 Whose plumes such gorgeous tints adorn,
 They seem the offspring of the morn.
 From nectar'd flowers and groves of spice,
 Earth breathes the air of Paradise ;
 Her mines their hidden wealth betray,
 Treasures of darkness burst to-day ;
 O'er golden sands the rivers glide,
 And pearls and amber track the tide.
 Of every sensual bliss possess'd,
 Man riots here ;—but is he blest ?
 And would he choose, for ever bright,
 This Summer-day without a night ?
 For here hath Summer fix'd her throne,
 Intent to reign,—and reign alone.

Daily the sun, in his career,
 Hotter and higher, climbs the sphere,
 Till from the zenith, in his rays,
 Without a cloud or shadow, blaze
 The realms beneath him :—in his march,
 On the blue key-stone of heaven's arch,
 He stands ;—air, earth, and ocean lie
 Within the presence of his eye,
 The wheel of Nature seems to rest,
 Nor rolls him onward to the west,
 Till thrice three days of noon unchanged,
 That torrid clime have so deranged,
 Nine years may not the wrong repair ;
 But Summer checks the ravage there ;
 Yet still enjoins the sun to steer
 By the stern Dog-star round the year,
 With dire extremes of day and night,
 Tartarean gloom, celestial light.

In vain the gaudy season shines,
 Her beauty fades, her power declines :
 Then first her bosom felt a care ;
 —No healing breeze embalm'd the air,
 No mist the mountain-tops bedew'd,
 Nor shower the arid vale renew'd ;
 The herbage shrunk ; the ploughman's toil
 Scatter'd to dust the crumbling soil ;
 Blossoms were shed ; the umbrageous wood,
 Laden with sapless foliage, stood ;
 The streams, impoverish'd day by day,
 Lessen'd insensibly away ;
 Where cattle sought, with piteous moans,
 The vanish'd lymph, midst burning stones,
 And tufts of wither'd reeds, that fill
 The wonted channel of the rill ;
 Till, stung with hornets, mad with thirst,
 In sudden rout, away they burst,
 Nor rest, till where some channel deep
 Gleams in small pools, whose waters sleep ;
 There with huge draught and eager eye
 Drink for existence,—drink and die !

But direr evils soon arose,
 Hopeless, unmitigable woes :
 Man proves the shock ; through all his veins
 The frenzy of the season reigns ;
 With pride, lust, rage, ambition blind,
 He burns in every fire of mind,
 Which kindles from insane desire,
 Or fellest hatred can inspire ;
 Reckless whatever ill befall,
 He dares to do and suffer all
 That heart can think, that arm can deal,
 Or out of hell a fury feel.

There stood in that romantic clime,
 A mountain awfully sublime ;
 O'er many a league the basement spread,
 It tower'd in many an airy head,
 Height over height,—now gay, now wild,
 The peak with ice eternal piled ;
 Pure in mid heaven, that crystal cone
 A diadem of glory shone,
 Reflecting, in the night-fall'n sky,
 The beams of day's departed eye ;
 Or holding, ere the dawn begun,
 Communion with the unrisen sun.
 The cultured sides were clothed with woods,
 Vineyards, and fields ; or track'd with floods,
 Whose glacier-fountains, hid on high,
 Sent down their rivers from the sky.
 O'er plains, that mark'd its gradual scale,
 On sunny slope, in shelter'd vale,
 Earth's universal tenant—he,
 Who lives wherever life may be,

Sole, social, fix'd, or free to roam,
Always and everywhere at home,
Man pitch'd his tents, adorn'd his bowers,
Built temples, palaces, and towers,
And made that Alpine world his own,
—The miniature of every zone,
From brown savannahs parch'd below,
To ridges of cerulean snow.

Those highlands form'd a last retreat
From rabid Summer's fatal heat :
Though not unfelt her fervours there,
Vernal and cool the middle air ;
While from the icy pyramid
Streams of unfailing freshness slid,
That long had slaked the thirsty-land,
Till Avarice, with insatiate hand,
Their currents check'd ; in sunless caves,
And rock-bound dells, engulf'd the waves,
And thence in scanty measures doled,
Or turn'd Heaven's bounty into gold.
Ere long the dwellers on the plain
Murmur'd ;—their murmurs were in vain ;
Petition'd,—but their prayers were spurn'd ;
Threaten'd,—defiance was return'd :
Then rang both regions with alarms ;
Blood-kindling trumpets blew to arms ;
The maddening drum and deafening fife
Marshall'd the elements of strife :
Sternly the mountaineers maintain
Their rights against the insurgent plain ;
The plain's indignant myriads rose
To wrest the mountain from their foes,
Resolved its blessings to enjoy
By dint of valour,—or destroy.

The legions met in war-array ;
The mountaineers brook'd no delay,
Aside their missile weapons threw,
From holds impregnable withdrew,
And, rashly brave, with sword and shield,
Rush'd headlong to the open field.
Their foes the auspicious omen took,
And raised a battle-shout that shook
The campaign ;—stanch and keen for blood,
Front threatening front, the columns stood ;
But, while like thunder-clouds they frown,
In tropic haste the sun went down ;
Night o'er both armies stretch'd her tent,
The star-bespangled firmament,
Whose placid host, revolving slow,
Smile on the impatient hordes below,
That chafe and fret the hours away,
Curse the dull gloom, and long for day,
Though destined by their own decree
No other day nor night to see.

—That night is past, that day begun ;
 Swift as he sunk ascends the sun,
 And from the red horizon springs
 Upward, as borne on eagle-wings :
 Aslant each army's lengthen'd lines,
 O'er shields and helms he proudly shines,
 While spears that catch his lightnings keen
 Flash them athwart the space between.
 Before the battle-shock, when breath
 And pulse are still,—awaiting death ;
 In that cold pause, which seems to be
 The prelude to eternity,
 When fear, ere yet a blow is dealt,
 Betray'd by none, by all is felt ;
 While, moved beneath their feet, the tomb
 Widens her lap to make them room ;
 —Till, in the onset of the fray,
 Fear, feeling, thought, are cast away,
 And foaming, raging, mingling foes,
 Like billows dash'd in conflict, close,
 Charge, strike, repel, wound ; struggle, fly,
 Gloriously win, unconquer'd die :—
 Here, in dread silence, while they stand,
 Each with a death-stroke in his hand,
 His eye fix'd forward, and his ear
 Tingling the signal blast to hear,
 The trumpet sounds ;—one note,—no more ;
 The field, the fight, the war is o'er ;
 An earthquake rent the void between,
 A moment show'd, and shut, the scene ;
 Men, chariots, steeds,—of either host
 The flower, the pride, the strength were lost :
 A solitude remains ;—the dead
 Are buried there,—the living fled.
 Nor yet the reign of Summer closed ;
 —At night in their own homes reposed
 The fugitives, on either side,
 Who 'scaped the death their comrades di'd ;
 When—lo ! with many a giddy shock
 The mountain-cliffs began to rock,
 And deep below the hollow ground
 Ran a strange mystery of sound,
 As if, in chains and torments there,
 Spirits were venting their despair.
 That sound, those shocks, the sleepers woke ;
 In trembling consternation, broke
 Forth from their dwellings young and old ;
 —Nothing abroad their eyes behold
 But darkness so intensely wrought,
 'Twas blindness in themselves they thought.
 Anon, aloof, with sudden rays,
 Issued so fierce, so broad, a blaze,
 That darkness started into light,
 And every eye restored to sight,

Gazed on the glittering crest of snows,
 Whence the bright conflagration rose,
 Whose flames condensed at once aspire,
 —A pillar of celestial fire,
 Alone amidst infernal shade,
 In glorious majesty display'd :
 Beneath, from rifted caverns, broke
 Volumes of suffocating smoke,
 That roll'd in surges, like a flood ;
 By the red radiance turn'd to blood ;
 Morn look'd aghast upon the scene,
 Nor could a sunbeam pierce between
 The panoply of vapours, spread
 Above, around, the mountain's head.

In distant fields, with drought consumed,
 Joy swell'd all hearts, all eyes illumed,
 When from that peak, through lowering skies,
 Thick curling clouds were seen to rise,
 And hang o'er all the darken'd plain,
 The presage of descending rain.
 The exulting cattle bound along ;
 The tuneless birds attempt a song ;
 The swain, amidst his sterile lands,
 With outstretch'd arms of rapture stands.
 But fraught with plague and curses came
 The insidious progeny of flame ;
 Ah ! then,—for fertilizing showers,
 The pledge of herbage, fruits, and flowers,—
 Words cannot paint, how every eye
 (Bloodshot and dim with agony)
 Was glazed, as by a palsyng spell,
 When light sulphureous ashes fell,
 Dazzling, and eddying to and fro,
 Like wildering sleet or feathery snow :
 Strewn with gray pumice Nature lies,
 At every motion quick to rise,
 Tainting with livid fumes the air ;
 —Then hope lies down in prone despair,
 And man and beast, with misery dumb,
 Sullenly brood on woes to come.

The mountain now, like living earth,
 Pregnant with some stupendous birth,
 Heaved, in the anguish of its throes,
 Sheer from its crest the incumbent snows ;
 And where of old they chill'd the sky,
 Beneath the sun's meridian eye,
 Or, purpling in the golden west,
 Appear'd his evening throne of rest,
 There, black and bottomless and wide,
 A cauldron, rent from side to side,
 Simmer'd and hiss'd with huge turmoil
 Earth's disembowell'd minerals boil,
 And thence in molten torrents rush :
 —Water and fire, like sisters, gush

From the same source : the double stream
 Meets, divides, and rejoins in foam ;
 Then the pressure : and waves and deep
 But have none from deep to deep ;
 While rocks unscathed, waste barren,
 Are howling down the current driven ;
 Columnar flames are rapt'd aloof,
 In whirlwind forms, to heaven's high roof,
 And then, amidst transcendent gloom,
 Image the wrath beyond the tomb.

The mountaineers, in wild affright,
 Too late for safety, urge their flight ;
 Women, made childless in the fray ;
 Women, made mothers yesterday ;
 The sick, the aged, and the blind ;
 — None but the dead are left behind.
 Painful their journey, toilsome, slow,
 Beneath their feet quick embers glow,
 And hurle round in dreadful hail ;
 Their limbs, their hearts, their senses fail,
 While many a victim, by the way,
 Barred alive in ashes lay.

Or perished by the lightning's stroke,
 Before the slower thunder broke.
 A few the open field explore :
 The throng seek refuge on the shore,
 Between two burning rivers hemm'd,
 Whose rage nor mounds nor hollows stemm'd ;
 Driven like a herd of deer, they reach
 The lonely, dark, and silent beach,
 Where, calm as innocence in sleep,
 Expanded lies the unconscious deep.
 Awhile the fugitives respire,
 And watch those cataracts of fire
 (That bar escape on either hand)
 Rush on the ocean from the strand ;
 Back from the onset rolls the tide,
 But instant clouds the conflict hide ;
 The lavas plunge to gulfs unknown,
 And, as they plunge, collapse to stone.

Meanwhile the mad volcano grew
 Tenfold more terrible to view ;
 And thunders, such as shall be hurl'd
 At the death-sentence of the world ;
 And lightnings, such as shall consume
 Creation, and creation's tomb,
 Nor leave, amidst the eternal void,
 One trembling atom undestroy'd ;
 Such thunders crash'd, such lightnings glared :
 — Another fate those outcasts shared,
 When, with one desolating sweep,
 An earthquake seem'd to engulf the deep,
 Then threw it back, and from its bed
 Hung a whole ocean overhead ;

The victims shriek'd beneath the wave,
 And in a moment found one grave ;
 Down to the abyss the flood returned—
 Alone, unseen, the mountain burn'd.



THE BATTLE OF ALEXANDRIA.

At Thebes, in Ancient Egypt, was erected a statue of Memnon, with a harp in his hand, which is said to have halled with delightful music the rising sun, and in melancholy tones to have mourned his departure. The introduction of this celebrated Lyre, on a modern occasion, will be censured as an anachronism by those only who think that its chords have been touched unaskingly.

HARP of Memnon ! sweetly strung
 To the music of the spheres ;
 While the hero's dirge is sung,
 Breathe enchantment to our ears.

At the sun's descending beams,
 Glancing o'er thy feeling wire,
 Kindle every chord that gleams,
 Like a ray of heavenly fire :

Let thy numbers, soft and slow,
 O'er the plain with carnage spread,
 Soothe the dying while they flow
 To the memory of the dead.

Bright as Venus, newly born,
 Blushing at her maiden charms ;
 Fresh from ocean rose the Morn,
 When the trumpet blew to arms.

O that Time had staid his flight,
 Ere that Morning left the main !
 Fatal as the Egyptian night,
 When the eldest born were slain.

Lash'd to madness by the wind,
 As the Red Sea surges roar,
 Leave a gloomy gulf behind,
 And devour the shrinking shore ;

Thus, with overwhelming pride,
 Gallia's brightest, boldest boast,
 In a deep and dreadful tide,
 Roll'd upon the British host.

Dauntless these their station held,
 Though with unextinguish'd ire
 Gallia's legions thrice repell'd,
 Thrice return'd through blood and fire.

Thus, above the storms of time,
Towering to the sacred spheres,
Stand the Pyramids sublime,—
Rocks amid the flood of years.

Now the veteran chief drew nigh,
Conquest towering on his crest,
Valour beaming from his eye,
Pity bleeding in his breast.

Britain saw him thus advance
In her guardian angel's form ;
But he lower'd on hostile France,
Like the Demon of the Storm.

On the whirlwind of the war
High he rode in vengeance dire ;
To his friends a leading star,
To his foes consuming fire.

Then the mighty pour'd their breath,
Slaughter feasted on the brave !
'Twas the carnival of Death ;
'Twas the vintage of the Grave.

Charged with Abercrombie's doom,
Lightning wing'd a cruel ball :
'Twas the herald of the tomb,
And the hero felt the call—

Felt—and raised his arm on high ;
Victory well the signal knew,
Darted from his awful eye,
And the force of France o'erthrew.

But the horrors of that fight
Were the weeping Muse to tell,
Oh ! 'twould cleave the womb of night,
And awake the dead that fell !

Gash'd with honourable scars,
Low in Glory's lap they lie ;
Though they fell, they fell like stars,
Streaming splendour through the sky.

Yet shall Memory mourn that day,
When, with expectation pale,
Of her soldier far away
The poor widow hears the tale.

In imagination wild
She shall wander o'er this plain,
Rave,—and bid her orphan child
Seek his sire among the slain.

Gently, from the western deep,
O ye evening breezes, rise !
O'er the Lyre of Memnon sweep,
Wake its spirit with your sighs.

Harp of Memnon ! sweetly strung
To the music of the spheres ;
While the hero's dirge is sung,
Breathe enchantment to our ears.

Let thy numbers, soft and slow,
O'er the plain with carnage spread,
Soothe the dying while they flow
To the memory of the dead.

None but solemn, tender tones
Trembling from thy plaintive wires :
Hark ! the wounded warrior groans :
Hush thy warbling !—he expires.

Hush !—while Sorrow wakes and weeps :
O'er his relics cold and pale,
Night her silent vigil keeps,
In a mournful moonlight veil.

Harp of Memnon ! from afar,
Ere the lark salute the sky,
Watch the rising of the star
That proclaims the morning nigh.

Soon the sun's ascending rays,
In a flood of hallow'd fire,
O'er thy kindling chords shall blaze,
And thy magic soul inspire.

Then thy tones triumphant pour,
Let them pierce the hero's grave ;
Life's tumultuous battle o'er,
O how sweetly sleep the brave !

From the dust their laurels bloom,
High they shoot and flourish free ;
Glory's temple is the tomb ;
Death is immortality.

VERSES TO THE MEMORY
OF THE LATE
RICHARD REYNOLDS OF BRISTOL.

INTRODUCTION.

THE Author has nothing to say in favour of the following Verses, except that they are the sincere tribute of his affections, as well as his mind, to the Christian virtues of the deceased.

Richard Reynolds was one of the Society of Friends, but, as far as human judgment can extend, he was one of those who also *are* Christians, not in word only, but in deed. To *his* memory the inhabitants of Bristol have already instituted—and may their posterity perpetuate it!—the noblest monument, perhaps, that man ever raised in honour of his fellow-man. This will be sufficiently explained by the following advertisement:—

“At a general meeting of the inhabitants of Bristol, held in the Guild-hall of that city on Wednesday, the 2nd October, 1818—the Right Worshipful the Mayor in the chair—it was unanimously resolved, That, in consequence of the severe loss which society has sustained by the death of the venerable Richard Reynolds, and in order to perpetuate, as far as may be, the great and important benefits he has conferred upon the city of Bristol and its vicinity, and to excite others to imitate the example of the departed philanthropist, an Association be formed under the designation of ‘Reynolds’s Commemoration Society.’

“That the members of the Society do consist of life subscribers of ten guineas or upwards, and annual subscribers of one guinea or upwards; and that the object of this Society be to grant relief to persons in necessitous circumstances, and also occasional assistance to other benevolent institutions in or near the city, to enable them to continue or increase their usefulness; and that especial regard be had to the Samaritan Society, of which Richard Reynolds was the founder.

“That the cases to be assisted and relieved be entirely in the discretion of the committee; but it is recommended to them not to grant any relief or assistance without a careful investigation of the circumstances of each case; and that, in imitation of the example of the individual whom this Society is designed to commemorate, it be considered as a sacred duty of the committee, to the latest period of its existence, to be wholly uninfluenced in the distribution of its funds by any considerations of sect or party.”

The third piece in the ensuing series, entitled “A Good Man’s Monument,” was intended for a figurative representation of this sublime and

universal charity. The resemblance ought to have been sufficiently obvious without being pointed out here.

At the public meeting mentioned in the foregoing advertisement, many eloquent panegyrics were pronounced on the character of Richard Reynolds. Here let his own words and deeds speak for him, in a few cases which were made public on that occasion.

Mr. Butterworth, of London, said :—" When the first subscription was opened to relieve the distress in Germany, I took some part in that institution. Being in Bristol soon afterwards, I had some conversation with Mr. Reynolds on the subject. He made many judicious observations and inquiries as to the nature of the distress, and the best mode of distribution, which served as valuable hints to the committee in London. He then modestly subscribed a moderate sum with his name; but, shortly after, the committee received a blank letter, having the post-mark of Bristol, and enclosing a Bank of England bill for five hundred pounds."

Dr. Pole gave the following account :—" It is well known, that he made it his constant practice, from religious principle, annually to spend the whole of his income. What his moderate domestic establishment did not require, he disposed of in subscriptions and donations for promoting whatever was useful to society, as well as to lessen the sufferings of the afflicted, without regard to names, sects, or parties. At one particular time (if I am rightly informed), he wrote to a friend in London, acquainting him that he had not, that year, spent the whole of his income,—requesting that, if he (his friend) knew of any particular cases claiming charitable relief, he (Mr. R.) might be informed. His friend communicated to him the distressing situation of a considerable number of persons confined in a certain prison for small debts. What did this humane and generous philanthropist do on this representation? He cleared the whole of their debts. He swept this direful mansion of all its miserable tenants; he opened the prison doors, proclaimed deliverance to the captives, and let the oppressed go free."

Dr. Stock said that he had heard, from what he considered good authority, the particulars of an act of princely liberality :—" Mr. Reynolds, in 1795, resided at Coalbrook Dale. He addressed a letter to some friends in London, stating the impression made upon his mind by the distresses of the community, and desiring that they would draw upon him for such sum as they might think proper. They complied with his request, and drew, in a very short time, to the extent of eleven thousand pounds. It appeared, however, that they had not yet taken due measure of his liberality: for, in the course of a few months, he again wrote, stating, that his mind was not easy, and his coffers were still too full. In consequence of which they drew for nine thousand pounds more!"

Mr. Stephen Prust told this characteristic anecdote :—" Mr. Reynolds having applied to a gentleman whom he thought rich, but who was really only in circumstances of mediocrity, to stimulate him to give, made use of the following argument :—" When gold encircles the heart, it contracts it to such a degree that no good can issue from it; but when the pure gold of faith and love gets into the heart, it expands it so that the last drop of life-blood will flow into any channel of benevolence."

The following pleasing circumstance comes from the same authority :—" A lady applied to him on behalf of an orphan. After he had given liberally, she said, ' When he is old enough, I will teach him to name and thank his benefactor.' ' Stop (said the good man), thou art mistaken; we do not thank the clouds for the rain. Teach him to look higher, and thank Him who giveth both the clouds and the rain.'"

The Rev. William Thorpe, in the course of a most impressive speech, related a circumstance which strikingly exemplifies the humility of this excellent man :—" So far was he from being inflated with the pride of wealth, that he spoke the genuine sentiments of his heart when he said to a friend who applied to him in a case of distress, ' My talent is the meanest of all talents—a little sordid dust; but the man in the parable, who had but one talent, was accountable; and for the talent that I possess, humble as it is, I am also accountable to the great Lord of all.'"

A simple but noble monument, from the association of illustrious names, was erected to the honour of Richard Reynolds, during his lifetime, by one of his most favoured friends, who entered into rest long before him. On hearing of Lord Nelson's victory at Trafalgar, the late worthy Mr. John Birtill, of Bristol, placed a marble tablet in a private chapel in his dwelling-house, bearing this inscription :—

" JOHN HOWARD.
JONAS HANWAY.
JOHN FOIHARGILL, M.D.
RICHARD REYNOLDS.

" 'Not unto us, O Lord! not unto us, but unto Thy Name be the glory.'

" Beneath some ample hallow'd dome,
The warrior's bones are laid,
And blazon'd on the stately tomb,
His martial deeds display'd.

" Beneath a humbler roof we place
This monumental stone,
To name the poor shall ever bless,
And Charity shall own :

" To soften human woes their care,
To feel its sigh, to aid its prayer,
Their work on earth,—not to destroy ;
And their reward—their master's joy."

The following extract of a letter, from a benevolent friend of the deceased, introduces a most interesting document, written some years since by the departed philanthropist :—" A short time before the last illness of our late venerable friend, Mr. Reynolds, I had a pleasing conversation with him on the subject of the various charities in this city which he had so liberally patronized. He informed me, that he thought it right to be his own executor, as it respected these and other charities; and, in confirmation that this had long been his opinion, put into my hands the following copy of a letter he had written twelve years ago on the subject."

" A. T.

Bristol, October 11, 1816."

" Bridgewater, 11th of 6th month, 1804.

" The sentiment to which thy brother — alludes, though I know not that I expressed it to him, was in consequence of a reference to some post-mortuary charities, if thou wilt allow of the expression, when, adverting to the saying of the Apostle, that we were to receive hereafter according to the things done *in the body*, I contended that *these* were not deeds done in the body; and I do not think the assertion need be qualified by the alteration thou suggestest, of being best done while we are in the body; for in the case under consideration, we keep what we have as long as we are in the body, and would keep it longer if we could. All that we do is to prevent our heirs from doing as we have done; and the deed is not done, either by them or by us, while *we* are in the body. If we should admit there is any merit in the deed, it certainly cannot belong to us who do it not; and that which we do, by enjoining what others shall do, is lessening, as much as we can, everything like merit in them, by depriving them of a free agency, especially if they are the persons to whom the money would have gone if we had died intestate; these, if any, have a right to take credit on account of the act. Perhaps those, if any such there be, who prevent others from having that which the law would give them, would do well to consider whether the account is properly adjusted by their obliging those, to whom they do give it, to apply it to charitable purposes which can do them no credit; the testator certainly can claim

none as far as a deed done in the body, which, as I said before, neither was then done, nor would have been done had he continued in the body. I am pleased to find the reflection warmed thy heart. I hope it will move thy hands also upon an occasion of which the same post that brought me thy letter brought me an account, styled a case of distress, relating that —, of —, was drowned near —, leaving a wife and nine children, without any provision for their support; that contributions would be received at the banks there till the 5th instant, after which time the inhabitants would be applied to personally. I suppose thou art not a stranger to the case—most likely not to the individuals; and, as a neighbour, still more as a parent of a numerous offspring, I conclude thy assistance will be proportionably liberal, nor the less for its being a deed done in the body. I know not who sent me the case, which I did not receive till the time was expired for public contributions; nevertheless, if thou wilt inform me what thou and others have done, and ye have left room for more, though a stranger to the persons and remote from the place, my mite shall not be withdrawn, by

“Thy affectionate friend,

“RICHARD REYNOLDS.”

Finally, “mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace,” as the annexed authentic document will testify:—

MEMORANDUM respecting the late RICHARD REYNOLDS.—

September 14, 1816.

“In the spring of this year, his anxious friends thought they saw in his countenance indications of declining health; he was indeed, about this time, frequently complaining of weakness and loss of appetite. In May he was very unwell from a cold; but had nearly recovered it, when a bilious attack reduced him considerably, and did not permanently yield to medical skill. Seeing this, he was urged to try the waters of Cheltenham: to which he submitted, evidently to satisfy his friends; for his mind was fixed on the probability that the complaint would terminate his earthly pilgrimage; and with this view he frequently expressed himself quite satisfied, having brought his mind to a dependence only on the mercy of God in Christ Jesus. He went to Cheltenham the 7th August; and continued, with but little variation as to his disorder, till Friday, the 6th September—walking and riding out every day, and even driving the carriage himself, accompanied by his daughter or cousin only—on which day he walked out before breakfast; but soon after became much weaker, and towards evening declined rapidly. On Sunday, however, he revived so much as to give hope that it would be possible to remove him to Bristol the next day,—the prospect of which had before appeared to be agreeable to him. But these hopes were disappointed; he sunk again in the course of that night, never to revive. For many years, he had not been confined to his bed a whole day; and, during this illness, he got up and sat at table with the family at all their meals, till Monday, his last day, when he was induced by his friends to lie in bed till the afternoon; then he arose, drank tea with them in another room, and went to bed at his usual time. At five o'clock next morning, an alteration for the worse appearing in his breathing, some of his relatives, who had retired for a while, were called to him; but none of them thought his end so near. He had before desired that his daughter would be with him at his close; and now, about six o'clock, raising himself a little, he signified that she should go to the other side of the bed; when, turning on his side, and taking her hand in his, and pressing it, he quietly, and almost imperceptibly, expired! A silence, which can hardly be described, pervaded the room; no one quitting the awful scene for more than an hour. This was the 10th September, 1816. ‘Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?’

“A few days previously to this event, after something consolatory had

been ministered by an endeared female friend, he said, 'My faith and hope are, as they have long been, on the mercy of God, through Jesus Christ, who was the propitiation for my sins, and not for mine only, but for the sins of the whole world.'

"During his illness he was exceedingly placid, and kind to everybody; his countenance and conduct indicating that all within was peace. No alarm, no regret at leaving a world in which no one perhaps had more of its real blessings to relinquish—the love, the veneration, of all around him; but, on the contrary, a willingness to yield up his spirit to Him who gave it, and had sanctified it by the blood of the Redeemer."



No. I.

THE DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

THIS place is holy ground ;
 World, with thy cares, away !
 Silence and darkness reign around,
 But, lo ! the break of day :
 What bright and sudden dawn appears,
 To shine upon this scene of tears !

'Tis not the morning light,
 That wakes the lark to sing ;
 'Tis not a meteor of the night,
 Nor track of angel's wing :
 It is an uncreated beam,
 Like that which shone on Jacob's dream.

Eternity and Time
 Met for a moment here ;
 From earth to heaven, a scale sublime
 Rested on either sphere,
 Whose steps a saintly figure trod,
 By Death's cold hand led home to God.

He landed in our view,
 'Midst flaming hosts above ;
 Whose ranks stood silent, while he drew
 Nigh to the throne of love,
 And meekly took the lowest seat,
 Yet nearest his Redeemer's feet.

Thrill'd with ecstatic awe,
 Entranced our spirits fell,
 And saw—yet wist not what they saw,
 And heard—no tongue can tell
 What sounds the ear of rapture caught,
 What glory fill'd the eye of thought.

Thus far above the pole,
On wings of mountain fire,
Faith may pursue the enfranchised soul,
But soon her pinions tire ;
It is not given to mortal man
Eternal mysteries to scan.

—Behold the bed of death ;
This pale and lovely clay ;
Heard ye the sob of parting breath ?
Mark'd ye the eye's last ray ?
No ;—life so sweetly ceased to be,
It lapsed in immortality.

Could tears revive the dead,
Rivers should swell our eyes !
Could sighs recall the spirit fled,
We would not quench our sighs
Till love relumed this alter'd mien,
And all the embodied soul were seen.

Bury the dead ;—and weep
In stillness o'er the loss ;
Bury the dead ;—in Christ *they* sleep
Who bore on earth His cross,
And from the grave their dust shall rise,
In His own image to the skies.

No. II.

THE MEMORY OF THE JUST.

STRIKE a louder, loftier lyre ;
Bolder, sweeter strains employ ;
Wake, Remembrance !—and inspire
Sorrow with the song of joy.

Who was he, for whom our tears
Flow'd, and will not cease to flow ?
Full of honours and of years,
In the dust his head lies low.

Yet resurgent from the dust,
Springs aloft his mighty name ;
For the memory of the just
Lives in everlasting fame.

He was one, whose open face
Did his inmost heart reveal ;
One, who wore with meekest grace,
On his forehead, Heaven's broad seal.

Kindness all his looks express'd,
 Charity was every word;
 Him the eye beheld, and bless'd;
 And the ear rejoiced that heard.

Like a patriarchal sage,
 Holy, humble, courteous, mild,
 He could blend the awe of age
 With the sweetness of a child.

As a cedar of the LORD,
 On the height of Lebanon,
 Shade and shelter doth afford,
 From the tempest and the sun:—

While in green luxuriant prime,
 Fragrant airs its boughs diffuse,
 From its locks it shakes sublime,
 O'er the hills, the morning dews:—

Thus he flourish'd, tall and strong,
 Glorious in perennial health;
 Thus he scatter'd, late and long,
 All his plenitude of wealth!—

Wealth, which prodigals had deem'd
 Worth the soul's uncounted cost;
 Wealth, which misers had esteem'd
 Cheap, though heaven itself were lost.

This with free unsparing hand
 To the poorest child of need,
 This he threw around the land,
 Like the sower's precious seed.

In the world's great harvest-day,
 Every grain on every ground,
 Stony, thorny, by the way,
 Shall an hundredfold be found.

Yet, like noon's refulgent blaze,
 Though he shone from east to west,
 Far withdrawn from public gaze,
 Secret goodness pleased him best.

As the sun, retired from sight,
 Through the purple evening gleams,
 Or, unrisen, clothes the night
 In the morning's golden beams;—

Thus, beneath the horizon dim,
 He would hide his radiant head,
 And, on eyes that saw not him,
 Light and consolation shed.

Oft his silent spirit went,
Like an angel from the throne,
On benign commissions bent,
In the fear of GOD alone.

Then the widow's heart would sing,
As she turn'd her wheel, for joy ;
Then the bliss of hope would spring
On the outcast orphan-boy.

To the blind, the deaf, the lame,
To the ignorant and vile,
Stranger, captive, slave, he came
With a welcome and a smile.

Help to all he did dispense,
Gold, instruction, raiment, food,
Like the gifts of Providence,
To the evil and the good.

Deeds of mercy, deeds unknown,
Shall eternity record,
Which he durst not call his own,
For he did them to the LORD.

As the earth puts forth her flowers,
Heavenward breathing from below ;
As the clouds descend in showers,
When the southern breezes blow ;—

Thus his renovated mind,
Warm with pure celestial love,
Shed its influence on mankind,
While its hopes aspired above.

Full of faith at length he died,
And, victorious in the race,
Won the crown for which he vied—
Not of merit, but of grace.

No. III.

A GOOD MAN'S MONUMENT.

THE pyre, that burns the aged Bramin's bones,
Runs cold in blood, and issues living groans,
When the whole haram with the husband dies,
And demons dance around the sacrifice.

In savage realms, when tyrants yield their breath,
Herds, flocks, and slaves, attend their lord in death ;

Arms, chariots, carcases, a horrid heap,
 Rust at his side, or share his mouldering sleep.
 When heroes fall triumphant on the plain ;
 For millions conquered, and ten thousands slain ;
 For cities levell'd, kingdoms drenched in blood,
 Navies annihilated on the flood ;
 —The pageantry of public grief requires
 The splendid homage of heroic lyres
 And genius moulds impassion'd brass to breathe
 The deathless spirit of the dust beneath,
 Calls marble honour from its cavern'd bed,
 And bids it live—the proxy of the dead.
 Reynolds expires, a nobler chief than these ;
 No blood of widows stains his obsequies ;
 But widows' tears, in sad bereavement, fall,
 And foundling voices on their father call :
 No slaves, no hecatombs, his relics crave,
 To gorge the worm, and crowd his quiet grave ;
 But sweet repose his slumbering ashes find,
 As if in Salem's sepulchre enshrined,
 And watching angels waited for the day
 When Christ should bid them roll the stone away.
 Not in the fiery hurricane of strife,
 'Midst slaughter'd legions, he resign'd his life ;
 But peaceful as the twilight's parting ray,
 His spirit vanish'd from its house of clay,
 And left on kindred souls such power imprest,
 They seem'd with him to enter into rest.
 Hence no vain pomp, his glory to prolong,
 No airy immortality of song ;
 No sculptured imagery, of bronze or stone,
 To make his lineaments for ever known,
 Reynolds requires :—his labours, merits, name,
 Demand a monument of surer fame ;
 Not to record and praise his virtues *past*,
 But show them *living*, while the world shall last ;
 Not to bewail one Reynolds, snatch'd from earth,
 But give, in every age, a Reynolds birth ;
 In every age a Reynolds ; born to stand
 A prince among the worthies of the land,
 By Nature's title, written in his face :
 More than a prince—a sinner saved by grace,
 Prompt at his meek and lowly Master's call
 To prove himself the minister of all.
 Bristol ! to thee the eye of Albion turns ;
 At thought of thee thy country's spirit burns ;
 For in thy walls, as on her dearest ground,
 Are " British minds and British manners " found :
 And, 'midst the wealth which Avon's waters pour
 From every clime on thy commercial shore,
 Thou hast a native mine of worth untold ;
 Thine heart is *not* encased in rigid gold,
 Wither'd to mummy, steel'd against distress ;
 No—free as Severn's waves, that spring to bless

Their parent hills, but as they roll expand
 In argent beauty through a lovelier land,
 And widening, brightening to the western sun,
 In floods of glory through thy channel run ;
 Thence, mingling with the boundless tide are hurl'd
 In Ocean's chariot round the utmost world :
 Thus flow thine heart-streams, warm and unconfined,
 At home, abroad, to woe of every kind.
 Worthy wert thou of Reynolds ;—worthy he
 To rank the first of Britons even in thee.
 Reynolds is dead ;—thy lap receives his dust
 Until the resurrection of the just :
 Reynolds is dead ; but while thy rivers roll,
 Immortal in thy bosom live his soul !

Go, build his monument :—and let it be
 Firm as the land, but open as the sea ;
 Low in *his* grave the strong foundations lie,
 Yet be the dome expansive as the sky,
 On crystal pillars resting from above,
 Its sole supporters—*works of faith and love* ;
 So clear, so pure, that to the keenest sight
 They cast no shadow ; all within be light :
 No walls divide the area, nor enclose ;
 Charter the whole to every wind that blows ;
 Then rage the tempest, flash the lightnings blue,
 And thunders roll,—they pass unharmed through.

One simple altar in the midst be placed,
 With this, and only this, inscription graced,
 The song of angels at Immanuel's birth,—
 “Glory to GOD ! good will and peace on earth.”
 There be thy dutious sons a tribe of priests,
 Not offering incense, nor the blood of beasts,
 But with their gifts upon that altar spread ;
 —Health to the sick, and to the hungry bread,
 Beneficence to all, their hands shall deal,
 With Reynolds' single eye and hallow'd zeal.
 Pain, want, misfortune, thither shall repair ;
 Folly and vice reclaim'd shall worship there
 The GOD of *him*—in whose transcendent mind
 Stood *such* a temple, free to all mankind :
 Thy GOD, thrice-honour'd city ! bids thee raise
 That fallen temple, to the end of days :
 Obey His voice ; fulfil thine high intent ;
 —Yea, be thyself the *Good Man's Monument* !

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE GRAVE.

THERE is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found,
They softly lie and sweetly sleep
Low in the ground.

The storm that wrecks the winter sky
No more disturbs their deep repose,
Than summer evening's latest sigh
That shuts the rose.

I long to lay this painful head
And aching heart beneath the soil,
To slumber in that dreamless bed
From all my toil.

For Misery stole me at my birth,
And cast me helpless on the wild :
I perish ;—O my mother Earth !
Take home thy child.

On thy dear lap these limbs reclined
Shall gently moulder into thee ;
Nor leave one wretched trace behind
Resembling me.

Hark !—a strange sound affrights mine ear ;
My pulse,—my brain runs wild,—I rave ;
—Ah ! who art thou whose voice I hear ?
——“ I am THE GRAVE !

“ The Grave, that never spake before,
Hath found at length a tongue to chide ;
O listen !—I will speak no more :—
Be silent, Pride !

“ Art thou a WRETCH of hope forlorn,
The victim of consuming care ?
Is thy distracted conscience torn
By fell despair ?

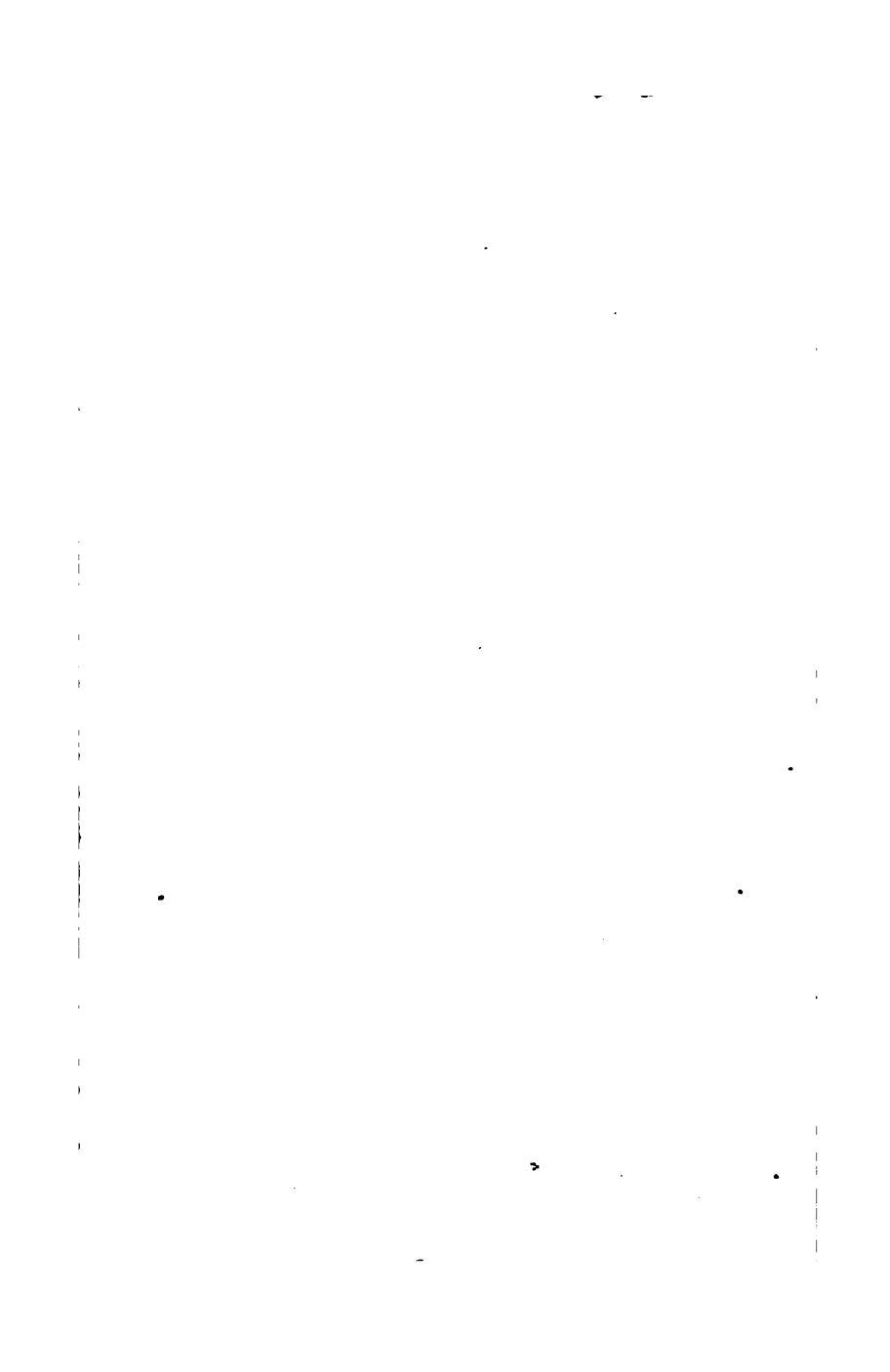
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THE GRAVE.

"There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found."—P. 208.



" Do foul misdeeds of former times
 Wring with remorse thy guilty breast ?
 And ghosts of unforgiven crimes
 Murder thy rest ?

" Lash'd by the furies of the mind,
 From Wrath and Vengeance wouldst thou flee ?
 Ah ! think not, hope not, fool, to find
 A friend in me.

" By all the terrors of the tomb,
 Beyond the power of tongue to tell ;
 By the dread secrets of my womb ;
 By Death and Hell ;

" I charge thee, LIVE !—repent and pray ;
 In dust thine infamy deplore ;
 There yet is mercy ;—go thy way,
 And sin no more.

" Art thou a MOURNER ?—Hast thou known
 The joy of innocent delights,
 Endearing days for ever flown,
 And tranquil nights ?

" O LIVE !—and deeply cherish still
 The sweet remembrance of the past :
 Rely on Heaven's unchanging will
 For peace at last.

" Art thou a WANDERER ?—Hast thou seen
 O'erwhelming tempests drown thy bark ?
 A shipwreck'd sufferer hast thou been,
 Misfortune's mark ?

" Though long of winds and waves the sport,
 Condemn'd in wretchedness to roam,
 LIVE !—thou shalt reach a sheltering port,
 A quiet home.

" To FRIENDSHIP didst thou trust thy fame,
 And was thy friend a deadly foe,
 Who stole into thy breast to aim
 A surer blow ?

" LIVE !—and repine not o'er his loss,
 A loss unworthy to be told :
 Thou hast mistaken sordid dross
 For friendship's gold.

" Seek the true treasure seldom found,
 Of power the fiercest griefs to calm,
 And soothe the bosom's deepest wound
 With heavenly balm.

" Did WOMAN'S charms thy youth beguile,
And did the fair one faithless prove ?
Hath she betray'd thee with a smile,
And sold thy love ?

" LIVE !—'Twas a false bewildering fire :
Too often Love's insidious dart
Thrills the fond soul with wild desire,
But kills the heart.

" Thou yet shalt know how sweet, how dear,
To gaze on listening beauty's eye ;
To ask,—and pause in hope and fear
Till she reply.

" A nobler flame shall warm thy breast,
A brighter maiden faithful prove ;
Thy youth, thine age, shall yet be blest
In woman's love.

" —Whate'er thy lot,—whoe'er thou be,—
Confess thy folly,—kiss the rod,
And in thy chastening sorrows see
The hand of GOD.

" A bruised reed He will not break ;
Afflictions all His children feel :
He wounds them for His mercy's sake,
He wounds to heal.

" Humbled beneath His mighty hand,
Prostrate His providence adore :
'Tis done !—Arise ! HE bids thee stand,
To fall no more.

" Now, traveller in the vale of tears,
To realms of everlasting light,
Through Time's dark wilderness of years,
Pursue thy flight.

" There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found ;
And while the mouldering ashes sleep
Low in the ground,

" The Soul, of origin divine,
GOD'S glorious image, freed from clay,
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine
A star of day.

" The SUN is but a spark of fire,
A transient meteor in the sky ;
The SOUL, immortal as its Sire,
SHALL NEVER DIE."

THE LYRE.

"Ah ! who would love the lyre !"—W. B. STEVENS.

WHERE the roving rill meander'd
Down the green retiring vale,
Poor forlorn Alcæus wander'd,
Pale with thought, serenely pale :
Timeless sorrow o'er his face
Breathed a melancholy grace,
And fixed on every feature there
The mournful resignation of despair.

O'er his arm, his lyre neglected,
Once his dear companion, hung,
And, in spirit deep dejected,
Thus the pensive poet sung ;
While, at midnight's solemn noon,
Sweetly shone the cloudless moon,
And all the stars, around his head,
Benignly bright, their mildest influence shed.

"Lyre ! O Lyre ! my chosen treasure,
Solace of my bleeding heart ;
Lyre ! O Lyre ! my only pleasure,
We must ever, ever part :
For in vain thy poet sings,
Woes in vain thine heavenly strings ;
The Muse's wretched sons are born
To cold neglect, and penury, and scorn.

"That which ALEXANDER sigh'd for,
That which CÆSAR'S soul possess'd,
That which heroes, kings, have died for—
Glory !—animates my breast :
Hark ! the charging trumpet's throats
Pour their death-defying notes ;
'To arms !' they call : to arms I fly,
Like WOLFE to conquer, and like WOLFE to die !

"Soft !—the blood of murder'd legions
Summons vengeance from the skies ;
Flaming towns and ravaged regions,
All in awful judgment rise.—
O then, innocently brave,
I will wrestle with the wave ;
Lo ! Commerce spreads the daring sail,
And yokes her naval chariots to the gale.

"Blow, ye breezes !—gently blowing,
Waft me to that happy shore
Where, from fountains ever flowing,
Indian realms their treasures pour ;

Thence returning, poor in health,
 Rich in honesty and wealth,
 O'er thee, my dear paternal soil,
 I'll strew the golden harvest of my toil.

"Then shall Misery's sons and daughters
 In their lowly dwellings sing :
 Bounteous as the Nile's dark waters,
 Undiscover'd as their spring,
 I will scatter o'er the land
 Blessings with a secret hand ;
 For such angelic tasks design'd,
 I give the lyre and sorrow to the wind."

On an oak, whose branches hoary
 Sigh'd to every passing breeze,
 Sighed and told the simple story
 Of the patriarch of trees ;
 High in air his harp he hung,
 Now no more to rapture strung ;
 Then, warm in hope, no longer pale,
 He blush'd adieu, and rambled down the dale.

Lightly touch'd by fairy fingers,
 Hark !—the Lyre enchants the wind ;
 Fond ALCÆUS listens, lingers—
 Linger, listening, looks behind.
 Now the music mounts on high,
 Sweetly swelling through the sky ;
 To every tone, with tender heat,
 His heart-strings vibrate, and his pulses beat.

Now the strains to silence stealing,
 Soft in ecstasies expire ;
 Oh ! with what romantic feeling
 Poor ALCÆUS grasps the Lyre :
 Lo ! his furious hand he flings
 In a tempest o'er the strings ;
 He strikes the chord so quick, so loud,
 'Tis JOVE that scatters lightning from a cloud.

"Lyre ! O Lyre ! my chosen treasure,
 Solace of my bleeding heart ;
 Lyre ! O Lyre ! my only pleasure,
 We will never, never part :
 Glory, Commerce, now in vain
 Tempt me to the field, the main ;
 The Muse's sons are blest, though born
 To cold neglect, and penury, and scorn.

"What though all the world neglect me,
 Shall my haughty soul repine ?
 And shall poverty deject me,
 While this hallow'd Lyre is mine ?

Heaven—that o'er my helpless head
 Many a wrathful vial shed,—
 Heaven gave this Lyre,—and thus decreed,
 'Be thou a *bruised*, but not a *broken* reed.'

REMONSTRANCE TO WINTER.

AH ! why, unfeeling WINTER ! why
 Still flags thy torpid wing ?
 Fly, melancholy season, fly,
 And yield the year to SPRING.

SPRING,—the young harbinger of love,
 An exile in disgrace,—
 Flits o'er the scene, like Noah's dove,
 Nor finds a resting-place.

When on the mountain's azure peak
 Alights her fairy form,
 Cold blow the winds,—and dark and bleak
 Around her rolls the storm.

If to the valley she repair
 For shelter and defence,
 Thy wrath pursues the mourner there,
 And drives her, weeping, thence.

She seeks the brook ;—the faithless brook,
 Of her unmindful grown,
 Feels the chill magic of thy look
 And lingers into stone.

She woos her embryo-flowers in vain
 To rear their infant heads ;—
 Deaf to her voice, her flowers remain
 Enchanted in their beds.

In vain she bids the trees expand
 Their green luxuriant charms ;—
 Bare in the wilderness they stand,
 And stretch their withering arms.

Her favourite birds, in feeble notes,
 Lament thy long delay ;
 And strain their little stammering throats
 To charm thy blasts away.

Ah ! WINTER,—calm thy cruel rage,
 Release the struggling year ;
 Thy power is past, decrepid sage,
 Arise and disappear !

The stars that graced thy splendid night
 Are lost in warmer rays ;
 The sun, rejoicing in his might,
 Unrolls celestial days.

Then why, usurping WINTER, why
 Still flags thy frozen wing ?
 Fly, unrelenting tyrant, fly !
 And yield the year to SPRING.



SONG.

ROUND LOVE's Elysian bowers
 The fairest prospects rise ;
 There bloom the sweetest flowers,
 There shine the purest skies :
 And joy and rapture gild awhile
 The cloudless heaven of BEAUTY's smile.

Round LOVE's deserted bowers
 Tremendous rocks arise ;
 Cold mildews blight the flowers,
 Tornadoes rend the skies :
 And PLEASURE's waning moon goes down
 Amid the night of BEAUTY's frown.

Then Youth, thou fond believer !
 The wily siren shun ;
 Who trusts the dear deceiver
 Will surely be undone :
 When BEAUTY triumphs, ah ! beware ;—
 Her smile is hope—her frown despair.



THE BIRD-CATCHER.

A SONG. ALTERED FROM THE WORDS OF A GERMAN AIR, IN
 MOZART'S OPERA OF "DIE ZAUBERFLÖTE."

A CARELESS whistling lad am I,
 On skylark wings my moments fly ;
 There's not a Fowler more renown'd
 In all the world—for ten miles round !
 Ah ! who like me can spread the net,
 Or tune the merry flageolet ?
 Then why—O why should I repine,
 Since all the roving birds are mine ?

The thrush and linnet in the vale,
 The sweet sequester'd nightingale,
 The bullfinch, wren, and woodlark—all
 Obey my summons when I call.
 O ! could I form some cunning snare
 To catch the coy, coquetting fair,
 In Cupid's filmy web so fine,
 The pretty girls should all be mine !

When all were mine—among the rest,
 I'd choose the lass I like the best ;
 And should my charming mate be kind,
 And smile, and kiss me to my mind,
 With her I'd tie the nuptial knot,
 Make Hymen's cage of my poor cot,
 And love away this fleeting life,
 Like Robin Redbreast and his wife !



LINES WRITTEN UNDER A DRAWING OF
 YARDLEY OAK,

CELEBRATED BY COWPER.*

THIS sole survivor of a race
 Of giant oaks, where once the wood
 Rang with the battle or the chase,
 In stern and lonely grandeur stood.

From age to age it slowly spread
 Its gradual boughs to sun and wind ;
 From age to age its noble head
 As slowly wither'd and declined.

A thousand years are like a day,
 When fled ;—no longer known than seen ;
 This tree was doom'd to pass away,
 And be as if it ne'er had been ;—

But mournful COWPER, wandering nigh,
 For rest beneath its shadow came,
 When, lo ! the voice of days gone by
 Ascended from its hollow frame.

O that the Poet had reveal'd
 The words of those prophetic strains,
 Ere death the eternal mystery seal'd !
 —Yet in his song the Oak remains.

And, fresh in undecaying prime,
 There may it live, beyond the power
 Of storm and earthquake, Man and Time,
 Till Nature's conflagration-hour.

* See Hayley's *Letters and Life of W. Cowper*, Esq.

SONG.

WRITTEN FOR A CONVIVIAL SOCIETY, WHOSE MOTTO WAS
"FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, AND TRUTH."

WHEN "Friendship, Love, and Truth" abound
Among a band of BROTHERS,
The cup of joy goes gaily round,
Each shares the bliss of others:
Sweet roses grace the thorny way
Along this vale of sorrow;
The flowers that shed their leaves to-day
Shall bloom again to-morrow:
How grand in age, how fair in youth,
Are holy "FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, AND TRUTH!"

On halcyon wings our moments pass,
Life's cruel cares beguiling;
Old TIME lays down his scythe and glass,
In gay good humour smiling:
With ermine beard and forelock grey
His reverend front adorning,
He looks like Winter turn'd to May,
Night soften'd into Morning.
How grand in age, how fair in youth,
Are holy "FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, AND TRUTH!"

From these beautiful fountains flow
Ambrosial rills of pleasure:
Can man desire, can Heaven bestow,
A more resplendent treasure?
Adorn'd with gems so richly bright,
We'll form a constellation,
Where every star with modest light,
Shall gild his proper station.
How grand in age, how fair in youth,
Are holy "FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, AND TRUTH!"



"THE JOY OF GRIEF."

—OSSIAN.

SWEET the hour of tribulation,
When the heart can freely sigh,
And the tear of resignation
Twinkles in the mournful eye.

Have you felt the kind emotion
Tremble through your troubled breast,
Soft as Evening o'er the ocean,
When she charms the waves to rest?

Have you lost a friend, a brother?
Heard a father's parting breath?
Gazed upon a lifeless mother,
Till she seem'd to wake from death?

Have you felt a spouse expiring
In your arms before your view?
Watch'd the lovely soul retiring
From her eyes that broke on you?

Did not grief then grow romantic,
Raving on remember'd bliss?
Did you not, with fervour frantic,
Kiss the lips that felt no kiss?

Yes! but when you had resign'd her,
Life and you were reconciled;
Anna left—she left behind her,
One, one dear, one only child.

But, before the green moss peeping
His poor mother's grave array'd,
In that grave the infant sleeping
On the mother's lap was laid.

Horror then, your heart congealing,
Chill'd you with intense despair:
Can you call to mind the feeling?—
No! there was no feeling there.

From that gloomy trance of sorrow
When you woke to pangs unknown,
How unwelcome was the morrow,
For it rose on YOU ALONE!

Sunk in self-consuming anguish,
Can the poor heart always ache?
No; the tortured nerve will languish,
Or the strings of life must break.

O'er the yielding brow of Sadness
One faint smile of comfort stole;
One soft pang of tender gladness
Exquisitely thrill'd your soul.

While the wounds of woe are healing,
While the heart is all resign'd;
'Tis the solemn feast of feeling,
'Tis the Sabbath of the mind.

Pensive memory then retraces
Scenes of bliss for ever fled,
Lives in former times and places,
Holds communion with the dead.

And when night's prophetic slumbers
 Rend the veil to mortal eyes,
 From their tombs the sainted numbers
 Of our lost companions rise.

You have seen a friend, a brother,
 Heard a dear dead father speak ;
 Proved the fondness of a mother,
 Felt her tears upon your cheek.

Dreams of love your grief beguiling,
 You have clasp'd a consort's charms,
 And received your infant smiling
 From his mother's sacred arms.

Trembling, pale, and agonizing,
 While you mourn the vision gone,
 Bright the morning star arising,
 Open'd heaven, from whence it shone.

Thither all your wishes bending,
 Rose in ecstasy sublime ;
 Thither all your hopes ascending,
 Triumph'd over death and time.

Thus afflicted, bruised, and broken,
 Have you known such sweet relief ?
 Yes, my friend ; and, by this token,
 You have felt "THE JOY OF GRIEF."



THE PILLOW.

THE head that oft this Pillow press'd,
 That aching head, is gone to rest ;
 Its little pleasures now no more,
 And all its mighty sorrows o'er,
 For ever, in the worm's dark bed,
 For ever sleeps that humble head !
 My FRIEND was young, the world was new ;
 The world was false, my FRIEND was true ;
 Lowly his lot, his birth obscure,
 His fortune hard, my FRIEND was poor ;
 To wisdom he had no pretence,
 A child of suffering, not of sense ;
 For Nature never did impart
 A weaker or a warmer heart.
 His fervent soul, a soul of flame,
 Consumed its frail terrestrial frame ;
 That fire from Heaven so fiercely burn'd,
 That whence it came it soon return'd :

And yet, O Pillow ! yet to me,
My gentle FRIEND survives in thee ;
In thee, the partner of his bed,
In thee, the widow of the dead.

On Helicon's inspiring brink,
Ere yet my FRIEND had learn'd to think,
Once as he pass'd the careless day
Among the whispering reeds at play,
The Muse of Sorrow wander'd by ;
Her pensive beauty fix'd his eye ;
With sweet astonishment he smiled ;
The Gipsy saw—she stole the child ;
And soft on her ambrosial breast
Sang the delighted babe to rest ;
Convey'd him to her inmost grove.
And loved him with a Mother's love.
Awaking from his rosy nap,
And gaily sporting on her lap,
His wanton fingers o'er her lyre
Twinkled like electric fire :
Quick and quicker as they flew,
Sweet and sweeter tones they drew ;
Now a bolder hand he flings,
And dives among the deepest strings ;
Then forth the music brake like thunder ;
Back he started, wild with wonder.
The Muse of Sorrow wept for joy,
And clasp'd and kiss'd her chosen boy.

Ah ! then no more his smiling hours
Were spent in Childhood's Eden-bowers ;
The fall from Infant-innocence,
The fall to knowledge, drives us thence :
O Knowledge ! worthless at the price,
Bought with the loss of Paradise.
As happy ignorance declined,
And reason rose upon his mind,
Romantic hopes and fond desires
(Sparks of the soul's immortal fires)
Kindled within his breast the rage
To breathe through every future age,
To clasp the fitting shade of fame,
To build an everlasting name,
O'erleap the narrow vulgar span,
And live beyond the life of man.

Then Nature's charms his heart possess'd,
And Nature's glory fill'd his breast :
The sweet Spring-morning's infant rays,
Meridian Summer's youthful blaze,
Maturer Autumn's evening mild,
And hoary Winter's midnight wild,
Awoke his eye, inspired his tongue ;
For every scene he loved, he sung.
Rude were his songs, and simple truth,
Till Boyhood blossom'd into Youth :

Then nobler themes his fancy fired,
 To bolder flights his soul aspired ;
 And as the new-moon's opening eye
 Broadens and brightens through the sky,
 From the dim streak of western light
 To the full orb that rules the night,
 Thus, gathering lustre in its race,
 And shining through unbounded space.
 From earth to heaven his Genius soar'd,
 Time and eternity explored,
 And hail'd where'er its footsteps trod,
 In Nature's temple, Nature's GOD :
 Or pierced the human breast to scan
 The hidden majesty of man ;
 Man's hidden weakness too descried,
 His glory, grandeur, meanness, pride :
 Pursued along their erring course,
 The streams of passion to their source ;
 Or in the mind's creation sought
 New stars of fancy, worlds of thought.
 —Yet still through all his strains would flow
 A tone of uncomplaining woe,
 Kind as the tear in Pity's eye,
 Soft as the slumbering Infant's sigh,
 So sweetly, exquisitely wild,
 It spake the Muse of Sorrow's child.

O Pillow ! then, when light withdrew,
 To thee the fond enthusiast flew ;
 On thee, in pensive mood reclined,
 He pour'd his contemplative mind,
 Till o'er his eyes with mild control
 Sleep like a soft enchantment stole,
 Charm'd into life his airy schemes,
 And realized his waking dreams.

Soon from those waking dreams he woke,
 The fairy spell of fancy broke ;
 In vain he breathed a soul of fire
 Through every chord that strung his lyre.
 No friendly echo cheer'd his tongue ;
 Amidst the wilderness he sung :
 Louder and bolder bards were crown'd,
 Whose dissonance his music drown'd :
 The public ear, the public voice,
 Despised his song, denied his choice,
 Denied a name,—a life in death,
 Denied—a bubble and a breath.

Stripp'd of his fondest, dearest claim,
 And disinherited of fame,
 To thee, O Pillow ! thee alone,
 He made his silent anguish known ;
 His haughty spirit scorn'd the blow
 That laid his high ambition low ;
 But, ah ! his looks assumed in vain
 A cold ineffable disdain,

While deep he cherish'd in his breast
The scorpion that consumed his rest.

Yet other secret griefs had he,
O Pillow ! only told to thee :
Say, did not hopeless love intrude
On his poor bosom's solitude ?
Perhaps on thy soft lap reclined,
In dreams the cruel fair was kind,
That more intensely he might know
The bitterness of waking woe.

Whate'er those pangs from me conceal'd,
To thee in midnight groans reveal'd,
They stung remembrance to despair :
"A wounded spirit who can bear !"
Meanwhile disease, with slow decay,
Moulder'd his feeble frame away ;
And as his evening sun declined,
The shadows deepen'd o'er his mind.
What doubts and terrors then possess'd
The dark dominion of his breast !
How did delirious fancy dwell
On Madness, Suicide, and Hell !
There was on earth no Power to save :
—But, as he shudder'd o'er the grave,
He saw from realms of light descend
The friend of him who has no friend,
RELIGION !—Her almighty breath
Rebuked the winds and waves of death ;
She bade the storm of frenzy cease,
And smiled a calm, and whisper'd peace :
Amidst that calm of sweet repose,
To Heaven his gentle Spirit rose.



VERSES TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE

JOSEPH BROWNE, OF LOTHERSDALE,

He was one of the people called Quakers, who had suffered a long confinement in the Castle of York, and loss of all his worldly property for conscience' sake, in the years 1795 and 1796 ; the period when the author was himself confined in that prison.

"SPIRIT, leave thine house of clay,
Lingering Dust, resign thy breath !
Spirit, cast thy chains away ;
Dust, be thou dissolved in death !"

Thus thy Guardian Angel spoke,
As he watch'd thy dying bed ;
As the bonds of life he broke :
And the ransom'd captive fled.

"Prisoner, long detain'd below
 Prisoner, now with freedom blest ;
 Welcome from a world of woe,
 Welcome to a land of rest !"

Thus thy Guardian Angel sang,
 As he bore thy soul on high ;
 While with Hallelujahs rang
 All the region of the sky.

—Ye that mourn a FATHER's loss,
 Ye that weep a FRIEND no more !
 Call to mind the CHRISTIAN cross,
 Which your friend your FATHER, bore.

Grief, and penury, and pain,
 Still attended on his way ;
 And Oppression's scourge and chain,
 More unmerciful than they.

Yet, while travelling in distress
 ('Twas the eldest curse of sin)
 Through the world's waste wilderness,
 He had Paradise within.

And along that vale of tears
 Which his humble footsteps trod,
 Still a shining path appears,
 Where the MOURNER walk'd with GOD.

Till his MASTER from above,
 When the promised hour was come,
 Sent the chariot of His love
 To convey the WANDEER home.

Saw ye not the wheels of fire,
 And the steeds that cleft the wind ?
 Saw ye not his soul aspire,
 When his mantle dropp'd behind ?

Ye who caught it as it fell,
 Bind that mantle round your breast ;
 So in you his meekness dwell,
 So on you his spirit rest !

Yet, rejoicing in his lot,
 Still shall Memory love to weep
 O'er the venerable spot
 Where his dear cold relics sleep.

Grave ! the guardian of his dust,
 Grave ! the treasury of the skies,
 Every atom of thy trust
 Rests in hope again to rise.

Hark ! the judgment trumpet calls—
 "Soul, rebuild thine house of clay :
 IMMORTALITY thy walls,
 And ETERNITY thy day !"



THE THUNDER-STORM.

O FOR Evening's brownest shade !
 Where the breezes play by stealth
 In the forest-cinctured glade,
 Round the hermitage of HEALTH :
 While the noon-bright mountains blaze
 In the sun's tormenting rays.

O'er the sick and sultry plains,
 Through the dim delirious air,
 Agonizing silence reigns,
 And the wanness of despair :
 Nature faints with fervent heat,
 Ah ! her pulse hath ceased to beat.

Now in deep and dreadful gloom,
 Clouds on clouds portentous spread,
 Black as if the day of doom
 Hung o'er Nature's shrinking head :
 Lo ! the lightning breaks from high,
 GOD is coming !—GOD is nigh !

Hear ye not his chariot wheels,
 As the mighty thunder rolls ?
 Nature, startled Nature, reels,
 From the centre to the poles ;
 Tremble ! Ocean, Earth, and Sky
 Tremble !—GOD is passing by !

Darkness, wild with horror, forms
 His mysterious hiding-place ;
 Should He, from his ark of storms,
 Rend the veil, and show His face,
 At the judgment of his eye
 All the universe would die.

Brighter, broader lightning's flash,
 Hail and rain tempestuous fall ;
 Louder, deeper thunders crash,
 Desolation threatens all ;
 Struggling Nature gasps for breath
 In the agony of death.

GOD OF VENGEANCE, from above
 While thine awful bolts are hurl'd,
 O remember thou art LOVE !
 Spare ! O spare a guilty world !
 Stay Thy flaming wrath a while,
 See Thy bow of promise smile.

Welcome in the eastern cloud,
 Messenger of Mercy still ;
 Now, ye winds, proclaim aloud,
 "Peace on Earth, to Man good will."
 Nature ! GOD's repenting child,
 See thy Parent reconciled.

Hark the nightingale, afar,
 Sweetly sings the sun to rest,
 And awakes the evening star
 In the rosy-tinted west :
 While the moon's enchanting eye
 Opens Paradise on high.

Cool and tranquil is the night,
 Nature's sore afflictions cease,
 For the storm, that spent its might,
 Was a covenant of peace ;
 VENGEANCE drops her harmless rod :
 Mercy is the Power of GOD.



ODE TO THE VOLUNTEERS OF BRITAIN,

ON THE PROSPECT OF INVASION IN 1804.

O FOR the death of those
 Who for their country die,
 Sink on her bosom to repose,
 And triumph where they lie !

How beautiful in death
 The Warrior's corse appears,
 Embalm'd by fond Affection's breath,
 And bathed in Woman's tears !

Their loveliest native earth
 Enshrines the fallen brave ;
 In the dear land that gave them birth
 They find their tranquil grave.

—But the wild waves shall sweep
 Britannia's foes away,
 And the blue monsters of the deep
 Be surfeited with prey.—

No!—they have 'scaped the waves,
 'Scaped the sea-monster's maws;
 They come! but oh! shall GALLIC SLAVES
 Give ENGLISH FREEMEN laws?

By ALFRED's Spirit, No!
 —Ring, ring the loud alarms;
 Ye drums, awake! ye clarions, blow!
 Ye heralds, shout "To arms!"

To arms our heroes fly;
 And, leading on their lines,
 The British banner in the sky,
 The star of conquest shines.

The lowering battle forms
 Its terrible array;
 Like clashing clouds in mountain-storms,
 That thunder on their way:—

The rushing armies meet;
 And while they pour their breath,
 The strong earth shudders at their feet,
 The day grows dim with death.

—Ghosts of the mighty dead!
 Your children's hearts inspire;
 And while they on your ashes tread,
 Rekindle all your fire.

The dead to life return;
 Our fathers' spirits rise;
 —My brethren, in YOUR breasts they burn,
 They sparkle in YOUR eyes.

Now launch upon the foe
 The lightning of your rage;
 Strike, strike the assailing giants low,
 The Titans of the age.

They yield,—they break,—they fly;
 The victory is won:
 Pursue!—they faint,—they fall,—they die:
 O stay!—the work is done.

SPIRIT OF VENGEANCE! rest:
 Sweet MERCY cries, "Forbear!"
 She clasps the vanquish'd to her breast;
 Thou wilt not pierce them there?

—Thus vanish Britain's foes
 From her consuming eye;
 But rich be the reward of those
 Who conquer,—those who die.

O'ershadowing laurels deck
The living hero's brows ;
But lovelier wreaths entwine his neck,
—His children and his spouse.

Exulting o'er his lot,
The dangers he has braved,
He clasps the dear ones, hails the cot,
Which his own valour saved.

DAUGHTERS OF ALBION ! weep :
On this triumphant plain
Your fathers, husbands, brethren sleep,
For you and freedom slain.

O gently close the eye
That loved to look on you ;
O seal the lip whose earliest sigh,
Whose latest breath, was true :

With knots of sweetest flowers
Their winding-sheet perfume ;
And wash their wounds with true-love showers,
And dress them for the tomb.

For beautiful in death
The Warrior's corse appears,
Embalmd by fond Affection's breath,
And bathed in Woman's tears.

—Give me the death of those
Who for their country die ;
And O ! be mine like their repose,
When cold and low they lie !

Their loveliest mother Earth
Enshrines the fallen brave ;
In her sweet lap who gave them birth
They find their tranquil grave.

H A N N A H.

At fond sixteen my roving heart
Was pierced by Love's delightful dart :
Keen transport throb'd through every vein,
—I never felt so sweet a pain !

Where circling woods embower'd the glade,
I met the dear romantic maid :
I stole her hand,—it shrunk,—but no ;
I would not let my captive go.

With all the fervency of youth,
While passion told the tale of truth,
I mark'd my Hannah's downcast eye—
'Twas kind, but beautifully shy :

Not with a warmer, purer ray,
The sun, enamour'd, woos young May ;
Nor May, with softer maiden grace,
Turns from the sun her blushing face.

But, swifter than the frightened dove,
Fled the gay morning of my love ;
Ah ! that so bright a morn, so soon,
Should vanish in so dark a noon.

The angel of Affliction rose,
And in his grasp a thousand woes ;
He pour'd his vial on my head,
And all the heaven of rapture fled.

Yet, in the glory of my pride,
I stood,—and all his wrath defied ;
I stood,—though whirlwinds shook my brain,
And lightnings cleft my soul in twain.

I shunn'd my nymph ;—and knew not why
I durst not meet her gentle eye ;
I shunn'd her, for I could not bear
To marry her to my despair.

Yet, sick at heart with hope delay'd,
Oft the dear image of that maid
Glanced, like the rainbow, o'er my mind,
And promised happiness behind.

The storm blew o'er, and in my breast
The halcyon Peace rebuilt her nest :
The storm blew o'er, and clear and mild
The sea of Youth and Pleasure smiled.

'Twas on the merry morn of May,
To Hannah's cot I took my way :
My eager hopes were on the wing,
Like swallows sporting in the spring.

Then, as I climb'd the mountains o'er,
I lived my wooing days once more ;
And fancy sketch'd my married lot,—
My wife, my children, and my cot.

I saw the village steeple rise,—
My soul sprang, sparkling, in my eyes :
The rural bells rang sweet and clear,—
My fond heart listen'd in mine ear.

I reach'd the hamlet :—all was gay ;
 I love a rustic holiday ;
 I met a wedding,—stepp'd aside ;
 It pass'd—my Hannah was the bride.

—There is a grief that cannot feel—
 It leaves a wound that will not heal ;

—My heart grew cold,—it felt not then :
 When shall it cease to feel again ?



A FIELD FLOWER.

ON FINDING ONE IN FULL BLOOM, ON CHRISTMAS-DAY, 1863.

THERE is a flower, a little flower,
 With silver crest and golden eye,
 That welcomes every changing hour,
 And weathers every sky.

The prouder beauties of the field
 In gay but quick succession shine,
 Race after race their honours yield,
 They flourish and decline.

But this small flower, to Nature dear,
 While moons and stars their courses run,
 Wreathes the whole circle of the year,
 Companion of the sun.

It smiles upon the lap of May,
 To sultry August spreads its charms,
 Lights pale October on his way,
 And twines December's arms.

The purple heath and golden broom
 On moory mountains catch the gale,
 O'er lawns the lily sheds perfume,
 The violet in the vale.

But this bold floweret climbs the hill,
 Hides in the forest, haunts the glen,
 Plays on the margin of the rill,
 Peeps round the fox's den.

Within the garden's cultured round
 It shares the sweet carnation's bed ;
 And blooms on consecrated ground
 In honour of the dead.

The lambkin crops its crimson gem,
The wild-bee murmurs on its breast,
The blue-fly bends its pensile stem
Light o'er the skylark's nest.

'Tis Flora's page ;—in every place,
In every season fresh and fair,
It opens with perennial grace,
And blossoms everywhere.

On waste and woodland, rock and plain,
Its humble buds unheeded rise ;
The Rose has but a summer reign,
The DAISY never dies.



THE SNOWDROP.

WINTER, retire,
Thy reign is past !
Hoary sire,
Yield the sceptre of thy sway,
Sound thy trumpet in the blast,
And call thy storms away.
Winter, retire ;
Wherefore do thy wheels delay ?
Mount the chariot of thine ire,
And quit the realms of day ;
On thy state
Whirlwinds wait ;
And bloodshot meteors lend thee light ;
Hence to dreary arctic regions
Summon thy terrific legions ;
Hence to caves of northern night
Speed thy flight.
From halcyon seas
And purer skies,
O southern breeze !
Awake, arise :
Breath of heaven, benignly blow,
Melt the snow ;
Breath of heaven, unchain the floods,
Warm the woods,
And make the mountains flow.
Auspicious to the Muse's prayer,
The freshening gale
Embalms the vale,
And breathes enchantment through the air ;
On its wing
Floats the Spring,
With glowing eye, and golden hair :

Dark before her angel-form
 She drives the demon of the storm,
 Like Gladness chasing Care.
 Winter's gloomy night withdrawn,
 Lo ! the young romantic hours
 Search the hill, the dale, the lawn,
 To behold the SNOWDROP white
 Start to light,
 And shine in Flora's desert bowers,
 Beneath the vernal dawn,
 The Morning Star of Flowers.
 O welcome to our isle,
 Thou Messenger of Peace !
 At whose bewitching smile
 The embattled tempests cease :
 Emblem of innocence and truth,
 Firstborn of Nature's womb,
 When, strong in renovated youth,
 She bursts from Winter's tomb ;
 Thy parent's eye hath shed
 A precious dewdrop, on thine head
 Frail as a mother's tear
 Upon her infant's face,
 When ardent hope to tender fear
 And anxious love gives place.
 But lo ! the dewdrop flits away,
 The sun salutes thee with a ray
 Warm as a mother's kiss
 Upon her infant's cheek,
 When the heart bounds with bliss
 And joy that cannot speak.
 —When I meet thee by the way,
 Like a pretty, sportive child,
 On the winter-wasted wild,
 With thy darling breeze at play,
 Opening to the radiant sky
 All the sweetness of thine eye ;
 Or bright with sunbeams, fresh with showers,
 O thou Fairy-Queen of Flowers !
 Watch thee o'er the plain advance
 At the head of Flora's dance ;
 Simple SNOWDROP, then in thee
 All thy sister-train I see ;
 Every brilliant bud that blows,
 From the bluebell to the rose :
 All the beauties that appear
 On the bosom of the Year,
 All that wreaths the locks of Spring,
 Summer's ardent breath perfume,
 Or on the lap of Autumn bloom,
 —All to thee their tribute bring,
 Exhale their incense at thy shrine,
 —Their hues, their odours, all are thine.
 For while thy humble form I view,

The Muse's keen prophetic sight
 Brings fair Futurity to light,
 And fancy's magic makes the vision true.
 —There is a Winter in my soul,
 The Winter of despair ;
 O when shall Spring its rage control ?
 When shall the SNOWDROP blossom there ?
 Cold gleams of comfort sometimes dart
 A dawn of glory on my heart,
 But quickly pass away :
 Thus Northern-lights the gloom adorn,
 And give the promise of a morn
 That never turns to day !
 —But, hark ! methinks I hear
 A still small whisper in mine ear,
 “ Rash youth, repent :
 Afflictions, from above,
 Are angels sent
 On embassies of love.
 A fiery legion, at thy birth,
 Of chastening woes were given,
 To pluck the flowers of hope from earth,
 And plant them high
 O'er yonder sky,
 Transform'd to stars,—and fix'd in heaven.”



THE OCEAN.

WRITTEN AT SCARBOROUGH, IN THE SUMMER OF 1805.

ALL hail to the ruins,* the rocks and the shores !
 Thou wide-rolling OCEAN, all hail !
 Now brilliant with sunbeams, and dimpled with oars,
 Now dark with the fresh-blowing gale,
 While soft o'er thy bosom the cloud-shadows sail,
 And the silver-wing'd sea-fowl on high,
 Like meteors bespangle the sky,
 Or dive in the gulf, or triumphantly ride
 Like foam on the surges, the swans of the tide.

From the tumult and smoke of the city set free,
 With eager and awful delight,
 From the crest of the mountain I gaze upon thee ;
 I gaze,—and am changed at the sight ;
 For mine eye is illumined, my genius takes flight,
 My soul, like the sun, with a glance
 Embraces the boundless expanse,
 And moves on thy waters, wherever they roll,
 From the day-darting zone to the night-shadow'd pole.

* Scarborough Castle.

My spirit descends where the day-spring is born,
 Where the billows are rubies on fire,
 And the breezes that rock the light cradle of morn
 Are sweet as the Phoenix's pyre :
 O regions of beauty, of love, and desire !
 O gardens of Eden ! in vain
 Placed far on the fathomless main,
 Where Nature with Innocence dwelt in her youth,
 When pure was her heart, and unbroken her truth.

But now the fair rivers of Paradise wind
 Through countries and kingdoms o'erthrown ;
 Where the giant of Tyranny crushes mankind,
 Where he reigns,—and will soon reign alone ;
 For wide and more wide, o'er the sun-beaming zone,
 He stretches his hundredfold arms,
 Despoiling, destroying its charms ;
 Beneath his broad footstep the Ganges is dry,
 And the mountains recoil from the flash of his eye.

Thus the pestilent Upas, the Demon of trees,
 Its boughs o'er the wilderness spreads,
 And, with livid contagion polluting the breeze,
 Its mildewing influence sheds :
 The birds on the wing, and the flowers in their beds,
 Are slain by its venomous breath,
 That darkens the noonday with death ;
 And pale ghosts of travellers wander around,
 While their mouldering skeletons whiten the ground.

Ah ! why hath JEHOVAH, in forming the world,
 With the waters divided the land,
 His ramparts of rocks round the continent hurl'd,
 And cradled the Deep in His hand,
 If man may transgress His eternal command,
 And leap o'er the bounds of his birth,
 To ravage the uttermost earth,
 And violate nations and realms that should be
 Distinct as the billows, yet one as the sea ?

There are, gloomy OCEAN ! a brotherless clan,
 Who traverse thy banishing waves,
 The poor disinherited outcasts of man,
 Whom avarice coins into slaves :
 From the homes of their kindred, their forefathers' graves,
 Love, friendship, and conjugal bliss,
 They are dragg'd on the hoary abyss ;
 The shark hears their shrieks, and, ascending to day, :
 Demands of the spoiler his share of the prey.

Then joy to the tempest that whelms them beneath,
 And makes their destruction its sport !
 But woe to the winds that propitiously breathe,
 And waft them in safety to port,
 Where the vultures and vampires of Mammon resort ;

Where Europe exultingly drains
 The life-blood from Africa's veins ;
 Where man rules o'er man with a merciless rod,
 And spurns at his footstool the image of God !

The hour is approaching,—a terrible hour !
 And Vengeance is bending her bow ;
 Already the clouds of the hurricane lour,
 And the rock-rending whirlwinds blow :
 Back rolls the huge OCEAN, Hell opens below :
 The floods return headlong,—they sweep
 The slave-cultured lands to the deep ;
 In a moment entomb'd in the horrible void,
 By their Maker Himself in his anger destroy'd.

Shall this be the fate of the cane-planted isles,
 More lovely than clouds in the west,
 When the sun o'er the ocean descending in smiles
 Sinks softly and sweetly to rest ?
 No !—Father of mercy ! befriend the opprest ;
 At the voice of Thy gospel of peace
 May the sorrows of Africa cease ;
 And the slave and his master devoutly unite
 To walk in thy freedom, and dwell in thy light !*

As homeward my weary-wing'd fancy extends
 Her star-lighted course through the skies,
 High over the mighty Atlantic ascends,
 And turns upon Europe her eyes ;
 Ah me ! what new prospects, new horrors, arise !
 I see the war-tormented flood
 All foaming and panting with blood ;
 The panic-struck OCEAN in agony roars,
 Rebounds from the battle, and flies to his shores.

For BRITANNIA is wielding the trident to-day,
 Consuming her foes in her ire,
 And hurling her thunder with absolute sway
 From her wave-ruling chariots of fire :
 She triumphs ;—the winds and the waters conspire
 To spread her invincible name ;
 —The universe rings with her fame ;
 —But the cries of the fatherless mix with her praise,
 And the tears of the widow are shed on her bays.

O Britain ! dear Britain ! the land of my birth ;
 O Isle, most enchantingly fair !
 Thou pearl of the ocean ! thou gem of the earth !
 O my mother ! my mother ! beware ;
 For wealth is a phantom, and empire a snare :

* Alluding to the glorious success of the Moravian missionaries among the Negroes in the West Indies.

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THE COMMON LOT.

ONCE, in the flight of ages past,
There lived a man :—and WHO was HE ?—
Mortal ! howe'er thy lot be cast,
That man resembled thee.

Unknown the region of his birth,
The land in which he died unknown :
His name hath perish'd from the earth ;
This truth survives alone :—

That joy and grief, and hope and fear,
Alternate triumph'd in his breast ;
His bliss and woe,—a smile, a tear !—
Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,
The changing spirits' rise and fall ;
We know that these were felt by him,
For these are felt by all.

He suffer'd,—but his pangs are o'er ;
Enjoy'd,—but his delights are fled ;
Had friends—his friends are now no more ;
And foes,—his foes are dead.

He loved,—but whom he loved, the grave
Hath lost in its unconscious womb :
O, she was fair !—but nought could save
Her beauty from the tomb.

He saw whatever thou hast seen ;
Encounter'd all that troubles thee :
He was—whatever thou hast been ;
He is—what thou shalt be.

The rolling seasons, day and night,
Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and main,
Erewhile his portion, life and light,
To him exist in vain.

The clouds and sunbeams, o'er his eye
That once their shades and glory threw,
Have left in yonder silent sky
No vestige where they flew.

The annals of the human race,
Their ruins, since the world began,
Of HIM afford no other trace
Than this,—THERE LIVED A MAN !

THE HARP OF SORROW.

I GAVE my Harp to Sorrow's hand,
And she has ruled the chords so long,
They will not speak at my command ;—
They warble only to *her* song.

Of dear departed hours,
Too fondly loved to last,
The dew, the breath, the bloom of flowers,
Snapt in their freshness by the blast :

Of long, long years of future care,
Till lingering Nature yields her breath,
And endless ages of despair,
Beyond the judgment-day or death :—

The weeping Minstrel sings ;
And while her numbers flow,
My spirit trembles with the strings,
Responsive to the notes of woe.

Would gladness move a sprightlier strain,
And wake this wild harp's clearest tones,
The chords, impatient to complain,
Are dumb, or only utter moans.

And yet, to soothe the mind
With luxury of grief,
The soul to suffering all resign'd
In Sorrow's music feels relief.

Thus o'er the light Æolian lyre
The winds of dark November stray,
Touch the quick nerve of every wire,
And on its magic pulses play ;—

Till all the air around,
Mysterious murmurs fill,
A strange bewildering dream of sound,
Most heavenly sweet,—yet mournful still.

O ! snatch the Harp from Sorrow's hand,
Hope ! who has been a stranger long ;
O ! strike it with sublime command,
And be the Poet's life thy song.

Of vanish'd troubles sing,
Of fears for ever fled,
Of flowers that hear the voice of Spring,
And burst and blossom from the dead ;—

Of home, contentment, health, repose,
 Serene delights, while years increase ;
 And weary life's triumphant close
 In some calm sunset hour of peace ;—

Of bliss that reigns above,
 Celestial May of Youth,
 Unchanging as JEHOVAH's love,
 And everlasting as his truth :—

Sing, heavenly Hope !—and dart thine hand
 O'er my frail harp, untuned so long ;
 That Harp shall breathe, at thy command,
 Immortal sweetness through thy song.

Ah ! then, this gloom control,
 And at thy voice shall start
 A new creation in my soul,
 A native Eden in my heart.



POPE'S WILLOW.

Verses written for an Urn made out of the trunk of the Weeping Willow, imported from the East, and planted by Pope in his grounds at Twickenham, where it flourished many years ; but, falling into decay, it was lately cut down.

ERE Pope resign'd his tuneful breath,
 And made the turf his pillow,
 The minstrel hung his harp in death
 Upon the drooping willow ;
 That Willow, from Euphrates' strand,
 Had sprung beneath his training hand.

Long as revolving seasons flew,
 From youth to age it flourish'd,
 By vernal winds and starlight dew,
 By showers and sunbeams nourish'd ;
 And while in dust the Poet slept,
 The Willow o'er his ashes wept.

Old Time beheld its silvery head
 With graceful grandeur towering,
 Its pensile boughs profusely spread,
 The breezy lawn embowering,
 Till, arch'd around, there seem'd to shoot
 A grove of scions from one root.

Thither, at summer noon, he view'd
 The lovely Nine retreating,
 Beneath its twilight solitude
 With songs their Poet greeting,
 Whose spirit in the Willow spoke,
 Like Jove's from dark Dodona's oak.

By harvest moonlight there he spied
 The fairy bands advancing ;
 Bright Ariel's troop, on Thames's side,
 Around the Willow dancing ;
 Gay sylphs among the foliage play'd,
 And glowworms glitter'd in the shade.

One morn, while Time thus mark'd the tree
 In beauty green and glorious,
 "The hand," he cried, "that planted thee
 O'er mine was oft victorious ;
 Be vengeance now my calm employ,—
 One work of Pope's I *will* destroy."

He spake, and struck a silent blow
 With that dread arm whose motion
 Lays cedars, thrones, and temples low,
 And wields o'er land and ocean
 The unremitting axe of doom,
 That fells the forest of the tomb.

Deep to the Willow's root it went,
 And cleft the core asunder,
 Like sudden secret lightning, sent
 Without recording thunder :
 —From that sad moment, slow away
 Began the Willow to decay.

In vain did Spring those bowers restore,
 Where loves and graces revell'd,
 Autumn's wild gales the branches tore,
 The thin gray leaves dishevell'd,
 And every wasting Winter found
 The Willow nearer to the ground.

Hoary, and weak, and bent with age,
 At length the axe assail'd it :
 It bow'd before the woodman's rage ;
 The swans of Thames bewail'd it,
 With softer tones, with sweeter breath,
 Than ever charm'd the ear of death.

O POPE ! hadst thou, whose lyre so long
 The wondering world enchanted,
 Amidst thy paradise of song
 This Weeping Willow planted ;
 Among thy loftiest laurels seen,
 In deathless verse for ever green,—

Thy chosen Tree had stood sublime,
 The storms of ages braving,
 Triumphant o'er the wrecks of Time
 Its verdant banner waving,
 While regal pyramids decay'd,
 And empires perish'd in its shade.

An humbler lot, O Tree ! was thine,
 —Gone down in all thy glory ;
 The sweet, the mournful task be mine,
 To sing thy simple story :
 Though verse like mine in vain would raise
 The fame of thy departed days.

Yet, fallen Willow ! if to me
 Such power of song were given,
 My lips should breathe a soul through thee,
 And call down fire from heaven,
 To kindle in this hallow'd Urn
 A flame that would for ever burn.



A WALK IN SPRING.

I WANDER'D in a lonely glade,
 Where, issuing from the forest shade,
 A little mountain stream
 Along the winding valley play'd,
 Beneath the morning beam.

Light o'er the woods of dark brown oak
 The west-wind wreathed the hovering smoko,
 From cottage roofs conceal'd ;
 Below a rock abruptly broke,
 In rosy light reveal'd.

'Twas in the infancy of May,—
 The uplands glow'd in green array,
 While from the ranging eye
 The lessening landscape stretch'd away,
 To meet the bending sky.

'Tis sweet in solitude to hear
 The earliest music of the year,
 The blackbird's loud wild note,
 Or, from the wintry thicket drear,
 The thrush's stammering throat.

In rustic solitude 'tis sweet
 The earliest flowers of spring to greet,—
 The violet from its tomb,
 The strawberry, creeping at our feet,
 The sorrel's simple bloom.

Wherefore I love the walks of spring,—
 While still I hear new warblers sing,
 Fresh-opening bells I see ;
 Joy flits on every roving wing,
 Hope buds on every tree.

That morn I look'd and listen'd long,
Some cheering sight, some woodland song,
As yet unheard, unseen,
To welcome, with remembrance strong
Of days that once had been ;—

When, gathering flowers, an eager child,
I ran abroad with rapture wild ;
Or, on more curious quest,
Peep'd breathless through the copse, and smiled,
To see the linnet's nest.

Already had I watch'd the flight
Of swallows darting through the light,
And mock'd the cuckoo's call ;
Already view'd, o'er meadows bright,
The evening rainbow fall.

Now in my walk, with sweet surprise,
I saw the first spring cowslip rise,
The plant whose pensile flowers
Bend to the earth their beauteous eyes,
In sunshine as in showers.

Lone on a mossy bank it grew,
Where lichens, purple, white, and blue,
Among the verdure crept ;
Its yellow ringlets, dropping dew,
The breezes lightly swept.

A bee had nestled on its blooms,
He shook abroad their rich perfumes,
Then fled in airy rings ;
His place a butterfly assumes,
Glancing his glorious wings.

O, welcome, as a friend ! I cried ;
A friend through many a season tried,
Nor ever sought in vain,
When May, with Flora at her side,
Is dancing on the plain.

Sure as the Pleiades adorn
The glittering coronet of morn,
In calm delicious hours,
Beneath their beams thy buds are born,
'Midst love-awakening showers.

Scatter'd by Nature's graceful hand,
In briary glens, o'er pasture land,
Thy fairy tribes we meet ;
Gay in the milkmaid's path they stand,
They kiss her tripping feet.

From winter's farmyard bondage freed,
The cattle, bounding o'er the mead
Where green the herbage grows,
Among thy fragrant blossoms feed,
Upon thy tufts repose.

Tessing his forelock o'er his mane,
The foal, at rest upon the plain,
Sports with thy flexile stalk,
But stoops his little neck in vain
To crop it in his walk.

Where thick thy primrose blossoms play,
Lovely and innocent as they,
O'er coppice lawns and dells,
In bands the rural children stray,
To pluck thy nectar'd bells ;

Whose simple sweets, with curious skill,
The frugal cottage dames distil,
Nor envy France the vine,
While many a festal cup they fill
With Britain's homely wine.

Unchanging still from year to year,
Like stars returning in their sphere,
With undiminish'd rays,
Thy vernal constellations cheer
The dawn of 'engthening days.

Perhaps from Nature's earliest May,
Imperishable 'midst decay,
Thy self-renewing race
Have breathed their balmy lives away
In this neglected place.

And oh, till Nature's final doom,
Here unmolested may they bloom,
From scythe and plough secure ;
This bank their cradle and their tomb,
While earth and skies endure !

Yet, lowly cowslip, while in thee
An old unalter'd friend I see,
Fresh in perennial prime ;
From spring to spring behold in me
The woes and waste of time.

This fading eye and withering mien
Tell what a sufferer I have been,
Since, more and more estranged,
From hope to hope, from scene to scene,
Through Folly's wilds I ranged.

Then fields and woods I proudly spurn'd ;
 From Nature's maiden love I turn'd,
 And woo'd the enchantress Art ;
 Yet while for her my fancy burn'd,
 Cold was my wretched heart,—

Till, distanced in Ambition's race,
 Weary of Pleasure's joyless chase,
 My peace untimely slain,
 Sick of the world,—I turn'd my face
 To fields and woods again.

'Twas spring ;—my former haunts I found,
 My favourite flowers adorn'd the ground,
 My darling minstrels play'd ;
 The mountains were with sunset crown'd,
 The valleys dun with shade.

With lorn delight the scene I view'd,
 Past joys and sorrows were renew'd ;
 My infant hopes and fears
 Look'd lovely, through the solitude
 Of retrospective years.

And still, in Memory's twilight bowers,
 The spirits of departed hours,
 With mellowing tints, portray
 The blossoms of life's vernal flowers
 For ever fall'n away.

Till youth's delirious dream is o'er,
 Sanguine with hope, we look before,
 The future good to find ;
 In age, when error charms no more,
 For bliss we look behind.



THE SWISS COWHERD'S SONG IN A FOREIGN LAND.

IMITATED FROM THE ORIGINAL.

O, WHEN shall I visit the land of my birth,
 The loveliest land on the face of the earth ?
 When shall I those scenes of affection explore,
 Our forests, our fountains,
 Our hamlets, our mountains,
 With the pride of our mountains, the maid I adore ?
 O, when shall I dance on the daisy-white mead,
 In the shade of an elm to the sound of the reed ?

When shall I return to that lowly retreat,
 Where all my fond objects of tenderness meet,—
 The lambs and the heifers, that follow my call,
 My father, my mother,
 My sister, my brother,
 And dear Isabella, the joy of them all?
 O, when shall I visit the land of my birth?
 —'Tis the loveliest land on the face of the earth.

THE OAK.

IMITATED FROM METASTASIO.

THE tall Oak, towering to the skies,
 The fury of the wind defies,
 From age to age in virtue strong,
 Inured to stand, and suffer wrong.

O'erwhelm'd at length upon the plain,
 It puts forth wings, and sweeps the main;
 The self-same foe undaunted braves,
 And fights the wind upon the waves.

THE DIAL.

THIS shadow on the Dial's face,
 That steals from day to day,
 With slow, unseen, unceasing pace,
 Moments, and months, and years away;
 This shadow, which, in every clime,
 Since light and motion first began,
 Hath held its course sublime;
 What is it?—Mortal Man!
 It is the scythe of Time:
 —A shadow only to the eye;
 Yet, in its calm career,
 It levels all beneath the sky;
 And still, through each succeeding year,
 Right onward with resistless power,
 Its stroke shall darken every hour,
 Till Nature's race be run,
 And Time's last shadow shall eclipse the sun.

Nor only o'er the Dial's face,
 This silent phantom, day by day,
 With slow, unseen, unceasing pace,
 Steals moments, months, and years away ;
 From hoary rock and aged tree,
 From proud Palmyra's mouldering walls,
 From Teneriffe, towering o'er the sea,
 From every blade of grass it falls ;
 For still, where'er a shadow sweeps,
 The scythe of Time destroys,
 And man at every footstep weeps
 O'er evanescent joys ;
 Like flowerets glittering with the dews of morn,
 Fair for a moment, then for ever shorn :
 —Ah ! soon, beneath the inevitable blow,
 I too shall lie in dust and darkness low.

Then Time, the Conqueror, will suspend
 His scythe, a trophy o'er my tomb,
 Whose moving shadow shall portend
 Each frail beholder's doom :
 O'er the wide earth's illumined space,
 Though Time's triumphant flight be shown,
 The truest index on its face
 Points from the churchyard stone.



THE ROSES.

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND ON THE BIRTH OF HIS FIRST CHILD.

Two Roses, on one slender spray
 In sweet communion grew,
 Together hail'd the morning ray,
 And drank the evening dew ;
 While, sweetly wreathed in mossy green,
 There sprang a little bud between.

Through clouds and sunshine, storms and showers,
 They opened into bloom,
 Mingling their foliage and their flowers,
 Their beauty and perfume ;
 While, foster'd on its rising stem,
 The bud became a purple gem.

But soon their summer splendour pass'd,
 They faded in the wind ;
 Yet were these roses to the last
 The loveliest of their kind,
 Whose crimson leaves, in falling round,
 Adorn'd and sanctified the ground.

When thus of all their honour shorn,
 The bud unfolding rose,
 And blush'd and brighten'd as the morn
 From dawn to sunrise glows,
 Till o'er each parent's drooping head
 The daughter's crowning glory spread.

My friends ! in youth's romantic prime,
 The golden age of man,
 Like these twin Roses spend your time,—
 Life's little, less'ning span ;
 Then be your breasts as free from cares,
 Your hours as innocent, as theirs.

And in the infant bud that blows
 In your encircling arms,
 Mark the dear promise of a rose,
 The pledge of future charms,
 That o'er your withering hours shall shine,
 Fair, and more fair, as you decline ;—

Till, planted in that realm of rest
 Where Roses never die,
 Amidst the gardens of the Blest,
 Beneath a stormless sky,
 You flower afresh, like Aaron's rod,
 That blossom'd at the sight of GOD.



TO AGNES.

Reply to some Lines, beginning " Arrest, O Time ! thy fleeting course."

TIME will not check his eager flight,
 Though gentle Agnes scold,
 For 'tis the Sage's dear delight
 To make young ladies old.

Then listen, Agnes, Friendship sings ;
 Seize fast his forelock gray,
 And pluck from his careering wings
 A feather every day.

Adorn'd with these, defy his rage,
 And bid him plough your face,
 For every furrow of old age
 Shall be a line of grace.

Start not ;—old age is Virtue's prime ;
 Most lovely she appears,
 Clad in the spoils of vanquish'd Time,
 Down in the vale of years.

Beyond that vale, in boundless bloom,
 The eternal mountains rise ;
 Virtue descends not to the tomb,
Her rest is in the skies.



AN EPITAPH.

ART thou a man of honest mould,
 With fervent heart and soul sincere ?
 A husband, father, friend !—Behold,
 Thy brother slumbers here.

The sun that wakes yon violet's bloom,
 Once cheer'd his eye, now dark in death ;
 The wind that wanders o'er his tomb
 Was once his vital breath.

The roving wind shall pass away,
 The warming sun forsake the sky ;
 Thy brother, in that dreadful day,
 Shall live and never die.



THE OLD MAN'S SONG.

SHALL man of frail fruition boast ?
 Shall life be counted dear,
 Oft but a moment, and at most
 A momentary year !

There was a time,—that time is past,—
 When, youth ! I bloom'd like thee !
 A time will come,—'tis coming fast,—
 When thou shalt fade like me :—

Like me through varying seasons range,
 And past enjoyments mourn ;—
 The fairest, sweetest spring shall change
 To winter in its turn.

In infancy, my vernal prime,
 When life itself was new,
 Amusement pluck'd the wings of Time,
 Yet swifter still he flew.

Summer my youth succeeded soon,
 My sun ascended high,
 And pleasure held the reins till noon,
 But grief drove down the sky.

Like Autumn, rich in ripening corn,
 Came manhood's sober reign ;
 My harvest-moon scarce filled her horn,
 When she began to wane.

Close follow'd age, infirm old age,
 The winter of my year ;
 When shall I fall before his rage,
 To rise beyond his sphere !

I long to cast the chains away,
 That hold my soul a slave,
 To burst these dungeon-walls of clay,
 Enfranchised from the grave.

Life lies in embryo,—never free
 Till Nature yields her breath,
 Till Time becomes Eternity,
 And Man is born in Death.



THE GLOWWORM.

The male of this insect is said to be a fly, which the female caterpillar attracts
 in the night by the lustre of her train.

WHEN Evening closes Nature's eye,
 The Glowworm lights her little spark,
 To captivate her favourite fly,
 And tempt the rover through the dark.

Conducted by a sweeter star
 Than all that deck the fields above,
 He fondly hastens from afar,
 To soothe her solitude with love.

Thus in this wilderness of tears,
 Amidst the world's perplexing gloom,
 The transient torch of Hymen cheers
 The pilgrim journeying to the tomb.

Unhappy he whose hopeless eye
 Turns to the light of love in vain ;
 Whose cynosure is in the sky,
 He on the dark and lonely main.

BOLEHILL TREES,

A conspicuous plantation, encompassing a schoolhouse and playground, on a bleak eminence, at Barlow, in Derbyshire : on the one hand facing the high moors ; on the other, overlooking a richly-cultivated, well-wooded, and mountainous country near the seat of a gentleman where the writer had spent many happy hours.

Now peace to his ashes who planted yon trees,
That welcome my wandering eye !
In lofty luxuriance they wave with the breeze,
And resemble a grove in the sky ;
On the brow of the mountain, uncultured and bleak,
They flourish in grandeur sublime,
Adorning its bald and majestic peak,
Like the lock on the forehead of Time.

A landmark they rise ;—to the stranger forlorn,
All night on the wild heath delay'd,
'Tis rapture to spy the young beauties of Morn
Unveiling behind their dark shade :
The homeward-bound husbandman joys to behold,
On the line of the gray evening scene,
Their branches yet gleaming with purple and gold,
And the sunset expiring between.

The maidens that gather the fruits of the moor,*
While weary and fainting they roam,
Through the blue dazzling distance of noon-light explore
The trees that remind them of home :
The children that range in the valley suspend
Their sports, and in ecstasy gaze,
When they see the broad moon from the summit ascend,
And their schoolhouse and grove in a blaze.

O ! sweet to my soul is that beautiful grove,
Awakening remembrance most dear ;—
When lonely in anguish and exile I rove,
Wherever its glories appear,
It gladdens my spirit, it soothes from afar
With tranquil and tender delight,
It shines through my heart, like a hope-beaming star
Alone in the desert of night.

It tells me of moments of innocent bliss,
For ever and ever gone o'er ;
Like the light of a smile, like the balm of a kiss,
They were,—but they will be no more :
Yet wherefore of pleasures departed complain,
That leave such endearment behind ?
Though the sun of their sweetness be sunk in the main,
Their twilight still rests on the mind.

* Billberries, clusterberries, and cranberries.

Then peace to *his* ashes who planted those trees !
 Supreme o'er the landscape they rise,
 With simple and lovely magnificence please
 All bosoms, and ravish all eyes :
 Nor marble nor brass could emblazon his fame
 Like his own sylvan trophies, that wave
 In graceful memorial, and whisper his name,
 And scatter their leaves on his grave.

Ah ! thus, when I sleep in the desolate tomb,
 May the laurels I planted endure,
 On the mountain of high immortality bloom,
 'Midst lightning and tempest secure !
 Then ages unborn shall their verdure admire,
 And nations sit under their shade,
 While my spirit, in secret, shall move o'er my lyre,
 Aloft in their branches display'd.

Hence dream of vain glory !—the light drop of dew
 That glows in the violet's eye,
 In the splendour of morn, to a fugitive view,
 May rival a star of the sky ;
 But the violet is pluck'd, and the dewdrop is flown,
 The star unextinguish'd shall shine :
 Then mine be the laurels of virtue alone,
 And the glories of Paradise mine.



THE MOLEHILL.

TELL me, thou dust beneath my feet,
 Thou dust that once hadst breath !
 Tell me how many mortals meet
 In this small hill of death !

The mole that scoops with curious toil
 Her subterranean bed,
 Thinks not she ploughs a human soil,
 And mines among the dead.

But, O ! where'er she turns the ground,
 My kindred earth I see :
 Once every atom of this mound
 Lived, breathed, and felt like me.

Like me these elder-born of clay
 Enjoy'd the cheerful light,
 Bore the brief burden of a day,
 And went to rest at night.

Far in the regions of the morn,
The rising sun surveys
Palmyra's palaces forlorn,
Empurpled with his rays.

The spirits of the desert dwell
Where eastern grandeur shone,
And vultures scream, hyenas yell
Round Beauty's mouldering throne.

There the pale pilgrim, as he stands,
Sees, from the broken wall,
The shadow tottering on the sands,
Ere the loose fragment fall.

Destruction joys, amid those scenes,
To watch the sport of Fate,
While Time between the pillars leans,
And bows them with his weight.

But towers and temples, crush'd by Time,
Stupendous wrecks ! appear
To me less mournfully sublime
Than the poor Molehill here.

Through all this hillock's crumbling mould
Once the warm life-blood ran :
Here thine original behold,
And here thy ruins, Man !

Methinks this dust yet heaves with breath ;
Ten thousand pulses beat ;
Tell me,—in this small hill of death,
How many mortals meet ?

By wafting winds and flooding rains,
From ocean, earth, and sky,
Collected here, the frail remains
Of slumbering millions lie.

What scene of terror and amaze
Breaks through the twilight gloom ?
What hand invisible displays
The secrets of the tomb ?

All ages and all nations rise,
And every grain of earth
Beneath my feet, before mine eyes,
Is startled into birth.

Like gliding mists the shadowy forms
Through the deep valley spread,
And like descending clouds in storms
Lower round the mountain's head.

O'er the wide champaign while they pass,
Their footsteps yield no sound,
Nor shake from the light trembling grass
A dewdrop to the ground.

Among the undistinguish'd hosts,
My wondering eyes explore
Awful, sublime, terrific ghosts,
Heroes and kings of yore :—

Tyrants, the comets of their kind,
Whose withering influence ran
Through all the promise of the mind,
And smote and mildew'd man :—

Sages, the Pleiades of earth,
Whose genial aspects smiled,
And flowers and fruitage sprang to birth
O'er all the human wild.

Yon gloomy ruffian, gash'd and gored,
Was he, whose fatal skill
First beat the ploughshare to a sword,
And taught the art to kill.

Behind him skulks a shade, bereft
Of fondly-worshipp'd fame ;
He built the Pyramids, but left
No stone to tell his name.

Who is the chief, with visage dark
As tempests when they roar ?—
The first who push'd his daring bark
Beyond the timid shore.

Through storms of death and seas of graves
He steer'd with stedfast eye ;
His path was on the desert waves,
His compass in the sky.

The youth who lifts his graceful hand,
Struck the unshapen block,
And beauty leap'd, at his command,
A Venus from the rock.

Trembling with ecstasy of thought,
Behold the Grecian maid,
Whom love's enchanting impulse taught
To trace a slumberer's shade.

Sweet are the thefts of love ;—she stole
His image while he lay,
Kindled the shadow to a soul,
And breathed that soul through clay.

Yon list'ning nymph, who looks behind,
 With countenance of fire,
 Heard midnight music in the wind,—
 And framed the Æolian lyre.

All hail!—the Sire of Song appears
 The Muse's eldest born;
 The skylark in the dawn of years,
 The poet of the morn.

He from the depth of cavern'd woods,
 That echoed to his voice,
 Bade mountains, valleys, winds, and floods,
 And earth and heaven, rejoice.

Though, charm'd to meekness while he sung,
 The wild beasts round him ran,
 This was the triumph of his tongue,—
 It tamed the heart of man.

Dim through the mist of twilight times
 The ghost of Cyrus walks;
 Behind him, red with glorious crimes,
 The son of Ammon stalks.

Relentless Hannibal, in pride
 Of sworn fix'd hatred, lowers;
 Cæsar,—'tis Brutus at his side,—
 In peerless grandeur towers.

With moonlight softness Helen's charms
 Dissolve the spectred gloom,
 The leading star of Greece in arms,
 Portending Ilion's doom.

But Homer;—see the bard arise!
 And hark!—he strikes the lyre;
 The Dardan warriors lift their eyes,
 The Argive chiefs respire.

And while his music rolls along,
 The towers of Troy sublime,
 Raised by the magic breath of song,
 Mock the destroyer Time.

For still around the eternal walls
 The storms of battle rage:
 And Hector conquers, Hector falls,
 Bewept in every age.

Genius of Homer! were it mine
 To track thy fiery car,
 And in thy sunset course to shine
 A radiant evening star,—

What theme, what laurel, might the Muse
Reclaim from ages fled ?
What realm-restoring hero choose
To summon from the dead ?

Yonder his shadow flits away :
—Thou shalt not thus depart ;
Stay, thou transcendent spirit, stay,
And tell me who thou art !

'Tis Alfred :—In the rolls of Fame,
And on a midnight page,
Blazes his broad refulgent name,
The watch-light of his age.

A Danish winter, from the north,
How'd o'er the British wild,
But Alfred, like the spring, brake forth,
And all the desert smiled.

Back to the deep he roll'd the waves,
By mad invasion hurl'd ;
His voice was liberty to slaves,
Defiance to the world.

And still that voice o'er land and sea
Shall Albion's foes appal ;
The race of Alfred *will* be free ;
Hear it, and tremble, Gaul !

But lo ! the phantoms fade in flight,
Like fears that cross the mind,
Like meteors gleaming through the night,
Like thunders on the wind.

The vision of the tomb is past ;
Beyond it who can tell
In what mysterious region cast
Immortal spirits dwell ?

I know not,—but I soon shall know,
When life's sore conflicts cease,
When this desponding heart lies low,
And I shall rest in peace.

For see, on Death's bewildering wave,
The rainbow Hope arise,
A bridge of glory o'er the grave,
That bends beyond the skies.

From earth to heaven it swells and shines,
The pledge of bliss to man.
Time with eternity combines,
And grasps them in a span.

M. S.

TO THE MEMORY OF "A FEMALE WHOM SICKNESS HAD
RECONCILED TO THE 'NOTES OF SORROW;'"

Who corresponded with the Author under this signature on the first publication of his Poems in 1806, but died soon after; when her real name and merits were disclosed to him by one of her surviving friends.

MY Song of Sorrow reach'd her ear;
She raised her languid head to hear,
And, smiling in the arms of death,
Consoled me with her latest breath.

What is the poet's highest aim,
His richest heritage of fame?
—To track the warrior's fiery road,
With havoc, spoil, destruction, strow'd,
While nations bleed along the plains,
Dragg'd at his chariot wheels in chains!
—With fawning hand to woo the lyre,
Profanely steal celestial fire,
And bid an idol's altar blaze

With incense of unhallow'd praise?
—With siren strains, Circean art,
To win the ear, beguile the heart,
Wake the wild passions into rage,
And please and prostitute the age?

No!—to the generous Bard belong
Diviner themes and purer song:
—To hail religion from above,
Descending in the form of love,
And pointing through a world of strife
The narrow way that leads to life:
—To pour the balm of heavenly rest
Through Sorrow's agonizing breast;
With Pity's tender arms embrace
The orphan's of a kindred race;
And in one zone of concord bind
The lawless spoilers of mankind:
—To sing in numbers boldly free
The wars and woes of Liberty;
The glory of her triumphs tell,
Her nobler suffering when she fell,
Girt with the phalanx of the brave,
Or widow'd on the patriot's grave,
Which tyrants tremble to pass by,
Even on the car of Victory.

These are the Bard's sublimest views,
The angel visions of the Muse,
That o'er his morning slumbers shine;
These are his themes,—and these were mine.
But pale Despondency, that stole
The light of gladness from my soul,

While youth and folly blindfold ran
 The giddy circle up to man,
 Breathed a dark spirit through my lyre,
 Dimm'd the noon-radiance of my fire,
 And cast a mournful evening hue
 O'er every scene my fancy drew,
 Then though the proud despised my strain,
 It flow'd not from my heart in vain ;
 The lay of freedom, fervour, truth,
 Was dear to undissembling youth,
 From manly breasts drew generous sighs,
 And Virtue's tears from Beauty's eyes.

My Song of Sorrow reach'd HER ear ;
 She raised her languid head to hear,
 And smiling in the arms of death,
 She bless'd me with her latest breath.

A secret hand to me convey'd
 The thoughts of that inspiring Maid ;
 They came like voices on the wind,
 Heard in the stillness of the mind,
 When round the Poet's twilight walk
 Aërial beings seem to talk :
 Not the twin stars of Leda shine
 With vernal influence more benign,
 Nor sweeter, in the sylvan vale,
 Sings the lone-warbling nightingale,
 Than through my shades her lustre broke,
 Than to my griefs her spirit spoke.

My fancy form'd her young and fair,
 Pure as her sister lilies were,
 Adorn'd with meekest maiden grace,
 With every charm of soul and face,
 That Virtue's awful eye approves,
 And fond Affection dearly loves ;
 Heaven in her open aspect seen,
 Her Maker's image in her mien.

Such was the picture fancy drew,
 In lineaments divinely true ;
 The Muse, by her mysterious art,
 Had shown her likeness to my heart,
 And every faithful feature brought
 O'er the clear mirror of my thought.
 —But she was waning to the tomb ;
 The worm of death was in her bloom :
 Yet, as the mortal frame declined,
 Strong through the ruins rose the mind ;
 As the dim moon when night ascends,
 Slow in the east the darkness rends,
 Through melting clouds, by gradual gleams,
 Pours the mild splendour of her beams,
 Then bursts in triumph o'er the pole,
 Free as a disembodied soul !
 Thus, while the veil of flesh decay'd,
 Her beauties brighten'd through the shade ;

Charms which her lowly heart conceal'd,
 In nature's weakness were reveal'd ;
 And still the unrobing spirit cast
 Diviner glories to the last,
 Dissolved its bonds, and clear'd its flight,
 Emerging into perfect light.

Yet shall the friends who loved her weep,
 Though shrined in peace the sufferer sleep,
 Though rapt to heaven the saint aspire,
 With seraph guards on wings of fire ;
 Yet shall they weep ;—for oft and well
 Remembrance shall her story tell,
 Affection of her virtues speak,
 With beaming eye and burning cheek,
 Each action, word, and look recall,
 The last, the loveliest of all,
 When on the lap of death she lay,
 Serenely smiled her soul away,
 And left surviving Friendship's breast
 Warm with the sunset of her rest.

O thou, who wert on earth unknown,
 Companion of my thought alone !
 Unchanged in heaven to me thou art,
 Still hold communion with my heart ;
 Cheer thou my hopes, exalt my views,
 Be the good angel of my Muse ;
 —And if to thine approving ear
 My plaintive numbers once were dear ;
 If, falling round thy dying hours,
 Like evening dews on closing flowers,
 They soothed thy pains, and through thy soul
 With melancholy sweetness stole,
 HEAR ME :—When slumber from mine eyes,
 That roll in irksome darkness, flee ;
 When the lorn spectre of unrest
 At conscious midnight haunts my breast ;
 When former joys, and present woes,
 And future fears, are all my foes ;
 Spirit of my departed friend,
 Calm through the troubled gloom descend,
 With strains of triumph on thy tongue,
 Such as to dying saints are sung ;
 Such as in Paradise the ear
 Of God himself delights to hear :
 —Come, all unseen ; be only known
 By Zion's harp of higher tone,
 Warbling to thy mysterious voice ;
 Bid my desponding powers rejoice ;
 And I will listen to thy lay,
 Till night and sorrow flee away,
 Till gladness o'er my bosom rise,
 And morning kindle round the skies,
 I, thus to me, sweet saint, be given
 To learn from thee the hymns of heaven,

Thine inspiration will impart
 Seraphic ardours to my heart ;
 My voice thy music shall prolong,
 And echo thy entrancing song ;
 My lyre with sympathy divine
 Shall answer every cord of thine,
 Till their consenting tones give birth
 To harmonies unknown on earth.
 Then shall my thoughts, in living fire
 Sent down from heaven, to heaven aspire ;
 My verse through lofty measures rise,
 A scale of glory to the skies,
 Resembling, on each hallow'd theme,
 The ladder of the Patriarch's dream,
 O'er which descending angels shone,
 On earthly missions from the Throne,
 Returning by the steps they trod,
 Up to the Paradise of GOD.



THE PEAK MOUNTAINS.

IN TWO PARTS.

Written at Buxton, in August, 1812.

It may be useful to remark, that the scenery in the neighbourhood of Buxton, when surveyed from any of the surrounding eminences, consists chiefly of numerous and naked hills, of which many are yet unenclosed, and the rest poorly cultivated ; the whole district, except in the immediate precincts of the Baths and the village of Fairfield, being miserably bare of both trees and houses.

PART I.

HEALTH on these open hills I seek,
 By these delicious springs, in vain ;
 The rose on this deserted cheek
 Shall never bloom again ;
 For youth is fled ;—and, less by time
 Than sorrow worn away,
 The pride, the strength of manhood's prime
 Falls to decay.

Restless and fluttering to expire,
 Life's vapour sheds a cold dim light,
 Frail as the evanescent fire
 Amidst the murky night,
 That tempts the traveller from afar
 To follow, o'er the heath,
 Its baleful and bewildering star
 To snares of death.

A dreary torpor numbs my brain ;
 Now shivering pale,—now flush'd with heat ;
 Hurried, then slow, from vein to vein
 Unequal pulses beat ;
 Quick palpitations heave my heart,
 Anon it seems to sink ;
 Alarm'd at sudden sounds I start,
 From shadows shrink.

Bear me, my failing limbs ! O ! bear
 A melancholy sufferer forth,
 To breathe abroad the mountain air
 Fresh from the vigorous North ;
 To view the prospect, waste and wild,
 Tempestuous or serene,
 Still dear to me, as to the child
 The mother's mien.

Ah ! who can look on Nature's face,
 And feel unholy passions move ?
 Her forms of majesty and grace
 I cannot choose but love :
 Her frowns or smiles my woes disarm,
 Care and repining cease ;
 Her terrors awe, her beauties charm
 My thoughts to peace.

Already through mine inmost soul
 A deep tranquillity I feel,
 O'er every nerve, with mild control,
 Her consolations steal ;
 This fever'd frame and fretful mind,
 Jarring 'midst doubts and fears,
 Are soothed to harmony :—I find
 Delight in tears.

I quit the path, and track with toil
 The mountain's unfrequented maze ;
 Deep moss and heather clothe the soil,
 And many a springlet plays,
 That, welling from its secret source,
 Down rugged dells is tost,
 Or spreads through rushy fens its course,
 Silently lost.

The flocks and herds, that freely range
 These moorlands, turn a jealous eye,
 As if the form of man were strange,
 To watch me stealing by ;
 The heifer stands aloof to gaze,
 The colt comes boldly on :—
 I pause,—he shakes his forelock, neighs,
 Starts, and his gone.

I seek the valley :—all alone
 I seem in this sequester'd place :
 Not so ; I meet unseen, yet known,
 My Maker face to face ;
 My heart perceives His presence nigh,
 And hears His voice proclaim,
 While bright His glory passes by,
 His noblest name.

LOVE is that name,—for GOD is LOVE ;
 —Here, where, unbuilt by mortal hands,
 Mountains below and heaven above,
 His awful temple stands,
 I worship :—" LORD ! though I am dust
 And ashes in Thy sight,
 Be Thou my strength ; in Thee I trust :
 Be Thou my light."

PART II.

EMERGING from the cavern'd glen,
 From steep to steep I slowly climb,
 And, far above the haunts of men,
 I tread in air sublime :
 Beneath my path the swallows sweep ;
 Yet higher crags impend,
 And wild flowers from the fissures peep,
 And rills descend.

Now on the ridges bare and bleak,
 Cool round my temples sighs the gale :
 Ye winds ! that wander o'er the Peak ;
 Ye mountain-spirits ! hail !
 Angels of health ! to man below
 Ye bring celestial airs ;
 Bear back to Him, from whom ye blow,
 Our praise and prayers.

Here, like the eagle from his nest,
 I take my proud and dizzy stand ;
 Here, from the cliff's sublimest crest,
 Look down upon the land :
 O for the eagle's eye to gaze
 Undazzled through this light !
 O for the eagle's wings to raise
 O'er all my flight !

The sun in glory walks the sky,
 White fleecy clouds are floating round,
 Whose shapes along the landscape fly,
 —Here, chequering o'er the ground ;

MONTGOMERY'S POEMS.

There, down the glens the shadows sweep,
 With changing lights between ;
 Yonder they climb the uplands steep,
 Shifting the scene.

Above, beneath, immensely spread,
 Valleys and hoary rocks I view,
 Heights over heights exalt their head,
 Of many a sombre hue ;
 No waving woods their flanks adorn,
 No hedgerows, gay with trees,
 Encircle fields, where floods of corn
 Roll to the breeze.

My soul this vast horizon fills,
 Within whose undulated line
 Thick stand the multitude of hills,
 And clear the waters shine ;
 Grey mossy walls the slope ascend ;
 While roads, that tire the eye,
 Upward their winding course extend,
 And touch the sky.

With rude diversity of form,
 The insulated mountains tower ;
 —Oft o'er these cliffs the transient storm
 And partial darkness lower,
 While yonder summits far away
 Shine sweetly through the gloom,
 Like glimpses of eternal day
 Beyond the tomb.

Hither, of old, the Almighty came ;
 Clouds were His car, His steeds the wind :
 Before Him went devouring flame,
 And thunder roll'd behind ;
 At His approach the mountains reel'd
 Like vessels to and fro ;
 Earth, heaving like a sea, reveal'd
 The gulfs below.

Borne through the wilderness in wrath,
 He seem'd in power alone a GOD ;
 But blessings follow'd in His path,
 For Mercy seized His rod ;
 She smote the rock,—and, as He pass'd,
 Forth gush'd a living stream ;
 The fire, the earthquake, and the blast
 Flew as a dream.

Behold the everlasting hills,
 In that convulsion scatter'd round ;
 Hark ! from their caves the issuing rills
 With sweetest music sound :

Ye lame and impotent ! draw near ;
 With healing on her wing,
 The cherub Mercy watches here
 Her ancient spring.



TO ANN AND JANE.

Verses written on a blank leaf in the small volume of "Hymns for Infant Minds."

WHEN the shades of night retire
 From the morn's advancing beams,
 Ere the hills are tipp'd with fire,
 And the radiance lights the streams,
 Lo ! the lark begins her song,
 Early on the wing, and long.

Summon'd by the signal notes,
 Soon her sisters quit the lawn,
 With their wildly-warbling throats,
 Soaring in the dappled dawn ;
 Brighter, warmer, spread the rays ;
 Louder, sweeter swell their lays.

Nestlings, in their grassy beds,
 Hearn'ning to the joyful sound,
 Heavenward point their little heads,
 Lowly twittering from the ground,
 Ere their wings are fledged to fly
 To the chorus in the sky.

Thus, fair Minstrels, while ye sing,
 Teaching infant minds to raise
 To the Universal King
 Humble hymns of prayer and praise,
 O may all who hear your voice
 Look, and listen, and rejoice !

Faltering like the skylark's young,
 While your numbers they record,
 Soon may every heart and tongue
 Learn to magnify the LORD ;
 And your strains divinely sweet,
 Unborn millions thus repeat.

Minstrels ! what reward is due
 For this labour of your love ?—
 Through eternity may YOU,
 In the Paradise above,
 Round the dear Redeemer's feet,
 All your infant readers meet !

OCCASIONAL ODE

FOR THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE ROYAL BRITISH SYSTEM OF
EDUCATION,

Held at Freemasons' Hall, May 16, 1812.

THE lion o'er his wild domains
Rules with the terror of his eye ;
The eagle of the rock maintains
By force his empire in the sky ;
The shark, the tyrant of the flood,
Reigns through the deep with quenchless rage :
Parent and young, unwean'd from blood,
Are still the same from age to age.

Of all that live, and move, and breathe,
Man only rises o'er his birth ;
He looks above, around, beneath,
At once the heir of heaven and earth :
Force, cunning, speed, which Nature gave
The various tribes throughout her plan,
Life to enjoy, from death to save,—
These are the lowest powers of Man.

From strength to strength he travels on :
He leaves the lingering brute behind ;
And when a few short years are gone,
He soars, a disembodied mind :
Beyond the grave his course sublime
Destined through nobler paths to run,
In his career the end of Time
Is but Eternity begun.

What guides him in his high pursuit,
Opens, illumines, cheers his way,
Discerns the immortal from the brute,
God's image from the mould of clay ?
'Tis Knowledge :—Knowledge to the soul
Is power, and liberty, and peace ;
And while celestial ages roll,
The joys of Knowledge shall increase.

Hail to the glorious plan, that spread
The light with universal beams,
And through the human desert led
Truth's living, pure, perpetual streams !
—Behold a new creation rise,
New spirit breathed into the clod,
Where'er the voice of Wisdom cries,
" Man, know thyself, and fear thy GOD."

A DAUGHTER (C. M.) TO HER MOTHER,

ON HER BIRTHDAY, NOV. 25, 1811.

THIS the day to me most dear
In the changes of the year :
Spring, the fields and woods adorning,
Spring may boast a gayer morning ;
Summer noon with brighter beams
Gild the mountains and the streams ;
Autumn, through the twilight vale,
Breathe a more delicious gale :
Yet, though stern November reigns
Wild and wintry o'er the plains,
Never does the morning rise
Half so welcome to mine eyes ;
Noontide glories never shed
Rays so beauteous round my head ;
Never looks the evening scene
So enchantingly serene,
As on this returning day,
When, in spirit rapt away,
Joys and sorrows I have known,
In the years for ever flown,
Wake at every sound and sight,
Reminiscence of delight ;—
All around me, all above
Witnessing a Mother's love.

Love, that watch'd my early years
With conflicting hopes and fears ;
Love, that through life's flowery May
Led my childhood, prone to stray ;
Love, that still directs my youth
With the constancy of Truth,
Heightens every bliss it shares,
Softens and divides the cares,
Smiles away my light distress,
Weeps for joy, or tenderness :
—May that love, to latest age,
Cheer my earthly pilgrimage !
May that love, o'er death victorious,
Rise beyond the grave more glorious !
Souls, united here, would be
One to all eternity.

When these eyes, from native night
First unfolded to the light,
On what object, fair and new,
Did they fix their fondest view ?
On my Mother's smiling mien ;
All the Mother there was seen.
When their weary lids would close,
And she sung me to repose,

Found I not the sweetest rest
 On my Mother's peaceful breast !
 When my tongue from hers had caught
 Sounds to utter infant-thought,
 Readiest then what accents came ?
 Those that meant my Mother's name.
 When my timid feet begun,
 Strangely pleased, to stand or run,
 'Twas my Mother's voice and eye
 Most encouraged me to try,
 Safe to run, and strong to stand,
 Holding by her gentle hand.

Time since then hath deeper made
 Lines, where youthful dimples play'd ;
 Yet to me my Mother's face
 Wears a more angelic grace ;
 And her tresses thin and hoary,
 Are they not a crown of glory !—
 Cruel griefs have wrung that breast,
 Once my Paradise of rest :
 While in these I bear a part,
 Warmer grows my Mother's heart,
 Closer our affections twine,
 Mine with hers, and hers with mine.
 —Many a name, since hers I knew,
 Have I loved with honour due,
 But no name shall be more dear
 Than my Mother's to mine ear.—
 Many a hand that friendship plighted
 Have I clasped, with all delighted,
 But more faithful none can be
 Than my Mother's hand to me.

Thus by every tie endear'd,
 Thus with filial reverence fear'd,
 Mother ! on this day 'tis meet
 That, with salutation sweet,
 I should wish you years of health,
 Worldly happiness and wealth,
 And, when good old age is past,
 Heaven's eternal peace at last !
 But with these I frame a vow
 For a double blessing now ;
 One, that richly shall combine
 Your felicity with mine ;
 One, in which with soul and voice
 Both together may rejoice :
 O what *shall* that blessing be !
 —Dearest Mother ! may you see
 All *your* prayers fulfilled *for me* !

CHATTERTON.

Stanzas on reading the verses entitled "Resignation," written by Chatterton a few days before his melancholy end.

A DYING Swan of Pindus sings
In wildly mournful strains ;
As Death's cold fingers snap the strings,
His suffering lyre complains.

Soft as the mist of evening wends
Along the shadowy vale :
Sad as in storms the moon ascends,
And turns the darkness pale :

So soft the melting numbers flow
From his harmonious lips ;
So sad his woe-wan features show,
Just fading in eclipse.

The Bard, to dark despair resign'd,
With his expiring art,
Sings, 'midst the tempest of his mind,
The shipwreck of his heart.

If Hope still seem to linger nigh,
And hover o'er his head,
Her pinons are too weak to fly,
Or hope ere now had fled.

Rash minstrel ! who can hear thy songs,
Nor long to share thy fire !
Who read thine errors and thy wrongs,
Nor execrate the lyre ?

The lyre, that sunk thee to the grave,
When bursting into bloom,—
That lyre, the power to Genius gave
To blossom in the tomb.

Yes, till his memory fade with years,
Shall Time thy strains recite ;
And while thy story swells his tears,
Thy song shall charm his flight.



THE WILD ROSE.

ON PLUCKING ONE, LATE IN THE MONTH OF OCTOBER.

THOU last pale promise of the waning year,
Poor sickly Rose ! what dost thou here ?
Why, frail flower ! so late a comer,
Hast thou slept away the summer ?

Since now, in Autumn's sullen reign,
 When every breeze
 Unrobes the trees,
 And strews their annual garments on the plain,
 Awaking from repose,
 Thy fairy lids uncloze.

Feeble, evanescent flower,
 Smile away thy sunless hour ;
 Every daisy, in my walk,
 Scorns thee from its humbler stalk :
 Nothing but thy form discloses
 Thy descent from royal roses :
 How thine ancestors would blush
 To behold thee on their bush,
 Drooping thy dejected head
 Where their bolder blossoms spread ;
 Withering in the frosty gale,
 Where their fragrance fill'd the vale !

Last and meanest of thy race,
 Void of beauty, colour, grace,
 No bee delighted sips
 Ambrosia from thy lips ;
 No spangling dewdrops gem
 Thy fine elastic stem ;
 No living lustre glistens o'er thy bloom,
 Thy sprigs no verdant leaves adorn,
 Thy bosom breathes no exquisite perfume ;
 But pale thy countenance as snow,
 While, unconceal'd below,
 All naked glares the threatening thorn.

Around thy bell, o'er mildew'd leaves,
 His ample web a spider weaves ;
 A wily ruffian, gaunt and grim,
 His labyrinthine toils he spreads
 Pensile and light ;—their glossy threads
 Bestrew'd with many a wing and limb ;
 Even in thy chalice he prepares
 His deadly poison and delusive snares.

While I pause, a vagrant fly
 Giddily comes buzzing by ;
 Round and round, on viewless wings,
 Lo ! the insect wheels and sings :
 Closely couch'd, the fiend discovers,
 Sets him with his sevenfold eyes,
 And, while o'er the verge he hovers,
 Seems to fascinate his prize,
 As the snake's magnetic glare
 Charms the flitting tribes of air,
 Till the dire enchantment draws
 Destined victims to his jaws.

Now midst kindred corpses mangled,
 On his feet alights the fly ;
 Ah ! he feels himself entangled,
 Hark ! he pours a piteous cry.

Swift as Death's own arrows dart,
 On his prey the spider springs,
 Wounds his side,—with dextrous art
 Winds the web about his wings;
 Quick as he came, recoiling then,
 The villain vanishes into his den.
 The desperate fly perceives too late
 The hastening crisis of his fate;
 Disaster crowds upon disaster,
 And every struggle to get free
 Snaps the hopes of liberty,
 And draws the knots of bondage faster.
 Again the spider glides along the line;
 Hold, murderer! hold;—the game is mine.
 —Captive! unwarn'd by danger, go,
 Frolic awhile in light and air;
 Thy fate 'tis easy to foreshow,
 Preserved—to perish in a safer snare!
 Spider! thy worthless life I spare;
 Advice on thee 'twere vain to spend,
 Thy wicked ways thou wilt not mend,—
 Then haste thee, spoiler, mend thy net;
 Wiser than I
 Must be yon fly,
 If he escapes thy trammels yet;
 Most eagerly the trap is sought
 In which a fool has once been caught.
 And thou, poor Rose! whose livid leaves expand,
 Cold to the sun, untempting to the hand,
 Bloom unadmired, uninjured die;
 Thine aspect, squalid and forlorn,
 Ensures thy peaceful, dull decay:
 Hadst thou with blushes hid thy thorn,
 Grown "sweet to sense, and lovely to the eye,"
 I might have pluck'd thy flower,
 Worn it an hour,
 "Then cast it like a loathsome weed away."



ON FINDING THE FEATHERS OF A LINNET

SCATTERED ON THE GROUND IN A SOLITARY WALK.

THESE little relics, hapless bird!
 That strew the lonely vale,
 With silent eloquence record
 Thy melancholy tale.

Like Autumn's leaves, that rustle round
 From every withering tree,
 These plumes, dishevell'd o'er the ground,
 Alone remain of thee.

Some hovering kite's rapacious maw
Hath been thy timeless grave :
No pitying eye thy murder saw,
Nor friend appear'd to save.

Heaven's thunder smite the guilty foe !
No :—spare the tyrant's breath,
Till wintry winds, and famine slow,
Avenge thy cruel death !

But every feather of thy wing
Be quicken'd where it lies,
And at the soft return of spring,
A fragrant cowslip rise !

Few were thy days, thy pleasures few,
Simple and unconfined ;
On sunbeams every moment flew,
Nor left a care behind.

In spring to build thy curious nest,
And woo thy merry bride,
Carol and fly, and sport and rest,
Was all thy humble pride.

Happy beyond the lot of kings,
Thy bosom knew no smart,
Till the last pang, that tore the strings
From thy dissever'd heart.

When late to secret griefs a prey,
I wander'd slowly here,
Wild from the copse an artless lay,
Like magic, won mine ear.

Perhaps 'twas thy last evening song,
That exquisitely stole
In sweetest melody along,
And harmonized my soul.

Now, blithe musician ! now no more
Thy mellow pipe resounds,
But jarring drums at distance roar,
And yonder howl the hounds :—

The hounds, that through the echoing wood
The panting hare pursue ;
The drums, that wake the cry of blood,
—The voice of glory too !

Here at my feet thy frail remains,
Unwept, unburied, lie,
Like victims on embattled plains,
Forsaken where they die.

Yet could the muse, whose strains rehearse
Thine unregarded doom,
Enshrine thee in immortal verse,
Kings should not scorn thy tomb.

Though brief as thine my tuneful date,
When wandering near this spot,
The sad memorials of thy fate
Shall never be forgot.

While doom'd the lingering pangs to feel,
Of many a nameless fear,
One truant sigh from these I'll steal,
And drop one willing tear.



SONNET TO A BRIDE.

(Imitated from the Italian of P. Salandri.)

THE more divinely beautiful thou art,
Lady ! of love's inconstancy beware ;
Watch o'er thy charms, and with an angel's care
O guard thy maiden purity of heart :
At every whisper of temptation start ;
The lightest breathings of unhallowed air
Love's tender trembling lustre will impair,
Till all the light of innocence depart.

Fresh from the bosom of an Alpine hill,
When the coy fountain sparkles into day,
And sunbeams bathe and brighten in its rill ;
If here a plant, and there a flower, in play,
Bending to sip, the little channel fill,
It ebbs, and languishes, and dies away.



SONNET.

(Imitated from the Italian of Petrarch.)

LONELY and thoughtful o'er deserted plains,
I pass with melancholy steps and slow,
Mine eyes intent to shun, where'er I go,
The track of man :—from him to hide my pains,
No refuge save the wilderness remains :
The curious multitude would quickly know,
Amidst affected smiles, the cherish'd woe
That wrings my bosom, and consumes my veins.

O that the rocks and streams of solitude,
 The vales and woods, alone my griefs might see !
 But paths, however secret, wild and rude,
 I find not from tormenting passion free ;
 Where'er I wander, still by Love pursued,
 With Him I hold communion, He with Me.



SONNET.

ON THE SIEGE OF GENOA BY THE FRENCH ARMY IN 1684.

(Imitated from the Italian of Gaetano Fiamerini.)

Liberty speaks.

" MY native Genoa ! if with tearless eye,
 Prone in the dust thy beauteous form I see,
 Think not thy daughter's heart is dead to thee ;
 'Twere treason, O my mother ! here to sigh,
 For here, majestic though in ashes, lie
 Trophies of valour, skill, and constancy ;
 Here at each glance, each footstep, I descry
 The proud memorials of thy love to me.

" Conquest to noble suffering lost the day,
 And glorious was thy vengeance on the foe,
 — He saw thee perish, yet not feel the blow."
 Thus Liberty, exulting on her way,
 Kiss'd the dear relics, mouldering as they lay,
 And cried,— " In ruins !—*Yes !* In slavery !—*No.*"



SONNET

ON THE SIEGE OF FAMAGUSTA, IN THE ISLAND OF CYPRUS
BY THE TURKS, IN 1571.

(Imitated from the Italian of Benedetto dall' Uva.)

THUS saith the LORD :—" In whom shall Cyprus trust,
 With all her crimes, her luxury, and pride ?
 In her voluptuous loves will she confide,
 Her harlot-daughters, and her Queen of Lust ?
 My day is come, when o'er her neck in dust,
 Vengeance and fury shall triumphant ride,
 Death and captivity the spoil divide,
 And Cyprus perish :—I the LORD am just.

"Then he that bought, and he that sold in thee,
Thy princely merchants, shall their loss deplore,
Brothers in ruin as in fraud before;
And thou, who madest thy rampart of the sea,
Less by thy foes cast down than crush'd by Me!
Thou, Famagusta! fall, and rise no more."



DEPARTED DAYS:

A RHAPSODY,

Written on visiting Fulneck, in Yorkshire, where the Author was educated, in the spring of 1806.

DAYS of my childhood, hail!
Whose gentle spirits wandering here,
Down in the visionary vale,
Before mine eyes appear,
Benignly pensive, beautifully pale;
O days for ever fled, for ever dear,
Days of my childhood, hail!

Joys of my early hours!
The swallows on the wing,
The bees among the flowers,
The butterflies of spring,
Light as their lovely moments flew,
Were not more gay, more innocent, than you:
And fugitive as they,
Like butterflies in spring,
Like bees among the flowers,
Like swallows on the wing,

How swift, how soon, ye pass'd away,
Joys of my early hours!
The loud Atlantic Ocean,
On Scotland's rugged breast,
Rocks, with harmonious motion,
His weary waves to rest,
And gleaming round her emerald isles,
In all the pomp of sunset smiles.
On that romantic shore
My parents hail'd their first-born boy:
A mother's pangs my mother bore,
My father felt a father's joy:
My father, mother,—parents now no more!
Beneath the Lion-Star they sleep,
Beyond the Western deep,
And when the sun's noon-glory crests the waves,
He shines without a shadow on their graves.*

* In the islands of Barbadoes and Tobago.

Sweet seas, and smiling shores !
 Where no tornado-demon roars,
 Remembling that celestial clime
 Where, with the spirits of the blast,
 Beyond the hurricanes of Time,
 From all their toils my parents rest :
 There, skies eternally serene,
 Diffuse ambrosial balm
 Through sylvan isles for ever green,
 O'er seas for ever calm ;
 While saints and angels, kindling in His rays,
 On the full glory of the Godhead gaze,
 And taste and prove, in that transporting sight,
 Joy without sorrow, without darkness light.
 Light without darkness, without sorrow joy,
 On earth are all unknown to man ;
 Here, while I roved, a heedless boy,
 Here, while through paths of peace I ran,
 My feet were vex'd with puny snares,
 My bosom stung with insect-cares :
 But ah ! what light and little things
 Are childhood's woes !—they break no rest ;
 Like dewdrops on the skylark's wings,
 While slumbering in his grassy nest,
 Gone in a moment, when he springs
 To meet the morn with open breast,
 As o'er the eastern hills her banners glow,
 And veil'd in mist the valley sleeps below.

Like him, on these delightful plains,
 I taught, with fearless voice,
 The echoing woods to sound my strains,
 The mountains to rejoice.
 Hail ! to the trees beneath whose shade,
 Rapt into worlds unseen, I stray'd ;
 Hail ! to the stream that pur'd along
 In hoarse accordance to my song ;
 My song that pour'd uncensured lays,
 Tuned to a dying Saviour's praise,
 In numbers simple, wild, and sweet,
 As were the flowers beneath my feet ;—
 Those flowers are dead,
 Those numbers fled,
 Yet o'er my secret thought,
 From cold oblivion's silent gloom,
 Their music to mine ear is brought,
 Like voices from the tomb.
 As yet in this untainted breast
 No baleful passion burn'd,
 Ambition had not banish'd rest,
 Nor hope had earthward turn'd ;
 Proud Reason still in shadow lay,
 And in my firmament alone,
 Forerunner of the day,

The dazling star of wonder shone,
 By whose enchanting ray
 Creation open'd on my earliest view,
 And all was beautiful, for all was new.
 Too soon my mind's awakening powers
 Made the light slumbers flee,
 Then vanish'd with the golden hours,
 The morning dreams, of Infancy ;
 Sweet were those slumbers, dear those dreams, to me ;
 And yet to mournful Memory lingering here,
 Sweet are those slumbers, and those dreams are dear ;
 For hither, from my native clime,
 The hand that leads Orion forth,
 And wheels Arcturus round the north,
 Brought me, in Life's exulting prime ;
 —Blest be that hand !—Whether it shed
 Mercies or judgments on my head,
 Extend the sceptre or exalt the rod,—
 Blest be that hand !—It is the hand of GOD.

H O P E.

(Imitated from the Italian of Serafino Aquilano.)

HOPE, unyielding to despair,
 Springs for ever fresh and fair ;
 Earth's serenest prospects fly,
 Hope's enchantments never die.

At Fortune's frown, in evil hour,
 Though honour, wealth, and friends depart,
 She cannot drive, with all her power,
 This lonely solace from the heart :
 And while this the soul sustains,
 Fortune still unchanged remains ;
 Wheresoe'er her wheel she guides,
 Hope upon the circle rides.

The Syrens, deep in ocean's caves,
 Sing while abroad the tempests roar,
 Expecting soon the frantic waves
 To ripple on a smiling shore :
 In the whirlwind, o'er the spray,
 They behold the halcyon play ;
 And through midnight clouds afar,
 Hope lights up the morning star.

This pledge of bliss in future years
 Makes smooth and easy every toil ;
 The swain who sows the waste with tears,
 In fancy reaps a teeming soil :

What though mildew blight his joy,
Frost or flood his crops destroy,
War compel his feet to roam,
Hope still carols Harvest Home !

The monarch exiled from his realm,
The slave in fetters at the oar,
The seaman sinking by the helm,
The captive on his dungeon floor ;
All through peril, pain, and death,
Fondly cling to parting breath :
Glory, freedom, power, are past,
But the dream of Hope will last.

Weary and faint, with sickness worn,
Blind, lame, and deaf, and bent with age,
By man the load of life is borne
To his last step of pilgrimage :
Though the branch no longer shoot,
Vigour lingers at the root,
And in winter's dreariest day
Hope foretells returning May.

When, wrung with guilt, the wretch would end
His gloomy days in sudden night,
Hope comes, an unexpected friend,
To win him back to hated light :
" Hold ! " she cries ; and from his hand
Plucks the suicidal brand ;
" Now await a happier doom,
Hope will cheer thee to the tomb."

When virtue droops, as comforts fail,
And sore afflictions press the mind,
Sweet Hope prolongs her pleasing tale,
Till all the world again looks kind :
Round the good man's dying bed,
Were the wreck of Nature spread,
Hope would set his spirit free,
Crying—" Immortality ! "

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

A MOTHER'S Love,—how sweet the name !
What *is* a Mother's Love ?
—A noble, pure, and tender flame,
Enkindled from above,
To bless a heart of earthly mould ;
The warmest love that *can* grow cold :
This is a Mother's Love.

To bring a helpless babe to light,
 Then, while it lies forlorn,
 To gaze upon that dearest sight,
 And feel herself new-born,
 In its existence lose her own,
 And live and breathe in it alone:
 This is a Mother's Love.

Its weakness in her arms to bear;
 To cherish on her breast,
 Feed it from Love's own fountain there,
 And lull it there to rest;
 Then, while it slumbers, watch its breath,
 As if to guard from instant death:
 This is a Mother's Love.

To mark its growth from day to day,
 Its opening charms admire,
 Catch from its eye the earliest ray
 Of intellectual fire;
 To smile and listen while it talks,
 And lend a finger when it walks:
 This is a Mother's Love.

And can a Mother's Love grow cold?
 Can she forget her boy?
 His pleading innocence behold,
 Nor weep for grief—for joy?
 A Mother may forget her child,
 While wolves devour it on the wild;
 —Is *this* a Mother's Love?

Ten thousand voices answer "No!"
 Ye clasp your babes and kiss;
 Your bosoms yearn, your eyes o'erflow;
 Yet, ah! remember this,—
 The infant, rear'd alone for earth,
 May live, may die,—to curse his birth;
 —Is *this* a Mother's Love?

A parent's heart may prove a snare;
 The child she loves so well,
 Her hand may lead, with gentlest care,
 Down the smooth road to hell;
 Nourish its frame,—destroy its mind:
 Thus do the blind mislead the blind,
 Even with a Mother's Love!

Blest infant! whom his mother taught
 Early to seek the LORD,
 And pour'd upon his dawning thought
 The day-spring of the Word;
 This was the lesson to her son,—
 Time is Eternity begun:
 Behold that Mother's Love!*

* 2 Tim. i. 5, and iii. 14, 15.

Blest Mother ! who, in wisdom's path,
 By her own parent trod ;
 Thus taught her son to flee the wrath,
 And know the fear of GOD :
 Ah ! youth, like him enjoy your prime,
 Begin Eternity in time,
 Taught by that Mother's Love.

That Mother's Love !—how sweet the name !
 What *was* that Mother's Love ?—
 The noblest, purest, tenderest flame,
 That kindles from above,
 Within a heart of earthly mould,
 As much of heaven as heart can hold,
 Nor through eternity grows cold :
This was that Mother's Love !



THE TIMEPIECE.

WHO is *he*, so swiftly flying,
 His career no eye can see ?
 Who are *they*, so early dying,
 From their birth they cease to be ?
 Time :—behold his pictured face !
 Moments :—can you count their race ?

Though, with aspect deep-dissembling,
 Here he feigns unconscious sleep,
 Round and round this circle trembling,
 Day and night his symbols creep,
 While unseen, through earth and sky,
 His unwearying pinions ply.

Hark ! what petty pulses, beating,
 Spring new moments into light ;
 Every pulse, its stroke repeating,
 Sends its moment back to night ;
 Yet not one of all the train
 Comes uncall'd, or flits in vain.

In the highest realms of glory,
 Spirits trace, before the Throne,
 On eternal scrolls, the story
 Of each little moment flown ;
 Every deed, and word, and thought,
 Through the whole creation wrought.

Were the volume of a minute
Thus to mortal sight unroll'd,
More of sin and sorrow in it,
More of man, might we behold,
Than on History's broadest page
In the relics of an age.

Who could bear the revelation ?
Who abide the sudden test ?
—With instinctive consternation,
Hands would cover every breast,
Loudest tongues at once be hush'd,
Pride in all its writhings crush'd.

Who, with leer malign exploring
On his neighbour's shame durst look ?
Would not each, intensely poring
On that record in the book,
Which his inmost soul reveal'd,
Wish its leaves for ever seal'd ?

Seal'd they are for years, and ages,
Till,—the earth's last circuit run,
Empire changed through all its stages,
Risen and set the latest sun,—
On the sea and on the land
Shall a midnight Angel stand :—

Stand ;—and, while the abysses tremble,
Swear that Time shall be no more :
Quick and Dead shall then assemble,
Men and Demons range before
That tremendous judgment-seat
Where both worlds at issue meet.

Time, himself, with all his legions,
Days, Months, Years, since Nature's birth,
Shall revive,—and from all regions,
Singling out the sons of earth,
With their glory or disgrace,
Charge their spenders face to face.

Every moment of my being
Then shall pass before mine eyes :
GOD, all-searching ! GOD, all-seeing !
Oh ! appease them, ere they rise :
Warn'd I fly, I fly to Thee ;
GOD, be merciful to me !

STANZAS TO THE MEMORY OF
THE REV. THOMAS SPENCER OF LIVERPOOL,

WHO WAS DROWNED WHILE BATHING ON THE 5TH OF AUGUST, 1811,
IN HIS 21ST YEAR.

"Thy way is in the sea, and thy path in the great waters; and thy footsteps are not known."—*Psalms lxxvii. 19.*

I WILL not sing a mortal's praise;
To Thee I consecrate my lays,
To whom my powers belong;
These gifts, upon Thine altar strown,
O God! accept—accept Thine own;
My gifts are Thine,—be Thine alone
The glory of my song.

In earth and ocean, sky and air,
All that is excellent and fair,
Seen, felt, or understood,
From one Eternal Cause descends,
To one eternal centre tends,
With GOD begins, continues, ends,
The source and stream of good.

I worship not the Sun at noon,
The wandering Stars, the changing Moon,
The Wind, the Flood, the Flame;
I will not bow the votive knee
To Wisdom, Virtue, Liberty:
"There is no God but GOD," for me;
JEHOVAH is his name.

Him through all nature I explore,
Him in His creatures I adore,
Around, beneath, above;
But, clearest in the human mind,
His bright resemblance when I find,
Grandeur with purity combined,
I most admire and love.

Oh! there was ONE,—on earth a while
He dwelt;—but, transient as a smile
That turns into a tear,
His beauteous image pass'd us by;
He came, like lightning from the sky,
He seem'd as dazzling to the eye,
As prompt to disappear.

Mild, in his undissembling mien,
 Were genius, candour, meekness seen ;
 The lips, that loved the truth ;
 The single eye, whose glance sublime
 Look'd to eternity through time ;
 The soul, whose hopes were wont to climb
 Above the joys of youth.

Of old, before the lamp grew dark,
 Reposing near the curtain'd ark,
 The child of Hannah's prayer
 Heard, through the temple's silent round,
 A living voice, nor knew the sound,
 —That thrice alarm'd him, ere he found
 The LORD, who chose him there.*

Thus early call'd, and strongly moved,
 A prophet from a child, approved,
 SPENCER his course began ;
 From strength to strength, from grace to grace,
 Swiftest and foremost in the race,
 He carried victory in his face ;
 He triumph'd as he ran.

How short his day !—the glorious prize,
 To our slow hearts and failing eyes,
 Appear'd too quickly won :
 The warrior rush'd into the field,
 With arm invincible to wield
 The Spirit's sword, the Spirit's shield,
 When lo ! the fight was done.

The loveliest star of Evening's train
 Sets early in the western main,
 And leaves the world in night ;
 The brightest star of morning's host,
 Scarce risen, in brighter beams is lost :
 Thus sank his form on ocean's coast,
 Thus sprang his soul to light.

Who shall forbid the eye to weep,
 That saw him, from the ravening deep,
 Pluck'd like the lion's prey ?
 For ever bow'd his honour'd head,
 The spirit in a moment fled,
 The heart of friendship cold and dead,
 The limbs a wreath of clay !

Revolving his mysterious lot,
 I mourn him, but I praise him not :
 Glory to GOD be given,
 Who sent him, like the radiant bow,
 His covenant of peace to show ;
 Athwart the breaking storm to glow,
 Then vanish into heaven.

* 1 Sam. iii.

O Church ! to whom that youth was dear,
 The Angel of thy mercies here,
 Behold the path he trod,
 "A milky way" through midnight skies !
 —Behold the grave in which he lies ;
 Even from this dust thy prophet cries,
 "*Prepare to meet thy GOD.*"

SONNET.

(Imitated from the Italian of Gietana Paserini.)

If in the field I meet a smiling flower,
 Methinks it whispers, "God created me,
 And I to Him devote my little hour,
 In lonely sweetness and humility."
 If, where the forest's darkest shadows lower,
 A serpent quick and venomous I see,
 It seems to say,—"I too extol the power
 Of Him, who caused me, at His will, to be."
 The fountain purling, and the river strong,
 The rocks, the trees, the mountains raise one song ;
 "Glory to GOD !" re-echoes in mine ear :
 Faithless were I, in wilful error blind,
 Did I not Him in all His creatures find,
 His voice through heaven, and earth, and ocean hear.

SONNET.

(Imitated from the Italian of Giambattista Cotta.)

I SAW th'eternal GOD, in robes of light,
 Rise from His throne,—to judgment forth He came ;
 His presence pass'd before me, like the flame
 That fires the forest in the depth of night :
 Whirlwind and storm, amazement and affright,
 Compass'd His path, and shook all Nature's frame,
 When from the heaven of heavens, with loud acclaim,
 To earth He wing'd his instantaneous flight.
 As some triumphal oak, whose boughs have spread
 Their changing foliage through a thousand years,
 Bows to the rushing wind its glorious head,
 The universal arch of yonder spheres
 Sunk with the pressure of its Maker's tread,
 And earth's foundations quaked with mortal fears.

SONNET—THE CRUCIFIXION.

(Imitated from the Italian of Crescimbeni.)

I ASK'D the Heavens,—“What foe to GOD hath done
This unexampled deed?”—The Heavens exclaim,
“’Twas Man;—and we in horror snatch’d the sun
From such a spectacle of guilt and shame.”

I ask’d the Sea ;—the Sea in fury boil’d,
And answer’d with his voice of storms—“’Twas man :
My waves in panic at his crime recoil’d,
Disclosed the abyss, and from the centre ran.”

I ask’d the Earth ;—the Earth replied aghast,
“’Twas Man ;—and such strange pangs my bosom rent,
“That still I groan and shudder at the past.”—
To Man—gay, smiling, thoughtless Man—I went,
And ask’d him next :—*He* turn’d a scornful eye,
Shook his proud head, and deign’d me no reply.



INSTRUCTION.

FROM heaven descend the drops of dew,
From heaven the gracious showers,
Earth’s Winter-aspect to renew,
And clothe the Spring with flowers ;
From heaven the beams of morning flow,
That melt the gloom of night ;
From heaven the evening breezes blow,
Health, fragrance, and delight.

Like genial dew, like fertile showers,
The words of wisdom fall,
Awaken man’s unconscious powers,
Strength out of weakness call :
Like morning beams they strike the mind,
Its loveliness reveal ;
And softer than the evening wind
The wounded spirit heal.

As dew and rain, as light and air,
From heaven Instruction came ;
The waste of Nature to repair,
Kindle a sacred flame ;
A flame to purify the earth,
Exalt her sons on high,
And train them for their second birth,—
Their birth beyond the sky.

ALERT ! on every human soul,
 By thee be knowledge shed,
 Far as the ocean-waters roll,
 Wide as the shores are spread :
 Truth makes thy children true at home ;
 Oh ! that thy flag, unfurled,
 Might shine, where'er thy children roam,
 Truth's banner round the world !

THE WIDOW.

Written at the request of a Lady, who furnished several of the lines and the plan of the whole.

AH ! who is she that sits and weeps,
 And gazes on the narrow mound ?
 — In that fresh grave her true love sleeps,
 Her heart lies with him in the ground :
 She heeds not, while her babe, at play,
 Plucks the frail flowers, that gaily bloom,
 And casts them, ere they fade away,
 In garlands, on its father's tomb ;
 — Unconscious where its father lies,
 " Sweets to the sweet ! " the prattler cries ;
 Ah ! then she starts, looks up, her eyes o'erflow
 With all a mother's love, and all a widow's woe.

Again she turns away her head,
 Nor marks her infant's sportive air,
 Its cherub-cheeks all rosy-red,
 Its sweet blue eyes and ringlet-hair ;
 Silent she turns away her head,
 Nor dare behold that happy face,
 Where live the features of the dead
 In lineaments of fairy-grace :
 In which at once, with transport wild,
 She sees her husband and her child ;
 Ah ! then her bosom burns, her eyes o'erflow
 With all a mother's love, and all a widow's woe.

And still I find her sitting here,
 Though dark October frowns on all ;
 And from the lime-trees rustling near,
 The scatter'd leaves around her fall :
 O then it charms her inmost soul,
 It suits the sadness of her mind,
 To watch the clouds of autumn roll,
 And listen to the evening wind ;
 In every shadow, every blast,
 The spirits of enjoyments past,
 She sees, she hears ; — ah ! then her eyes o'erflow,
 Not with a mother's love, but with a widow's woe.

The peasant dreads a gathering storm,
 Yet pauses as he hastens by,
 Views the pale ruin of her form,
 The desolation of her eye ;
 Beholds her babe for shelter creep
 Behind the grave-stone's dreary shade,
 Where all its father's wishes sleep,
 And all its mother's hopes are laid :
 Remembering then his own heart's joy,
 A rosy wife, a blooming boy ;
 "Ah me !" he sighs, "when I am thus laid low,
 Must my poor partner feel a widow'd mother's woe !"

He gently stretches out his arm,
 And calls the babe in accents mild ;
 The mother shrieks with strange alarm,
 And snatches up her weeping child ;
 She thought that voice of tender tone,
 Those accents soft, endearing, kind,
 Came from beneath the hollow stone !
 —He marks the wandering of her mind,
 And, musing on his happier lot,
 Seeks the warm comforts of his cot ;
 He meets his wife ;—ah ! then his eyes o'erflow ;
She feels a mother's love, nor dreads a widow's woe.

The storm retires ;—and hark ! the bird,
 The lonely bird of autumn's reign,
 From yonder waving elm is heard ;
 O what a clear and simple strain !
 See the delighted mourner start,
 While Robin-redbreast's evening song
 Pours all its sweetness through her heart,
 And soothes her as it trills along :
 Then gleams her eye, her fancy hears
 The warbled music of the spheres ;
 She clasps her babe ; she feels her bosom glow,
 And in a mother's love forgets a widow's woe. .

Go to thine home, forsaken fair !
 Go to thy solitary home ;
 Thou lovely pilgrim, in despair,
 To thy saint's shrine no longer roam ;
 He rests not here ;—thy soul's delight
 Attends where'er thy footsteps tread ;
 He watches in the depth of night,
 A guardian-angel round thy bed ;
 And still a father, fondly kind,
 Loves the dear pledge he left behind :
 Behold that pledge, then cease thy tears to flow,
 And in the mother's love, forget the widow's woe.

THOUGHTS AND IMAGES.

"Come like shadows, so depart."—*Macbeth*.

THE Diamond, in its native bed,
Hid like a buried star may lie,
Where foot of man must never tread,
Seen only by its Maker's eye :
And though imbued with beams to grace
His fairest work in woman's face,
Darkling, its fire may fill the void,
Where fix'd at first in solid night,
Nor, till the world shall be destroy'd,
Sparkle one moment into light.

The Plant, upspringing from the seed,
Expands into a perfect flower ;
The virgin-daughter of the mead,
Woo'd by the sun, the wind, the shower :
In loveliness beyond compare,
It toils not, spins not, knows no care ;
Train'd by the secret hand, that brings
All beauty out of waste and rude,
It blooms its season, dies, and flings
Its germs abroad in solitude.

Almighty skill, in ocean's caves,
Lends the light Nautilus a form
To tilt along the Atlantic waves,
Fearless of rock, or shoal, or storm ;
But, should a breath of danger sound,
With sails quick fur'd it dives profound,
And far beneath the tempest's path,
In coral grot, defies the foe,
That never brake, in heaviest wrath,
The sabbath of the deep below.

Up from his dream, on twinkling wings,
The Sky-lark soars amid the dawn ;
Yet, while in Paradise he sings,
Looks down upon the quiet lawn,
Where flutters, in his little nest,
More love than music e'er express'd ;
Then, though the Nightingale may thrill
The soul with keener ecstasy,
The merry bird of morn can fill
All Nature's bosom with its glee.

The Elephant, embower'd in woods,
Coeval with their trees might seem,
As though he drank from Indian floods
Life in a renovating stream :

Agès o'er him have come and fled ;
 Midst generations of the dead,
 His bulk survives to feed and range,
 Where ranged and fed of old his sires ;
 Nor knows advancement, lapse, or change,
 Beyond their walks, till he expires.

Gem, flower, and fish, the bird, the brute,
 Of every kind occult or known
 (Each exquisitely form'd to suit
 Its humble lot, and that alone),
 Through ocean, earth, and air fulfil,
 Unconsciously, their Maker's will,
 Who gave, without their toil or thought,
 Strength, beauty, instinct, courage, speed ;
 While through the whole his pleasure wrought
 Whate'er his wisdom had decreed.

But Man, the master-piece of God,
 Man, in his Maker's image framed,—
 Though kindred to the valley's clod,
 Lord of this low creation named,—
 In naked helplessness appears,
 Child of a thousand griefs and fears :
 To labour, pain, and trouble born,
 Weapon, nor wing, nor sleight hath he ;
 Yet, like the sun, he brings his morn,
 And is a king from infancy.

For, him no destiny hath bound
 To do what others did before,
 Pace the same dull perennial round,
 And be a man, and be no more :
 A man ?—a self-will'd piece of earth,
 Just as the lion is, by birth ;
 To hunt his prey, to wake, to sleep,
 His father's joys and sorrows share,
 His niche in Nature's temple keep,
 And leave his likeness in his heir !—

No : infinite the shades between
 The motley millions of our race ;
 No two, the changing moon hath seen
 Alike in purpose, or in face :
 Yet all aspire beyond their fate ;
 The least, the meanest, would be great ;
 The mighty future fills the mind
 That pants for more than earth can give :
 Man, to this narrow sphere confined,
 Dies when he but begins to live.

Oh ! if there be no world on high
 To yield his powers unfetter'd scope ;
 If man be only born to die,
 Whence this inheritance of hope ?

Cultured and waste, the landscape lay ;
 Woods, mountains, valleys stretch'd away,
 And throng'd the immense horizon round,
 With heaven's eternal girdle bound :
 From inland towns, eclipsed with smoke,
 Steeples in lonely grandeur broke ;
 Hamlets, and cottages, and streams
 By glimpses caught the casual gleams,
 Or blazed in lustre broad and strong
 Beyond the picturing powers of song :
 O'er all the eye enchanted ranged,
 While colours, forms, proportions changed,
 Or sunk in distance undefined,
 Still as our devious course inclined,
 —And oft we paused, and look'd behind.

One little cloud, and only one,
 Seem'd the pure offspring of the sun,
 Flung from his orb to show us here
 What clouds adorn *his* hemisphere ;
 Unmoved, unchanging in the gale,
 That bore the rest o'er hill and dale,
 Whose shadowy shapes, with lights around,
 Like living motions, swept the ground.
 This little cloud, and this alone,
 Long in the highest ether shone ;
 Gay as a warrior's banner spread,
 Its sunward margin ruby-red,
 Green, purple, gold, and every hue,
 That glitters in the morning dew,
 Or glows along the rainbow's form,—
 The apparition of the storm.
 Deep in its bosom, diamond-bright,
 Behind a fleece of pearly white,
 It seem'd a secret glory dwelt,
 Whose presence, while unseen, was felt :
 Like Beauty's eye, in slumber hid
 Beneath a half-transparent lid,
 From whence a sound, a touch, a breath,
 Might startle it,—as life from death.

Looks, words, emotions of surprise
 Welcomed the stranger to our eyes :
 Was it the phoenix, that from earth
 In flames of incense sprang to birth ?
 Had Ocean from his lap let fly
 His loveliest Halcyon through the sky ?
 No :—while we gazed the pageant grew
 A nobler object to our view ;
 We deem'd, in heaven with earth would hold
 Communion, as in days of old,
 Such, on his journey down the sphere,
 Benignant Raphael might appear,
 In splendid mystery conceal'd,
 Yet by his rich disguise reveal'd :
 —That buoyant vapour, in mid-air,

An angel in its folds might bear,
 Who, through the curtain of its shrine,
 Betray'd his lineaments divine.
 The wild, the warm illusion stole,
 Like inspiration, o'er the soul,
 Till thought was rapture, language hung
 Silent but trembling, on the tongue ;
 And fancy almost hoped to hail
 The seraph rushing through his veil,
 Or hear an awful voice proclaim
 The embassy on which he came.

But ah ! no minister of grace
 Show'd from the firmament his face,
 Nor, borne aloof on balanced wings,
 Reveal'd unutterable things.
 The sun went down :—the vision pass'd ;
 The cloud was *but* a cloud at last ;
 Yet, when its brilliancy decay'd,
 The eye still linger'd on the shade,
 And, watching till no longer seen,
 Loved it for what it once had been.

That cloud was beautiful,—was one
 Among a thousand round the sun ;
 The thousand shared the common lot ;
 They came,—they went,—they were forgot ;
 This fairy-form alone impress'd
 Its perfect image in my breast,
 And shines as richly blazon'd there
 As in its element of air.

The day on which that cloud appear'd,
 Exhilarating scenes endear'd :
 —The sunshine on the hills, the floods ;
 The breeze, the twilight of the woods ;
 Nature in every change of green,
 Heaven in unnumber'd aspects seen ;
 Health, spirits, exercise, release
 From noise and smoke ; twelve hours of peace ;
 No fears to haunt, no cares to vex ;
 Friends, young and old, of either sex ;
 Converse familiar, sportive, kind,
 Where heart meets heart, mind quickens mind,
 And words and thoughts are all at play,
 Like children on a holiday ;—
 Till themes celestial rapt the soul
 In adoration o'er the pole,
 Where stars are darkness in *His* sight
 Who reigns invisible in light,
 High above all created things,
 The Lord of lords, the King of kings !
 Faith, which could thus on wing sublime
 Outsoar the bounded flight of time ;
 Hope full of immortality,
 And God in all the eye could see ;
 These,—these endear'd that day to me,

And made it, in a thousand ways :
 A day among a thousand days,
 That share with clouds the common lot ;
 They come,—they go,—they are forgot :
 This, like that plaything of the sun,—
 The little, lonely, lovely one,—
 This lives within me ; this shall be
 A part of my eternity.
 Amidst the cares, the toils, the strife,
 The weariness and waste of life,
 That day shall memory oft restore,
 And in a moment live it o'er,
 When, with a lightning-flash of thought,
 Morn, noon, and eve at once are brought
 (As through the vision of a trance),
 All in the compass of a glance.
 Oh ! should I reach a world above,
 And sometimes think of those I love,
 Of things on earth too dearly prized
 (Nor yet by saints in heaven despised),
 Though spirits made perfect may lament
 Life's holier hours as half misspent,
 Methinks I could not turn away
 The fond remembrance of that day,
 The bright idea of that cloud
 (Survivor of a countless crowd),
 Without a pause, perhaps a sigh,
 To think such loveliness should die,
 And clouds and days of storm and gloom
 Scowl on Man's passage to the tomb.
 —Not so :—I feel I have a heart,
 Blessings to share, improve, impart,
 In blithe, severe, or pensive mood,
 At home, abroad, in solitude,
 Whatever clouds are on the wing,
 Whatever day the seasons bring.
 That is true happiness below
 Which conscience cannot turn to woe ;
 And though such happiness depends
 Neither on clouds, nor days, nor friends,
 When friends, and days, and clouds unite,
 And kindred chords are tuned aright,
 The harmonies of heaven and earth,
 Through eye, ear, intellect, give birth
 To joys too exquisite to last,
 —And yet *more* exquisite when past !
 When the soul summons by a spell
 The ghosts of pleasures round her cell,
 In saintlier forms than erst they wore,
 And smiles benigner than before,
 Each loved, lamented scene renews
 With warmer touches, tenderer hues ;
 Recalls kind words for ever flown,
 But echo'd in a soften'd tone ;

Wakes, with new pulses in the breast,
 Feelings forgotten, or at rest ;
 The thought how fugitive and fair,
 How dear and precious such things were !
 That thought, with gladness more refined,
 Deep, and transporting, thrills the mind,
 Than all those pleasures of an hour,
 When most the soul confess'd their power.
 Bliss in possession will not last :
 Remember'd joys are never past ;
 At once the fountain, stream, and sea,
 They were,—they are,—they yet shall be.

INCOGNITA.

WRITTEN AT LEAMINGTON, IN 1817, ON VIEWING THE
 PICTURE OF AN UNKNOWN LADY.

"She was a phantom of delight"—WORDSWORTH.

IMAGE of One, who lived of yore !
 Hail to that lovely mien,
 Once quick and conscious,—now no more
 On land or ocean seen !
 Were all earth's breathing forms to pass
 Before me in Agrippa's glass,*
 Many as fair as thou might be,
 But, oh ! not one—not one—like Thea.

Thou art no child of Fancy ;—Thou
 The very look dost wear,
 That gave enchantment to a brow,
 Wreath'd with luxuriant hair ;
 Lips of the morn embathed in dew,
 And eyes of evening's starry blue ;
 Of all who e'er enjoy'd the sun,
 Thou art the image of but *One*.

And who was she, in virgin prime,
 And May of womanhood,
 Whose roses here, unpluck'd by Time,
 In shadowy tints have stood ;
 While many a winter's withering blast
 Hath o'er the dark cold chamber pass'd,
 In which her once resplendent form
 Slumber'd to dust beneath the storm ?

* Cornelius Agrippa, of Nettesheim, counsellor to Charles V., emperor of Germany,
 —the author of *Occult Philosophy*, and other profound works,—is said to have shown
 to the earl of Surrey the image of his beloved Geraldine in a magical mirror.

Of gentle blood ;—upon her birth,
 Consenting planets smiled,
 And she had seen those days of mirth
 That frolic round the child ;
 To bridal bloom her strength had sprung,
 Behold her beautiful and young !
 Lives there a record, which hath told
 That she was wedded, widow'd, old ?

How long her date, 'twere vain to guess :
 The pencil's cunning art
 Can but a single glance express,
 One motion of the heart ;
 A smile, a blush,—a transient grace
 Of air, and attitude, and face ;
 One passion's changing colour mix,
 One moment's flight for ages fix.

Her joys and griefs, alike in vain,
 Would fancy here recall ;
 Her throbs of ecstasy or pain
 Lull'd in oblivion all ;
 With her, methinks life's little hour
 Pass'd like the fragrance of a flower,
 That leaves upon the vernal wind
 Sweetness we ne'er again may find.

Where dwelt she ?—Ask yon aged troc,
 Whose boughs embower the lawn,
 Whether the birds' wild minstrelsy
 Awoke her here at dawn ?
 Whether beneath its youthful shade,
 At noon, in infancy she play'd ?
 —If from the oak no answer come,
 Of her all oracles are dumb.

The Dead are like the stars by day ;
 —Withdrawn from mortal eye,
 But not extinct, they hold their way
 In glory through the sky ;
 Spirits, from bondage thus set free,
 Vanish amidst immensity,
 Where human thought, like human sight,
 Fails to pursue their trackless flight.

Somewhere within created space,
 Could I explore that round,
 In bliss, or woe, there is a place
 Where she might still be found ;
 And oh ! unless those eyes deceive,
 I may, I must, I will believe,
 That she, whose charms so meekly glow,
 Is what she only seem'd below ;—

An angel in that glorious realm
Where GOD himself is King :
—But awe and fear, that overwhelm
Presumption, check my wing ;
Nor dare imagination look
Upon the symbols of that book,
Wherein Eternity enrolls
The judgments on departed souls.

Of her of whom these pictured lines
A faint resemblance form ;
Fair as the *second* rainbow shines
Aloof amid the storm ;—
Of her, this “ shadow of a shade,”
Like its original, must fade,
And she, forgotten when unseen,
Shall be as if she ne’er had been.

Ah ! then, perchance, this dreaming strain
Of all that e’er I sung,
A horn memorial may remain,
When silent lies my tongue ;
When shot the meteor of my fame,
Lost the vain echo of my name,
This leaf, this fallen leaf, may be
The only trace of her and me.

With One who lived of old, my song
In lowly cadence rose ;
To One who is unborn, belong
The accents of its close :
Ages to come, with courteous ear,
Some youth my warning voice may hear ;
And voices from the dead should be
The warnings of eternity.

When these weak lines thy presence greet,
Reader ! if I am blest,
Again, as spirits, may we meet
In glory and in rest !
If not,—and I have lost my way,
Here part we,—go not *Thou* astray :
No tomb, no verse, my story tell ;
Once, and for ever, Fare Thee well !

A TALE TOO TRUE.

[This Poem, literally a summer-day's labour, was written on the 23rd of July, 1796, at Scarborough, just after the author had been liberated from York Castle, and forms a supplement to his "Prison Amusements," originally published under the assumed name of *Paul Poetique*.]

ONE beautiful morning, when Paul was a child,
And went with a satchel to school,
The rogue play'd the truant, which shows he was wild,
And, though little, a very great fool.

He came to a cottage that grew on the moor,
No mushroom was ever so strong ;
'Twas snug as a mouse-trap ; and close by the door,
A river ran rippling along.

The cot was embosom'd in rock-nested trees,
Like grenadiers gracefully tall,
Geese gabbled in concert with bagpiping bees,
Ducks, hen, doves, and crickets, and all.

At the door sat a damsel, a sweet little girl,
Array'd in a petticoat green ;
Her skin was lovely as mother-of-pearl,
And milder than moonlight her mien.

She sang as she knotted a garland of flowers,
Right mellowly warbled her tongue ;
Such strains in Elysium's romantical bowers,
To soothe the departed, are sung.

Paul stood like a gander, he stood like himself,
Eyes, ears, nose, and mouth, open'd wide ;
When, suddenly rising, the pretty young elf,
The wonder-struck wanderer spied.

She started and trembled, she blush'd and she smiled,
Then dropping a courtesy she said,
" Pray, what brought you hither, my dear little child ?
Did your legs run away with your head ? "

" Yes ! yes ! " stammer'd Paul, and he made a fine bow,
At least 'twas the finest he could,
Though the lofty-bred belles of St. James's, I trow,
Would have call'd it a bow made of wood.

No matter, the dimple-cheek'd damsel was pleased,
And modestly gave him her wrist ;
Paul took the fine present, and tenderly squeezed,
As if 'twere a wasp in his fist.

Then into the cottage she led the young fool,
Who stood all aghast to behold
The lass's grim mother, who managed a school,
A beldame, a witch, and a scold.

Her eyes were as red as two lobsters when boil'd,
Her complexion the colour of straw ;
Though she grinn'd like a death's head whenever she smiled,
She show'd not a tooth in her jaw.

Her body was shrivell'd and dried like a kecks,
Her arms were all veins, bone, and skin ;
And then she'd a beard, sir, in spite of her sex,
I don't know how long, on her chin.

Her dress was as mournful as mourning could be,
Black sackcloth, bleach'd white with her tears ;
For a widow, fair ladies ! a widow was she,
Most dismally stricken in years.

The charms of her youth, if she ever had any,
Were all under total eclipse ;
While the charms of her daughter, who truly had many,
Were only unfolding their lips.

Thus, far in a wilderness, bleak and forlorn,
When winter deflowers the year,
All hoary and horrid, I've seen an old thorn,
In icicle trappings appear :

While a sweet-smiling snowdrop enamels its root,
Like the morning star gilding the sky ;
Or an elegant crocus peeps out at its foot,
As blue as Miss Who-ye-will's eye.

" Dear mother !" the damsel exclaim'd with a sigh,
" I have brought you a poor little wretch,
Your victim and mine,"—but a tear from her eye
Wash'd away all the rest of her speech.

The beldame then mounting her spectacles on,
Like an arch o'er the bridge of her nose,
Examined the captive, then, crying " Well done !"
Bade him welcome—with twenty dry blows.

Paul fell down astounded, and only not dead,
For death was not quite within call ;
Recovering, he found himself in a warm bed,
And in a warm fever and all.

Like piping hot gingerbread outstretch'd he lay,
Perspiring like duck on the spit ;
While weeping her soul from her eyelids away,
The maid at his elbow did sit.

But when she perceived him alive once again
She caroll'd a sonnet so sweet,
The captive, transported, forgot all his pain,
And presently fell at her feet.

All rapture and fondness, all folly and joy,
 "Dear damsel! for your sake," he cried,
 "I'll be your cross mother's own dutiful boy,
 And you shall one day be my bride."

"For shame!" quoth the nymph, though she look'd the reverse,
 "Such nonsense I cannot approve;
 Too young we're to wed."—Paul said, "So much the worse;
 But are we too young, then, to love?"

The lady replied in a language that speaks
 Not unto the ear, but the eye;
 The language that blushes through eloquent cheeks,
 When modesty looks very shy.

Our true lovers lived—for the fable saith true—
 As merry as larks in their nest,
 Who are learning to sing while the hawk is in view,
 —The ignorant always are blest.

Through valleys and meadows they wander'd by day,
 And warbled and whistled along;
 So liquidly glided their moments away,
 Their life was a galloping song.

When they twitter'd their notes from the top of a hill,
 If November did not look like May,
 If rocks did not caper, nor rivers stand still,
 The asses at least did not bray.

If the trees did not leap nor the mountains advance,
 They were deaf as bailiffs, 'tis clear;
 If sun, moon, and stars, did not lead up a dance,
 They wanted a musical ear.

But sometimes the beldame, cross, crazy, and old,
 Would thunder, and threaten, and swear;
 Expose them to tempests, to heat, and to cold,
 To danger, fatigue, and despair.

For wisdom, she argued, could only be taught
 By bitter experience to fools;
 And she acted, as every good schoolmistress ought,
 Quite up to the beard of her rules.

Her school, by-the-bye, was the noblest on earth
 For mortals to study themselves;
 There many great folks, who were folios by birth,
 She cut down to pitiful twelves.

Her rod, like Death's scythe, in her levelling hand
 Bow'd down rich, poor, wicked, and just;
 Kings, queens, popes, and heroes, the touch of her wand
 Could crumble to primitive dust.

At length, in due season, the planets that reign,
 By chance or some similar art,
 Commanded the damsel to honour her swain
 With her hand as the key to her heart.

The grisly old mother then bless'd the fond pair ;
 —“ While you live, O my darlings ! ” she cried,
 “ My favours unask'd for you always shall share,
 And cleave like two ribs to my side.

“ Poor Paul is a blockhead in marrow and bone,
 Whom naught but my rod can make wise ;
 The fellow will only, when all's said and done,
 Be just fit to live when he dies.”

The witch was a prophetess all must allow,
 And Paul a strange moon-stricken youth,
 Who somewhere had pick'd up, I'll not tell you how,
 A sad knack of telling the truth.

His sorrows and sufferings his consort may paint,
 In colours of water and fire ;
 She saw him in prison, desponding and faint,
 She saw him in act to expire :

Then, melting her voice to the tenderest tone,
 The lovely enthusiast began
 To sing in sweet numbers the comforts unknown,
 That solace the soul of the man,

Who, hated, forsaken, tormented, oppress'd,
 And wrestling with anguish severe,
 Can turn his eye inward, and view in his breast
 A conscience unclouded and clear.

The captive look'd up with a languishing eye,
 Half quench'd in a tremulous tear ;
 He saw the meek Angel of Hope standing by,
 He heard her solicit his ear.

Her strain then exalting and swelling her lyre,
 The triumphs of patience she sung,
 While passions of music and language of fire
 Flow'd full and sublime from her tongue.

At length the gay morning of liberty shone,
 At length the dread portals flew wide ;
 Then, hailing each other with transports unknown,
 The captive escaped with his bride.

Behold in a fable the Poet's own life,
 From which this lean moral we draw, —
 The MUSE is Paul Positive's nightingale-wife,
 MISFORTUNE his mother-in-law.

HYMNS
AND
SACRED POEMS.

RELIGION.

AN OCCASIONAL HYMN.

THROUGH shades and solitudes profound
The fainting traveller winds his way ;
Bewildering meteors glare around,
And tempt his wandering feet astray.

Welcome, thrice welcome, to his eye
The sudden moon's inspiring light,
When forth she sallies through the sky,
The guardian-angel of the night.

Thus mortals, blind and weak, below
Pursue the phantom Bliss, in vain ;
The world's a wilderness of woe,
And life a pilgrimage of pain.

Till mild RELIGION, from above,
Descends, a sweet engaging form—
The messenger of heavenly love,
The bow of promise in a storm.

Then guilty passions wing their flight,
Sorrow, remorse, affliction, cease ;
RELIGION's yoke is soft and light,
And all her paths are paths of peace.

Ambition, pride, revenge, depart,
And folly flies her chastening rod ;
She makes the humble contrite heart
A temple of the living GOD.

Beyond the narrow vale of time,
Where bright celestial ages roll,
To scenes eternal, scenes sublime,
She points the way, and leads the soul.

At her approach the Grave appears
 The Gate of Paradise restored ;
 Her voice the watching Cherub hears,
 And drops his double-flaming sword.

Baptized with her renewing fire,
 May we the crown of glory gain ;
 Rise when the Host of Heaven expire,
 And reign with GOD, for ever reign !



THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

Occasioned by the sudden death of the Rev. Thomas Taylor : after having declared, in his last Sermon, on a preceding evening, that he hoped to die as an old soldier of Jesus Christ with his sword in his hand.

"SERVANT of GOD ! well done ;
 Rest from thy loved employ ;
 The battle fought, the victory won,
 Enter thy Master's joy."
 —The voice at midnight came ;
 He started up to hear,
 A mortal arrow pierced his frame,
 He fell,—but felt no fear.

Tranquil amidst alarms,
 It found him in the field,
 A veteran slumbering on his arms,
 Beneath his red-cross shield :
 His sword was in his hand,
 Still warm with recent fight,
 Ready that moment at command,
 Through rock and steel to smite.

It was a two-edged blade,
 Of heavenly temper keen ;
 And double were the wounds it made,
 Where'er it smote between :
 'Twas death to sin ;—'twas life
 To all that mourn'd for sin ;
 It kindled and it silenced strife,
 Made war and peace within.

Oft with its fiery force,
 His arm had quell'd the foe,
 And laid, resistless in his course,
 The alien-armies low.
 Bent on such glorious toils,
 The world to him was loss ;
 Yet all his trophies, all his spoils,
 He hung upon the cross.

At midnight came the cry,
 "To meet thy GOD prepare!"
 He, woke,—and caught his Captain's eye;
 Then, strong in faith and prayer,
 His spirit with a bound,
 Burst its encumbering clay;
 His tent, at sunrise, on the ground,
 A darken'd ruin lay.

The pains of death are past,
 Labour and sorrow cease,
 And life's long warfare closed at last,
 His soul is found in peace.
 Soldier of CHRIST! well done;
 Praise be thy new employ;
 And while eternal ages run,
 Rest in thy Saviour's joy.



HUMAN LIFE.

Job, xiv.

How few and evil are thy days,
 Man of a woman born!
 Trouble and peril haunt thy ways:
 —Forth like a flower at morn
 The tender infant springs to light,
 Youth blossoms with the breeze,
 Age, withering age, is cropp'd e'er night,
 —Man like a shadow flees.

And dost Thou look on such a one?
 Will GOD to judgment call
 A worm, for what a worm hath done
 Against the LORD of all?
 As fail the waters from the deep,
 As summer brooks run dry,
 Man lieth down in dreamless sleep:
 —Our life is vanity.

Man lieth down no more to wake,
 Till yonder arching sphere
 Shall with a roll of thunder break,
 And nature disappear.
 —Oh! hide me, till Thy wrath be past,
 Thou, who canst kill or save;
 Hide me, where hope may anchor fast,
 In my Redeemer's grave.

FOR GOD'S BLESSING ON HIS ASSEMBLED
PEOPLE.

COMMAND Thy blessing from above,
O GOD ! on all assembled here ;
Behold us with a Father's love,
While we look up with filial fear.

Command Thy blessing, JESUS, LORD !
May we Thy true disciples be ;
Speak to each heart the mighty word,
Say to the weakest, " Follow me."

Command Thy blessing, in this hour,
Spirit of truth ! and fill this place,
With humbling and exalting power,
With quickening and confirming grace.

O Thou, our Maker, Saviour, Guide !
One true eternal GOD confest ;
May nought in life or death divide
The saints in Thy communion blest.

With Thee and these for ever bound,
May all who here in prayer unite,
With harps and songs Thy throne surround,
Rest in Thy love, and reign in light,



DEDICATION TO GOD.

JESUS, our best beloved Friend,
Draw out our souls in pure desire
Jesus, in love to us descend,
Baptize us with Thy Spirit's fire.

On Thy redeeming name we call ;
Poor and unworthy though we be,
Pardon and sanctify us all :
Let each Thy full salvation see.

Our souls and bodies we resign,
To fear and follow Thy commands :
Oh ! take our hearts,—our hearts are thine :
Accept the service of our hands.

Firm, faithful, watching unto prayer,
May we Thy blessed will obey,
Toil in Thy vineyard here, and bear
The heat and burden of the day.

Yet, LORD, for us a resting-place
In heaven, at Thy right hand, prepare,
And till we see Thee face to face,
Be all our conversation there !



" PRAYING ALWAYS WITH ALL PRAYER."

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Utter'd, or unexpress'd ;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast :
Prayer is the burthen of a sigh,
The falling of a tear ;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try ;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high :
Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air ;
His watchword at the gates of death,
He enters heaven with prayer.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways ;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, " Behold he prays !"
In prayer, on earth, the saints are won,
In word, and deed, and mind ;
When with the Father and his Son
Sweet fellowship they find.

Nor prayer is made on earth alone :
The Holy Spirit pleads ;
And Jesus, on the eternal throne,
For sinners intercedes.
O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way !
The path of prayer Thyself has trod ;
Lord, teach us how to pray !



CHRIST'S PASSION.

THE morning dawns upon the place,
Where Jesus spent the night in prayer ;
Through brightening glooms behold His face,
No form nor comeliness is there.

Last eve, by those He call'd His own,
Betray'd, forsaken, or denied,
He met His enemies alone,
In all their malice, rage, and pride.

Brought forth to judgment now He stands,
Arraign'd, condemn'd, at Pilate's bar ;
Here spurn'd by fierce Prætorian bands,
There mock'd by Herod's men of war :
He bears their buffeting and scorn,
Feign'd homage of the lip, the knee,
The purple robe, the crown of thorn,
The scourge, the nail, the accursed tree.

No guile within His mouth is found,
He neither threatens nor complains ;
Meek as a lamb for slaughter bound,
Dumb midst His murderers He remains :
But hark ! He prays ;—'tis for His foes ;
He speaks ;—'tis comfort to His friends ;
Answers ;—and Paradise bestows ;
" 'Tis finish'd !"—here the conflict ends.

He dies ; the vail is rent in twain ;
Darkness o'er all the land is spread,
High, without tempest, rolls the main,
Earth trembles, graves give up their dead :
" Truly this *was* the Son of God !"—
Though in a servant's mean disguise,
And bruised beneath the Father's rod,
Not for Himself,—for man He dies.



CHRIST'S TRIUMPH.

HARK ! the song of Jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore :—
Hallelujah ! for the Lord
God Omnipotent shall reign :
Hallelujah !—let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

Hallelujah !—hark ! the sound,
From the abysses to the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All Creation's harmonies :
See Jehovah's banner furl'd,
Sheath'd His sword :—He speaks—'tis done ;
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of His Son.

He shall reign from pole to pole,
 With illimitable sway ;
 He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
 Yonder heavens have pass'd away :
 Then the end :—beneath his rod,
 Man's last enemy shall fall ;
 Hallelujah ! Christ in God,
 God in Christ, is All in All.



SAINTS IN HEAVEN.

WHAT are these in bright array ?
 This innumerable throng,
 Round the altar, night and day,
 Tuning their triumphant song ?
 " Worthy is the lamb once slain,
 Blessing, honour, glory, power,
 Wisdom, riches, to obtain ;
 New dominion every hour."

These through fiery trials trod ;
 These from great affliction came ;
 Now before the throne of God,
 Seal'd with His eternal name ;
 Clad in raiment pure and white,
 Victor-palms in every hand,
 Through their great Redeemer's might,
 More than conquerors they stand.

Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
 On immortal fruits they feed ;
 Them the Lamb, amidst the throne,
 Shall to living fountains lead ;
 Joy and gladness banish sighs,
 Perfect love dispels their fears,
 And for ever from their eyes
 God shall wipe away all tears.



THE BIBLE.

WHAT is the world !—A wildering maze,
 Where Sin hath track'd ten thousand ways,
 Her victims to ensnare ;
 All broad, and winding, and aslope,
 All tempting with perfidious hope,
 All ending in despair.

Millions of pilgrims throng those roads,
 Bearing their baubles, or their loads,
 Down to eternal night ;
 — *One* humble path, that never bends,
 Narrow, and rough, and steep, ascends
 From darkness into light.

Is there a Guide to show that path ?
 The Bible :—He alone, who hath
 The Bible, need not stray :
 Yet he who hath, and will not give
 That heavenly Guide to all that live,
 Himself shall lose the way.



PREPARATION FOR HEAVEN.

HEAVEN is a place of rest from sin :
 But all who hope to enter there,
 Must here that holy course begin,
 Which shall their souls for rest prepare.

Clean hearts, O GOD ! in us create :
 Right spirits, LORD, in us renew :
 Commence we now that higher state,
 Now do Thy will as angels do.

A life in heaven !—Oh, what is this !—
 The sum of all that faith believed,
 Fulness of joy and depths of bliss,
 Unseen, unfathom'd, unconceiv'd.

While thrones, dominions, principedoms, powers,
 And saints made perfect triumph thus,
 A goodly heritage is ours ;
 There is a heaven on earth for us.

The Church of Christ, the means of Grace,
 The Spirit teaching through the Word,—
 In those our Saviour's steps we trace,—
 By this His living voice is heard.

Firm in His footsteps may we tread,
 Learn every lesson of His love,
 And be from grace to glory led,
 From heaven below to heaven above.



THE FALL AND RECOVERY OF MAN.

To Adam thus Jehovah spake :
 "The ground is cursed for thy sake ;
 Thence eat thy bread ; and there once more,
 Become the dust thou wert before."

"Serpent!" again Jehovah said,
"The woman's seed shall bruise thy head ;
Yet in the strife thy fury feel,
For thou shalt turn, and bruise his heel."

Hail to Emmanuel's promised birth,
He brings the blessing back to earth ;
In Adam died the race of men,
In Christ they all shall live again.

Hail to our dying, rising Lord ;
By Him is Paradise restored ;
Nor Eden only,—but the Tree
Of life and immortality.



THE WORLD LOST AND REDEEMED.

THE world in condemnation lay ;
And death from Adam reigning
O'er man maintain'd remorseless away ;
While sin, his soul enchaining,
Foredoom'd the second death to all,
That shared the ruin of the fall ;
But Christ's triumphant mission
Redeem'd us from perdition.

Then round his manger let us throng,
Attend him in temptation,
Carry our cross with joy along
His path of tribulation ;
With him to Olivet retire,
On Calvary see our Lord expire ;
Then in His glory seated,
Behold His work completed.



THE GOD OF PROVIDENCE AND GRACE.

GOD over all ! the sun by day
Reveals Thy glory in his light ;
The moon and stars Thy voice obey,
And show Thy presence through the night.
God over all ! the earth, that yields
Her flowers and fruits at Thy command,
From mountains, rivers, woods, and fields,
Pours the rich bounties of Thine hand.

Yea to the humble and the poor,
 High as Thou art, Thy gifts descend,
 Their bread is given, their water sure,
 Thou art their Father, Thou their Friend.
 Bow'd at Thy footstool we confess,
 With grief and shame, our sin and guilt:
 Oh, turn from our unrighteousness,
 And look on Him whose blood was spilt:—

On Him who bore thy chast'ning rod,
 That we might by his stripes be heal'd;
 He died for us—the Lamb of God!
 He rose—and our redemption seal'd.
 And shall we, dare we, can we still
 Resist Thy fear, Thy love despise?
 No, take us, soul, affection, will,
 A free and living sacrifice.



A FOUNTAIN OPENED FOR SIN AND UNCLEANNESS.

Come to Calvary's holy mountain,
 Sinners, ruin'd by the fall;
 Here a pure and healing fountain
 Flows to you, to me, to all,
 In a full perpetual tide,—
 Open'd when the Saviour died.

Come, in poverty and meanness,
 Come, defiled without, within;
 From infection, from uncleanness,
 From the leprosy of sin;
 Wash your robes and make them white;—
 Ye shall walk with God in light.

Come, in sorrow and contrition,
 Wounded, impotent, and blind;
 Here the guilty free remission,
 Here the troubled peace may find;
 Health this fountain will restore,
 He that drinks shall thirst no more:—

He that drinks shall live for ever;
 'Tis a soul-renewing flood:
 God is faithful;—God will never
 Break His covenant in blood;
 Sign'd when our Redeemer died,
 Seal'd when He was glorified.

FOR UNITY AND BROTHERLY LOVE.

OUR souls shall magnify the Lord ;
In Him our spirit shall rejoice :—
Assembled here with one accord
Our hearts shall praise Him with our voice.

GOD of our hope ! to Thee we bow,
Thou art our refuge in distress : —
The husband of the widow Thou ;
The Father of the fatherless.

May we the law of love fulfil ;
Lighten each other's burdens here,
Suffer and do Thy righteous will,
And walk in all Thy faith and fear.

Then grant our union, here begun,
May last for ever firm and free :—
Around Thy throne may we be one ;—
One with each other and with Thee.



THE VOICE OF WISDOM.

To us, the voice of Wisdom cries :—
“Hearken, ye children ! and be wise ;
Better than gold the fruit I bear,
Rubies with me may not compare.
To them that love me I am kind,
And those that seek me early find :—
My son, give *me* thine heart,—and learn
Wisdom from folly to discern.

“The Lord possess'd me, ere of old
His hand the firmament unroll'd ;
Before He bade the mountains stand,
Or pour'd the ocean round the land.
Rejoicing then before His throne,
From everlasting I was known ;
Rejoicing still, as in His sight,
With men on earth is my delight.

“Mark the *beginning* of my law,—
Fear ye the Lord with sacred awe :
Mark the *fulfilment* of the whole,—
Love ye the Lord with all your soul.”

We hear ; we learn ;—may we obey ;
JESUS ! the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Wisdom and righteousness we see,
Grace and salvation,—all in Thee.

CHOOSING THE PORTION OF GOD'S HERITAGE.

PEOPLE of the living God !
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort nowhere found :
Now to you my spirit turns,
Turns,—a fugitive unblest ;
Brethren ! where your altar burns,
Oh, receive me into rest.

Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave ;
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave :
Mine the God whom you adore,
Your Redeemer shall be mine ;
Earth can fill my heart no more,
Every idol I resign.

Tell me not of gain or loss,
Ease, enjoyment, pomp, and power,
Welcome poverty and cross,
Shame, reproach, affliction's hour !
“ Follow me ! ” I know Thy voice,
JESUS, Lord ! Thy steps I see ;
Now I take Thy yoke by choice,
Light Thy burthen now to me.

GOD WORTHY OF ALL PRAISE.

SONGS of praise the angels sang ;
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When He spake, and it was done.

Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of Peace was born ;
Songs of praise arose when He
Captive led captivity.

Heaven and earth must pass away ;
 Songs of praise shall crown that day :
 God will make new heavens and earth ;
 Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

And shall man alone be dumb
 Till that glorious kingdom come ?
 No ;—the Church delights to raise
 Psalms and hymns, and songs of praise.

Saints below, with heart and voice,
 Still in songs of praise rejoice ;
 Learning here, by faith and love,
 Songs of praise to sing above.

Borne upon their latest breath,
 Songs of praise shall conquer death ;
 Then, amidst eternal joy,
 Songs of praise their powers employ.



FOR THE IMAGE OF GOD.

FATHER of eternal grace !
 May we all resemble Thee ;
 Meekly beaming in our face,
 Let the world Thine image see.

Happy only in Thy love,
 Poor, unfriended, and unknown,
 Fix our thoughts on things above,
 Stay our hearts on Thee alone.

Humble, holy, all resign'd,
 To Thy will,—Thy will be done !
 Give us, Lord, the perfect mind
 Of Thy well beloved Son.

Counting gain and glory loss,
 May we tread the path He trod,
 Bear with Him on earth our cross,
 Rise with Him to Thee our God.



THE LIVING AND THE DEAD.

Where are the dead ?—In heaven or hell
 Their disembodied spirits dwell ;
 Their perish'd forms, in bonds of clay,
 Reserved until the judgment-day.

Who were the dead!—The sons of time
In every age, and state, and clime ;
Renown'd, dishonour'd, or forgot,
The place that knew them, knows them not.

Where are the living!—On the ground,
Where prayer is heard, and mercy found :—
There, in the compass of a span,
The mortal makes the immortal man.

Who are the living!—They, whose breath
Draws every moment nigh to death :—
Of endless bliss or woe the heirs ;
Oh, what an awful lot is theirs !

Then timely warn'd, let us begin
To follow Christ and flee from sin,
Daily grow up in Him our Head ;
Lord of the living and the dead.



LIFE AND DEATH,—TIME AND ETERNITY.

Oh, where shall rest be found,—
Rest for the weary soul !
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole :
The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh ;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above ;
Unmeasured by the flight of years,
And all that life is love.
There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath :—
Oh, what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death !

LOVE GOD of truth and grace !
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be driven from Thy face,
And evermore undone.
Here would we end our quest ;—
Alone are found in Thee,
The life of perfect love,—the rest
Of immortality.

CHRISTMAS.

BRIGHT and joyful is the morn,
For to us a Child is born ;
From the highest realms of heaven,
Unto us a Son is given.

On His shoulders He shall bear
Power and majesty ;—and wear
On His vesture, and His thigh,
Names most awful, names most high :

Wonderful in counsel He :
The Incarnate Deity,
Sire of ages ne'er to cease,
King of kings, and Prince of peace.

Come and worship at His feet,
Yield to Christ the homage meet,
From His manger to His throne,
Homage due to God alone.



CHRISTMAS.

ANGELS, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth ;
Ye, who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth :
Come and worship,
Worship Christ the new-born King.

Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flock by night,
God with man is now residing ;
Yonder shines the Infant Light :
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar ;
Seek the great Desire of nations,
Ye have seen his natal star :
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Saints, before the altar bending,
Waiting long with hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord descending,
In His temple shall appear ;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Sinners wrung with true repentance,
 Doom'd for guilt to endless pains,
 Justice now repeals the sentence,
 Mercy calls you,—break your chains :
 Come and worship,
 Worship Christ, the new-born King.



CHRISTMAS.

WHILE war on earth suspended
 His mad career of woes,
 The Prince of Life descended,
 A deadlier strife to close.

Vain battles worms were waging,
 'Gainst their Creator, GOD ;
 He came, and wrath assuaging,
 Made peace with His own blood.

The storm that flamed and lower'd,
 Was calm at His command ;
 The rod of justice flourish'd,
 Like Aaron's, in His hand.

That sceptre love revealing,
 Sinners approach and kiss ;
 Its leaves are for your healing,
 Its fruits immortal bliss.



A MIDNIGHT THOUGHT.

IN a land of strange delight,
 My transported spirit stray'd ;
 I awake where all is night,
 Silence, solitude, and shade.

Is the dream of Nature flown ?
 Is the universe destroy'd,
 Man extinct, and I alone
 Breathing through the formless void ?

No :—my soul, in GOD rejoice !
 Through the gloom his light I see,
 In the silence hear his voice,
 And his hand is over me.

When I slumber in the tomb,
 He will guard my resting-place :
 Fearless in the day of doom,
 May I stand before his face !

WHITSUNDAY.

LORD GOD, the Holy Ghost !
 In this accepted hour,
 On this the day of Pentecost,
 Descend in all Thy power ;
 We meet, with one accord,
 In this Thy holy place,
 And wait the promise of our Lord,—
 The Spirit of all grace.

Like mighty rushing wind
 Upon the waves beneath,
 Move with one impulse every mind,
 One soul, one feeling breathe :—
 The young, the old inspire
 With wisdom from above ;
 And give us hearts and tongues of fire
 To pray, and praise, and love.

Spirit of Light ! explore,
 And chase our gloom away,
 With lustre shining more and more
 Unto the perfect day :
 Spirit of Truth ! be Thou
 In life and death our guide ;—
 O Spirit of Adoption ! now
 May we be sanctified !



MISSIONARY HYMN.

"LET there be light :"—thus spake the Word :
 The Word was God ;—"and there was light :"
 Still the creative voice is heard ;
 A day is born from every night ;
 And every night shall turn to day,
 While months, and years, and ages roll :
 But we have seen a brighter ray
 Dawn on the chaos of the soul.

Nor we alone :—its 'wakening smiles
 Have broke the gloom of Nature's sleep ;
 The Word hath reach'd the utmost isles,
 The Spirit moves on yonder deep.
 Already from the dust of death,
 Man in his Maker's image stands,—
 Already draws immortal breath,
 And stretches forth to heaven his hands.

From day to day, before our eyes,
 Glows and extends the work begun :—
 When shall the new creation rise
 O'er every land beneath the sun ?
 When, in the Sabbath of His love,
 Shall God from all His labours rest,
 And, bending from the throne above,
 Again pronounce His creatures blest !

As sang the morning stars of old,
 Shouted the sons of God for joy ;
 His widening reign while we behold,
 Let praise and prayer our tongues employ :
 Till the redeem'd, in every clime,
 Yea all that breathe, and move, and live,
 To Christ, through every age of time,
 The kingdom, power, and glory give.



AT A SERMON FOR AN INFIRMARY.

WHEN, like a stranger on our sphere,
 The lowly Jesus wander'd here,
 Where'er He went affliction fled,
 And sickness rear'd her fainting head :
 The eye, that roll'd in irksome night,
 Beheld His face,—for God is light ;
 The opening ear, the loosen'd tongue,
 His precepts heard, His praises sung.

With bounding steps, the halt and lame
 To hail their great Deliverer came ;
 O'er the cold grave He bow'd His head,
 And spake the word that raised the dead :
 Demoniac madness, dark and wild,
 In His inspiring presence smiled ;
 The storm of horror ceased to roll,
 And reason lighten'd through the soul.

Through paths of loving-kindness led,
 Where Jesus triumph'd, we will tread ;
 To all, with willing hands dispense
 The crumbs of our benevolence :
 Hark ! the sweet voice of Pity calls
 Misfortune to these hallow'd walls ;
 The breaking heart, the wounded breast,
 And helpless poverty distress'd.

Here the whole family of woe
 Shall friends, and home, and comfort know ;
 The blasted form, and shipwreck'd mind
 Shall here a tranquil haven find :

And Thou, dread Power, whose sovereign breath
Is health or sickness, life or death,
This favour'd mansion deign to bless ;
The cause is *Thine*,—oh, send success.



CHILDREN PRAISING GOD FOR HIS CARE OVER THEM.

THE children's angels always view
Their heavenly Father's face ;
His joyful messengers and true,
In providence and grace.

But not to angels' care alone
Poor children are consign'd ;
To God Himself our wants are known,
The Lord to us is kind.

Yes ;—every comfort here below,
And every hope above ;
All that we have, and are, we owe
To His unfailing love.

Then let us act as in His sight ;
And, on our humble way,
Walk in the liberty of light,
As children of the day.

Young though we be, and in the prime
Of life's unfolding powers,
Of all the moments of our time,
This—only this—is ours.

We seize it, Lord, before 'tis past ;
We yield ourselves to Thee ;
Thine be our earliest years, our last,
And our eternity.



CHILDREN PRAISING GOD FOR INSTRUCTION.

O LORD our God ! Thy light and truth
To us Thy children send :
That we may fear Thy name in youth,
And serve Thee to the end.

By nature sinful, weak, and blind,
The paths of death we trod,
Our wandering heart and worldly mind
Were enemies to God.

Guardians and teachers now, through grace,
Our heedless steps restrain ;
They warn us, Lord, to seek Thy face,
Which none shall seek in vain.

Hence to the hills we lift our eyes,
From which salvation springs ;
O Sun of righteousness ! arise,
With healing in Thy wings !

Arise, and o'er this vale of tears,
Shine into perfect day :
Still homeward, through progressive years,
Pointing the Christian's way.

The home we seek is heaven above :
Yet, while our course we run,
May we, rejoicing in Thy love,
Find heaven on earth begun.



THE PRAISES AND PRAYERS OF CHILDREN.

WHILE saints and angels, glorious King,
Day without night, Thy praises sing,
Thou wilt not humbler strains despise :
The songs of *children* reach the skies.

Amidst the whole creation's cares,
The meanest worm Thy bounty shares ;
Thine eyes the depths of ocean see,
The grave itself hides nought from Thee.

While want and hardship were our lot,
Thou knew'st us, though *we* knew Thee not :
Now we adore thine hand, that sends,
Our *earthly* comforts, home and friends.

With these Thy *heavenly* gifts afford,
Thy Son, Thy Spirit, and Thy Word :
Thy Word, to teach our wayward youth
Thy pure commandments, God of truth !

Thy Spirit, to dispel the night
 Of sin and error, God of light !
 Thy Son, to raise our minds above
 This world's affections, God of love !

For all the good Thy grace imparts,
 What shall we give Thee !—Take our hearts :
 Oh ! seal them by Thy power divine,
 In life, in death, for ever, Thine.



THE GRATITUDE OF CHILDREN TO GOD.

Thy throne, O God, in righteousness,
 For ever shall endure ;
 We bow before it ;—deign to bless
 The children of the poor.

Thy wisdom fix'd our lowly birth,
 Yet we Thy goodness share ;
 Still make us, while we dwell on earth,
 The children of Thy care.

Strangers to Thee, though thine by name,
 We heard Thy welcome voice,
 And, gather'd from the world, became
 The children of Thy choice.

Thou art our Shepherd,—glorious God !
 Thy little flock behold ;
 And guide us by Thy staff and rod,—
 The children of Thy fold.

We praise Thy name that we were brought
 To this delightful place,
 Where we are watch'd, and warn'd, and taught,—
 The children of Thy grace.

Oh, may our friends, Thy servants here,
 Meet all our souls above ;
 And they and we in heaven appear,
 The children of Thy love.



CHILDREN PRAISING CHRIST.

WHEN Jesus left the throne of God,
 He chose a humble birth ;
 A man of grief,—like as He trod
 A lowly path on earth.

Like Him, may we be found below
 In wisdom's paths of peace ;
 Like Him, in grace and knowledge grow,
 As years and strength increase.

When Jesus into Salem rode,
 The children sang around ;
 For joy they pluck'd the palms and strow'd
 Their garments on the ground.

Hosanna, our glad voices raise,
 Hosanna to our King ;
 Could we forget our Saviour's praise,
 The stones themselves would sing.

For we have learn'd to love His name ;
 That name, divinely sweet,
 May every pulse through life proclaim,
 And our last breath repeat !



AFTER AN UNFAVOURABLE HARVEST.

To GOD, most awful, and most high,
 Who form'd the earth, the sea, the sky ;
 To Him, on whom all worlds depend,
 Our humbled hearts in sighs ascend.

Will He who hears the ravens' cry,
 Reject our prayers and bid us die ?
 Will He refuse His help to yield,
 Who clothes the lilies of the field ?

Pale Famine lifts, at His command,
 Her withering arm, and blasts the land :
 The harvests perish at her breath ;
 Her train are want, disease, and death.

But when He smiles, the desert blooms,
 New life is born among the tombs ;
 O'er the glad plains abundance teems,
 And plenty rolls in bounteous streams.

Father of grace ! whom we adore,
 Bless Thy large family, the poor :
 The poor on Thee alone depend :
 Continue Thou the poor man's friend.

Content to live by toil and pain,
 May we eternal riches gain ;
 Meanwhile, by Thy free bounty fed,
 Give us this day our daily bread.

THE FUTURE GLORY OF THE CHURCH.

THUS saith the Lord :—My Church ! to thee,
Peace, like a river, I will send ;
The Gentiles, like a stream, shall see
My mercy flowing without end.

The isles that never heard my fame,
Nor knew the glory of my might ;
They shall be taught to fear my name,—
Call'd out of darkness into light.

And it shall come to pass, that vows,
From Sabbath unto Sabbath-day,
From moon to moon, in mine own house,
All nations, tribes, and tongues shall pay.



"O THOU THAT HEAREST PRAYER!"

THOU, GOD, art a consuming fire,
Yet mortals may find grace,
From life's distractions to retire,
And meet Thee face to face :
Though "Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!"
Seraph to seraph sings ;
And angel-hosts, with one accord,
Worship with veiling wings :—

Though earth Thy footstool, heaven Thy throne,
Thy way amidst the sea,
Thy path deep floods, Thy steps unknown,
Thy counsels mystery ;—
Yet wilt Thou look on him who lies
A suppliant at Thy feet ;
And hearken to the feeblest cries
That reach Thy mercy-seat.

Between the cherubim of old
Thy glory was express'd ;
But God in Christ we now behold
In flesh made manifest :
Through Him, who all our sickness felt,
Who all our sorrows bare ;
Through Him, in whom Thy fulness dwelt,
We offer up our prayer.

Touch'd with the feeling of our woes,
 Jesus, our High-Priest stands ;
 All our infirmities He knows,
 Our souls are in His hands :
 He bears them up with strength divine,
 When at Thy feet we fall ;
 Lord, cause Thy face on us to shine ;
 Hear us ;—on Thee we call.



THE WORLD IN THE HEART.

LORD, when we search the human heart,
 We find a fallen world within ;
 There is no health in any part ;
 Sin reigns throughout, and death by sin.

Large provinces are pagan still,
 Where other lords dominion share,
 Idols of mind, affection, will ;
 The powers of darkness triumph there.

Here the false prophet's wild domains,
 Where lust, and cruelty, and hate,
 With baleful passions fire the veins,
 And seal the conscience up in fate.

Through all, the stern and stiff-neck'd Jew,
 Blind like his kindred, prone to roam,
 Denies the Saviour whom he slew ;
 Mammon his god, and earth his home.

The smallest portion of the whole
 Some beams of heavenly truth pervade ;
 Slowly the day-spring o'er the soul
 Breaks through the fogs of nature's shade.

I know a bosom, which within
 Contains the world's sad counterpart :
 'Tis here :—the reign of death and sin ;
 O God ! evangelize my heart !

Then will I strive, through earth's whole round,
 Thy name and knowledge to diffuse,
 And send the Gospel's joyful sound
 To Pagans, Infidels, and Jews.

PLEADING WITH GOD.

O THAT I knew where I might find
My righteous Judge's seat,
To pour out all my troubled mind
In prayer before His feet !

Not with the thunder of Thy power
Wouldst *Thou* against me plead ;
No ; Thy good Spirit, in that hour,
For me would intercede.

For me Thy Son Himself would pray,
Thy well-beloved Son :
Father ! Thou couldst not turn away
From Thine Anointed One.

Thine own unutterable grace,
Thy love—Thy love to me,
Constrain me thus to seek Thy face,
And cast my cares on Thee.

Hear, then, the voice of my desire,
My griefs, my fears behold ;
Search me and try me as with fire,
But bring me forth like gold.

Lo ! Thou hast troubled my repose,
Thy chastisements I feel ;
Thy hand hath touch'd my heart,—it glows,—
It melts,—impress Thy seal.

Stamp Thine own image on my soul,
Lift from the dust my head :
Lord,—Thou hast wounded,—make me whole ;
Hast slain—now raise the dead.



"THE PREPARATIONS OF THE HEART IN MAN."

LORD, teach us how to pray aright,
With reverence and with fear ;
Though dust and ashes in Thy sight,
We may, we must draw near :
We perish, if we cease from prayer ;
Oh, grant us power to pray,
And when to meet Thee we prepare,
Lord, meet us by the way.

Burthen'd with guilt, convinced of sin,
 In weakness, want, and woe,
 Fightings without, and fears within,
 Lord, whither shall we go ?
 God of all grace ! we come to Thee,
 With broken, contrite hearts ;—
 Give, what Thine eye delights to see,
 Truth in the inward parts :—

Give deep humility :—the sense
 Of godly sorrow give ;
 A strong, desiring confidence,
 To see Thy face and live ;
 Faith in the only sacrifice,
 That can for sin atone ;
 To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes,
 On Christ—on Christ alone :—

Patience to watch, and wait, and weep,
 Though mercy long delay ;
 Courage our fainting souls to keep,
 And trust Thee, though Thou slay :
 Give these,—and then Thy will be done ;
 Thus strengthen'd with all might,
 We through Thy Spirit and Thy Son,
 Shall pray, and pray aright.



THE CHRISTIAN ISRAEL.

THUS far on life's perplexing path,
 Thus far the Lord our steps hath led ;
 Safe from the world's pursuing wrath,
 Unharm'd though floods hung o'er our head ;
 Here then we pause, look back, adore,
 Like ransom'd Israel from the shore.

Strangers and pilgrims here below,
 As all our fathers in their day,
 We to a Land of Promise go,
 Lord ! by Thine own appointed way ;
 Still guide, illumine, cheer our flight,
 In cloud by day, in fire by night.

Protect us through this wilderness
 From serpent plague, and hostile rage ;
 With bread from heaven our table bless,
 With living streams our thirst assuage ;
 Nor let our rebel-hearts repine,
 Or follow any voice but Thine.

Thy righteous laws to us proclaim,
 But not from Sinai's top alone ;
 Hid in the rock-clift, be Thy name,
 Thy power, and all Thy goodness shown ;
 And may we never bow the knee
 To any other gods but Thee !

Thy presence with us move or rest ;
 And as the eagle o'er her brood
 Flutters her pinions, stirs the nest,
 Covers, defends, provides them food,
 Bears on her wings, instructs to fly ;—
 Thus, thus prepare us for the sky.

When we have number'd all our years,
 And stand at length on Jordan's brink,
 Though the flesh fail with human fears,
 Oh ! let not then the spirit shrink,
 But strong in faith, and hope, and love,
 Plunge through the stream,—to rise above.



THE VISIBLE CREATION.

THE GOD of Nature and of Grace
 In all His works appears ;
 His goodness through the earth we trace,
 His grandeur in the spheres.

Behold this fair and fertile globe,
 By Him in wisdom plann'd ;
 'Twas He who girded, like a robe,
 The ocean round the land.

Lift to the firmament your eye,
 Thither his path pursue ;
 His glory, boundless as the sky,
 O'erwhelms the wondering view.

He bows the heavens—the mountains stand
 A highway for their GOD ;
 He walks amidst the desert land,
 —'Tis Eden where He trod.

The forests in His strength rejoice ;
 Hark ! on the evening breeze,
 As once of old, the LORD GOD's voice
 Is heard among the trees.

Here on the hills He feeds His herds,
His flocks on yonder plains :
His praise is warbled by the birds ;
—Oh, could we catch their strains !

—Mount with the lark, and bear our song
Up to the gates of light,
Or with the nightingale prolong
Our numbers through the night !

In every stream His bounty flows,
Diffusing joy and wealth ;
In every breeze His spirit blows,
—The breath of life and health.

His blessings fall in plenteous showers
Upon the lap of earth,
That teems with foliage, fruit, and flowers,
And rings with infant mirth.

If GOD hath made this world so fair,
Where sin and death abound :
How beautiful beyond compare
Will Paradise be found !



FOR THE MORNING OF THE SABBATH.

To Thy temple I repair ;
Lord, I love to worship there,
When, within the veil, I meet
Christ upon the mercy-seat.

Thou, through Him, art reconciled ;
I, through Him, become Thy child ;
Abba, Father ! give me grace,
In Thy courts, to seek Thy face.

While Thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue,
That my joyful soul may bless
Christ the Lord, my righteousness.

While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of love ! to mine attend ;
Hear me, for Thy Spirit pleads,
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

While I hearken to Thy law,
Fill my soul with humble awe,
Till Thy gospel bring to me
Life and immortality.

While Thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon in Thy name,
Through their voice, by faith, may I
Hear Thee speaking from on high.

From Thy house when I return,
May my heart within me burn ;
And at evening let me say,
" I have walk'd with God to-day."



"ASK AND YE SHALL RECEIVE."

WHAT shall we ask of GOD in prayer ?
Whatever good we want ;
Whatever man may seek to share,
Or GOD in wisdom grant :
Father of all our mercies !—Thou,
In whom we move and live,
Hear us in heaven, Thy dwelling, now,
And answer and forgive.

When bound with sins and trespasses,
From wrath we fain would flee,
Lord, cancel our unrighteousness,
And set the captives free :
When, harass'd with ten thousand foes,
Our helplessness we feel ;
Oh, give the weary soul repose,
The wounded Spirit heal.

When dire temptations gather round,
And threaten or allure,
By storm or calm,—in Thee be found
A refuge strong and sure :
When age advances, may we grow
In faith, and hope, and love
And walk in holiness below
To holiness above.

When earthly joys and cares depart,
Desire and envy cease,
Be Thou the portion of our heart ;
In Thee may we have peace :

When flames these elements destroy,
And worlds in judgment stand,
May we lift up our heads with joy,
And meet at Thy right hand !

THE SINNER REVIEWING HIS WAYS.

I LEFT the God of truth and light ;
I left the God, who gave me breath,
To wander in the wilds of night,
And perish in the snares of death.

Free was His service, light His yoke,
His burden easy to be borne ;
But all His bands of love I broke—
I cast away His gifts with scorn.

Heart-broken, friendless, poor, cast down,
Where shall the chief of sinners fly,
Almighty Vengeance, from thy frown ?
Eternal Justice, from thine eye ?

Lo ! through the gloom of guilty fears,
My faith discerns a dawn of grace ;
The Sun of righteousness appears
In Jesus' reconciling face.

My suffering, slain, and risen Lord !
In deep distress I turn to Thee ;
I claim acceptance on Thy word,
My God ! my God ! forsake not me.

Prostrate before Thy mercy-seat,
I dare not, if I would, despair ;
None ever perish'd at Thy feet,
And I will lie for ever there.

CHRIST THE EXAMPLE.

Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power,
Your Redeemer's conflict see :
Watch with Him one bitter hour.
Turn not from His griefs away :
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

Follow to the judgment-hall ;
 View the Lord of life arraign'd.
 Oh, the wormwood and the gall !
 Oh, the pangs His soul sustain'd !
 Shun not suffering, shame, or loss :
 Learn of Him to bear the cross.

Calvary's mournful mountain climb ;
 There, adoring at His feet,
 Mark that miracle of time,—
 God's own sacrifice complete.
 "It is finish'd ;" hear Him cry :
 Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

Early hasten to the tomb,
 Where they laid His breathless clay.
 All is solitude and gloom :—
 Who hath taken Him away ?
 Christ is ris'n ;—He seeks the skies.
 Saviour, teach us so to rise.



CHRIST'S REIGN.

RECEIVE Messiah gladly,
 And lift the downcast eyes :
 Ye people, speak not sadly ;
 He makes the fallen rise.
 In all your habitations
 Complaint and crying cease ;
 The long Desire of Nations
 Brings everlasting peace.

He comes, with succour speedy,
 To those who suffer wrong :
 To help the poor and needy,
 And bid the weak be strong :
 To give them songs for sighing,
 Their darkness turn to light,
 Whose souls, in bondage lying,
 Were precious in His sight.

By such shall He be fear'd,
 While sun and moon endure,
 Beloved, obey'd, revered ;
 For He shall judge the poor,
 Through changing generations,
 With justice, mercy, truth,
 While stars maintain their stations,
 Or moons renew their youth.

GOD THE SPIRIT.

O SPIRIT of the living God,
In all Thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

Give tongues of fire and hearts of love
To preach the reconciling word ;
Give power and unction from above,
When'er the joyful sound is heard.

Be darkness, at Thy coming, light ;
Confusion, order in Thy path :
Souls without strength inspire with might ;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

O Spirit of the Lord, prepare
All the round earth her God to meet :
Breathe Thou abroad like morning air,
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.

Baptize the nations ; far and nigh,
The triumphs of the Cross record :
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call Him Lord.

God from eternity hath will'd
All flesh shall His salvation see ;
So be the Father's love fulfill'd,
The Saviour's sufferings crown'd, through Thee.



GLORY TO GOD.

HOLY, holy, holy Lord !
God of Hosts, when heaven and earth
Out of darkness, at Thy word,
Issued into glorious birth ;
All Thy works around Thee stood,
And Thine eye beheld them good,
While they sang with sweet accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord !

Holy, holy, holy !—Thee,
One Jehovah evermore,
Father, Son, and Spirit, we,
Dust and ashes, would adore.

Lightly by the world esteem'd,
 From that world by These redeem'd,
 Sing we here with glad accord,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord !

Holy, holy, holy !—All
 Heaven's triumphant choir shall sing,
 While the ransom'd nations fall
 At the footstool of their King :
 Then shall saints and seraphim,
 Harps and voices, swell one hymn,
 Blending in sublime accord,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord !



THE SOUL OF MAN.

WHAT is the thing of greatest price,
 The whole creation round ?
 That which was lost in Paradise :
 That which in Christ is found :—

The soul of man,—Jehovah's breath,—
 That keeps two worlds at strife ;
 Hell moves beneath to work its death,
 Heaven stoops to give it life.

God to redeem it did not spare
 His well-belovèd Son ;
 Jesus, to save it, deign'd to bear
 The sins of all in one.

And is this treasure borne below
 In earthen vessels frail ?
 Can none its utmost value know,
 Till flesh and spirit fail ?

Then let us gather round the cross,
 That knowledge to obtain,
 Not by the soul's eternal loss,
 But everlasting gain.



THE SOUL'S ASPIRATION.

FATHER of all our mercies, Thou
 In whom we move and live,
 Hear us, O heaven, Thy dwelling, now,
 And answer and forgive.

When bound with sins and trespasses,
 From wrath we fain would flee,
 Lord, cancel our unrighteousness,
 And set the captives free.

When harass'd by ten thousand foes,
 Our helplessness we feel ;
 Oh, give the weary soul repose,
 The wounded spirit heal.

When dire temptations gather round,
 And threaten or allure,
 By storm or calm, in Thee be found
 A refuge strong and sure.

When age advances, may we grow
 In faith, and hope, and love ;
 And walk in holiness below,
 To holiness above.

When earthly joys and cares depart,
 Desire and envy cease,
 Be Thou the portion of our heart,
 In Thee may we have peace.

When flames these elements destroy,
 And worlds in judgment stand,
 May we lift up our heads with joy,
 And meet at Thy right hand.



THY WILL BE DONE.

ONE prayer I have—all prayers in one,—
 When I am wholly Thine ;
 Thy will, my God, Thy will be done,
 And let that will be mine.
 All-wise, Almighty, and All-good !
 In Thee I firmly trust :
 Thy ways, unknown or understood,
 Are merciful and just.

Is life with many comforts crown'd,
 Upheld in peace and health,
 With dear affections twined around ?—
 Lord, in my time of wealth,
 May I remember, that to Thee
 Whate'er I have I owe,
 And back, in gratitude from me,
 May all Thy bounties flow.

Thy gifts are only then enjoy'd,
 When used as talents lent :
 Those talents only well employ'd,
 When in Thy service spent.
 And though Thy wisdom takes away,
 Shall I arraign Thy will ?
 No, let me bless Thy name, and say,
 The Lord is gracious still.

A pilgrim through the earth I roam,
 Of nothing long possess'd ;
 And all must fail when I go home,
 For this is not my rest.
 Write but my name upon the roll
 Of Thy redeem'd above ;
 Then, heart and mind, and strength and soul,
 I'll love thee for Thy love.



ANTICIPATIONS OF HEAVEN.

FOR ever with the Lord !
 Amen, so let it be :
 Life from the dead is in that word ;
 'Tis immortality.

Here in the body pent,
 Absent from Him I roam ;
 Yet nightly pitch my moving tent,
 A day's march nearer home.

My Father's house on high,
 Home of my soul, how near !
 At times, to faith's foreseeing eye
 Thy golden gates appear,

My thirsty spirit faints
 To reach the land I love,
 The bright inheritance of saints,
 Jerusalem above.

I hear at morn and even,
 At noon and midnight hour,
 The choral harmonies of heaven,
 Earth's Babel tongues o'erpower.

For ever with the Lord !
 Father, if 'tis Thy will,
 The promise of that faithful word,
 E'en here to me fulfil.

So when my latest breath
 Shall rend the veil in twain,
 By death I shall escape from death,
 And life eternal gain.

Knowing as I am known,
 How shall I love that word ;
 And oft repeat before the throne,
 For ever with the Lord !



THE RANSOMED SOUL.

SPIRIT, leave thy house of clay ;
 Lingered dust, resign thy breath ;
 Spirit, cast thy chains away ;
 Dust, be thou dissolved in death.
 Thus the Almighty Saviour speaks,
 While the faithful Christian dies :
 Thus the bonds of life he breaks,
 And the ransom'd captive flies.

Prisoner, long detain'd below,
 Prisoner, now with freedom bless'd,
 Welcome from a world of woe ;
 Welcome to a land of rest.
 Thus the choir of angels sing,
 As they bear the soul on high ;
 While with hallelujahs ring
 All the regions of the sky.

Grave, the guardian of our dust,
 Grave, the treasury of the skies,
 Every atom of thy trust
 Rests in hope again to rise.
 Hark ! the judgment-trumpet calls,—
 Soul, rebuild thy house of clay ;
 Immortality thy walls,
 And eternity thy day.



VICTORY THROUGH THE CROSS.

PALMS of glory, raiment bright,
 Crowns that never fade away,
 Gird and deck the saints in light ;
 Priests, and kings, and conquerors they.

Yet the conquerors bring their palms
To the Lamb amidst the throne,
And proclaim, in joyful psalms,
Victory through His cross alone.

Kings for harps their crowns resign,
Crying as they strike the chords,
"Take the kingdom,—it is Thine,
"King of kings, and Lord of lords!"

They were mortal too, like us.
Ah! when we, like them, shall die,
May our souls, translated thus,
Triumph, reign, and shine on high!



UNIVERSAL HARMONY.

THE glorious universe around,
The heavens with all their train,
Sun, moon, and stars, are firmly bound
In one mysterious chain.

God in creation thus displays
His wisdom and His might:
While all his works with all his ways
Harmoniously unite.

In one fraternal bond of love,
One fellowship of mind,
The saints below and saints above
Their bliss and glory find.

Here, in their house of pilgrimage,
Thy statutes are their song;
There, through one bright eternal age,
Thy praises they prolong.

Lord, may our union form a part
Of that thrice happy whole;
Derive its pulse from Thee, the Heart,
Its life from Thee, the Soul.



THE LORD'S PRAYER.

OUR heavenly Father, hear
The prayer we offer now;
Thy name be hallow'd far and near,
To Thee all nations bow.

Thy kingdom come : Thy will
On earth be done in love,
As saints and seraphim fulfil
Thy perfect law above.

Our daily bread supply,
While by Thy word we live.
The guilt of our iniquity
Forgive, as we forgive.

From dark temptation's power,
From Satan's wiles defend ;
Deliver in the evil hour,
And guide us to the end.

Thine, then, for ever be
Glory and power, divine ;
The sceptre, throne, and majesty
Of heaven and earth be Thine.



GOD'S PRESENCE.

WHEN on Sinai's top I see
God descend in majesty,
To proclaim His holy law,
All my spirit sinks with awe.

When, in ecstasy sublime,
Tabor's glorious steep I climb,
At the too transporting light,
Darkness rushes o'er my sight.

When on Calvary I rest,
God in flesh made manifest,
Shines in my Redeemer's face,
Full of beauty, truth, and grace.

Here I would for ever stay,
Weep and gaze my soul away.
Thou art heaven on earth to me,
Lovely, mournful Calvary.



I WILL REMEMBER THEE.

ACCORDING to Thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord ;
I will remember Thee.

Thy body, broken for my sake,
 My bread from heaven shall be :
 Thy testamental cup I take,
 And thus remember Thee.

Gethsemane can I forget ?
 Or there Thy conflict see,
 Thine agony and bloody sweat,
 And not remember Thee ?

When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
 And rest on Calvary,
 O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,
 I must remember Thee.

Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,
 And all Thy love to me !
 Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
 Will I remember Thee.

And when these failing lips grow dumb.
 And mind and memory flee,
 When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come
 Then, Lord, remember me.



THE LORD'S DAY.

MILLIONS within Thy courts have met,
 Millions this day before Thee bow'd ;
 Their faces Zion-ward were set,
 Vows with their lips to Thee they vow'd :

But Thou, soul-searching God ! hast known
 The hearts of all that bent the knee,
 And hast accepted those alone,
 In spirit and truth that worshipp'd Thee.

People of many a tribe and tongue,
 Men of strange colours, climates, lands,
 Have heard Thy truth, Thy glory sung,
 And offer'd prayer with holy hands.

Soon as the light of morning broke
 O'er island, continent, or deep,
 Thy far-spread family awoke,
 Sabbath all round the world to keep.

From east to west, the sun survey'd,
 From north to south, adoring throngs ;
 And still, when evening stretch'd her shade,
 The stars came out to hear their songs.

Harmonious as the winds and seas,
In halcyon hours, when storms are flown,
Arose earth's Babel languages,
In pure accordance to Thy throne.

Not angel-trumpets sound more clear,
Not elders' harps, nor seraphs' lays,
Yield sweeter music to Thine ear,
Than humble prayer and thankful praise.

And not a prayer, a tear, a sigh,
Hath fall'd this day some suit to gain ;
To those in trouble, Thou wert nigh,
Not one hath sought Thy face in vain.

Thy poor were bountifully fed,
Thy chasten'd sons have kiss'd the rod,
Thy mourners have been comforted,
The pure in heart have seen their God.

Yet one prayer more !—and be it one,
In which both heaven and earth accord ;
Fulfil Thy promise to thy Son,
Let all that breathe call Jesus, Lord.



THE PRAISE OF GOD.

SING we the song of those who stand
Around the eternal throne,
Of every kindred, clime, and land,
A multitude unknown.

Life's poor distinctions vanish here ;
To-day the young, the old,
Our Saviour and His flock appear
One Shepherd and one fold.

Toil, trial, suffering, still await
On earth, the pilgrim-throng,
Yet learn we in our low estate,
The saint's triumphant song.

Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,
Cry the redeem'd above,
Blessing and honour to obtain,
And everlasting love.

Worthy the Lamb ! on earth we sing,
Who died our souls to save ;
Henceforth, O death ! where is thy sting ?
Thy victory, O grave ?

Then hallelujah ! power and praise
To God in Christ be given ;
May all who now this anthem raise,
Renew the strain in heaven.

"STAND UP AND BLESS THE LORD."

Stand up and bless the Lord,
Ye people of His choice ;
Stand up and bless the Lord your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice.

Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear His holy name,
And laud and magnify ?

Oh, for the living flame
From His own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought !

There, with benign regard,
Our hymns He deigns to hear ;
Though unreveal'd to mortal sense,
The spirit feels Him near.

God is our strength and song,
And His salvation ours ;
Then be His love in Christ proclaim'd
With all our ransom'd powers.

Stand up and bless the Lord,
The Lord your God adore ;
Stand up and bless His glorious name,
Henceforth for evermore.

THE LORD IS IN OUR MIDST.

Not here, as to the prophet's eye,
The Lord upon His throne appears ;
Nor seraph-tongues responsive cry,
Holy ! thrice holy ! in our ears.

Yet God is present in this place,
Veil'd in serener majesty ;
So full of glory, truth, and grace,
That faith alone such light can see.

Nor as He in the temple taught,
Is Christ within these walls reveal'd,
When blind, and deaf, and dumb were brought,
Lepers and lame,—and all were heal'd.

Yet here, when two or three shall meet,
Or thronging multitudes are found,
All may sit down at Jesus' feet,
And hear from Him the joyful sound.

IN TIME OF PESTILENCE.

LET the land mourn through all its coasts,
The *king* lay by *his* state,
Princes and rulers at their posts
Awhile sit desolate.

Let the whole people, high and low,
Rich, poor, and great, and small,
Invoke in fellowship of woe,
The Maker of them all.

For God hath summon'd from his place,
Death in a direr form,
To waken, warn, and scourge our race,
Than earthquake, fire, or storm.

Let churches weep within their pale,
And families apart;
Let each in secrecy bewail
The plague of his own heart.

So, while the land bemoans its sin,
The pestilence may cease;
And mercy, tempering wrath, bring in
God's saving health and peace.

THE OFFICES OF THE MINISTRY.

WE bid thee welcome in the name
Of Jesus, our exalted Head;
Come as a Servant, so He came;
And we receive thee in His stead.

Come as a Shepherd; guard and keep
This fold from hell, and earth, and sin:
Nourish the lambs, and feed the sheep;
The wounded heal, the lost bring in.

Come as a Watchman ; take thy stand
Upon thy tower amidst the sky ;
And when the sword comes on the land,
Call us to fight, or warn to fly.

Come as an Angel, hence to guide
A band of pilgrims on their way,
That, safely walking at thy side.
We fail not, faint not, turn, nor stray.

Come as a Teacher, sent from God,
Charged His whole counsel to declare ;
Lift o'er our ranks the prophet's rod,
While we uphold thy hands with prayer.

Come as a Messenger of peace,
Fill'd with the Spirit, fired with love ;
Live to behold our large increase,
And die to meet us all above.



MISSIONARY HYMN.

THE heathen perish ; day by day,
Thousands on thousands pass away :
O Christians, to their rescue fly :
Preach Jesus to them ere they die.

Wealth, labour, talents, freely give,
Yea, life itself, that they may live.
What hath your Saviour done for you ?
And what for Him will ye not do ?

Thou Spirit of the Lord, go forth ;
Call in the South, wake up the North ;
Of every clime, from sun to sun,
Gather God's children into one.



UNIVERSAL ADORATION.

FALL down, ye nations, and adore
Jehovah on His mercy seat ;
Like prostrate seas on every shore,
That cast their billows at your feet.

Let hallelujahs to the skies,
With ocean's everlasting sound,
The voice of many waters, rise,
Day without night, as time goes round.

Come from the East with gifts, ye kings,
With gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.
Where'er the morning spreads her wings,
Let man to God his vows prefer.

Come from the West, the bond, the free ;
His easy service make your choice.
Ye isles of the Pacific sea,
Like halcyon-nests, in God rejoice.

Come from the South ; through desert sands
A highway for the Lord prepare,
Let Ethiopia stretch her hands,
And Lybia pour her soul in prayer.

Come from the North ; let Europe raise
In all her languages one song :
Give God the glory, power, and praise
That to His holy name belong.

For he hath bow'd the heavens above,
And at His feet the mountains flow'd :
He came, but not in wrath,—in love,
To make with men His pure abode.

With smiles, O earth ! thy Maker meet ;
Nations, before your Saviour fall :
Redemption is in Him complete ;
The gospel now is preach'd to all.



JERUSALEM.

DAUGHTER of Zion, from the dust
Exalt thy fallen head ;
Again in thy Redeemer trust,
He calls thee from the dead,

Awake, awake, put on thy strength,
Thy beautiful array :
The day of freedom dawns at length,
The Lord's appointed day.

Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,
And send thy heralds forth ;
Say to the South,—“ Give up thy charge,
And keep not back, O North ! ”

They come, they come !—thine exiled bands,
Where'er they rest or roam,
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home.

Thus, though the universe shall burn,
 And God His works destroy,
 With songs the ransom'd shall return,
 And everlasting joy.



HYMN FOR THE YOUNG.

GLORY to the Father give,
 God, in whom we move and live ;
 Children's prayers He deigns to hear ;
 Children's songs delight His ear.

Glory to the Son we bring,
 Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King ;
 Children, raise your sweetest strain
 To the Lamb, for He was slain.

Glory to the Holy Ghost ;
 Be this day a Pentecost ;
 Children's minds may He inspire ;
 Touch their tongues with holy fire.

Glory in the highest be
 To the blessed Trinity,
 For the gospel from above,
 For the word, that "God is love."



INFANT PRAISE.

WHAT are those soul-reviving strains,
 Which echo thus from Salem's plains ?
 What anthems loud and louder still,
 Sweetly resound from Zion's hill ?

Lo ! 'tis an infant chorus sings,
 Hosanna to the King of kings.
 The Saviour comes, and babes proclaim
 Salvation, sent in Jesus' name.

Nor these alone their voice shall raise,
 For we will join this song of praise.
 Still Israel's children forward press,
 To hail the Lord their Righteousness.

Messiah's name shall joy impart.
 Alike to Jew and Gentile heart.
 He bled for us, He bled for you,
 And we will sing hosanna too.

Proclaim hosannas loud and clear ;
 See David's Son and Lord appear :
 Glory and praise on earth be given ;
 Hosanna in the highest heaven !



SABBATH WORSHIP.

THOUSANDS, O Lord, of Hosts ! this day,
 Around Thine altar meet ;
 And tens of thousands throng to pay
 Their homage at Thy feet.

They see Thy power and glory there,
 As I have seen them too ;
 They read, they hear, they join in prayer,
 As I was wont to do.

They sing Thy deeds, as I have sung,
 In sweet and solemn lays ;
 Were I among them, my glad tongue,
 Might learn new themes of praise.

For Thou art in their midst to teach,
 When on Thy name they call :
 And Thou hast blessings, Lord, for each,
 Hast blessings, Lord, for all.

I, of such fellowship bereft,
 In spirit turn to Thee ;
 Oh ! hast Thou not a blessing left,
 A blessing, Lord, for me ?

The dew lies thick upon the ground,
 Shall my poor fleece be dry ?
 The manna rains from heaven around ;
 Shall I of hunger die ?

Behold Thy prisoner ;—loose my bands,
 If 'tis Thy gracious will ;
 If not, contented in Thy hands,
 Behold Thy prisoner still !

I may not to Thy courts repair,
 Yet here Thou surely art ;
 Lord, consecrate a house of prayer
 In my surrender'd heart.

To faith reveal the things unseen ;
 To hope the joys untold :
 Let love, without a veil between,
 Thy glory now behold.

Oh, make Thy face on me to shine,
That doubt and fear may cease ;
Lift up Thy countenance benign
On me,—and give me peace.



THE HOLY SPIRIT INVOKED.

SPIRIT of power and might, behold
A world by sin destroy'd !
Creator Spirit ! as of old,
Move on the formless void.

Give Thou the word ; that healing sound
Shall quell the deadly strife
And earth again, like Eden crown'd,
Produce the tree of life.

If sang the morning stars with joy,
When nature rose to view,
What strains will angel-harps employ,
When Thou shalt all renew !

And if the sons of God rejoice
To hear a Saviour's name,
How will the ransom'd raise their voice,
To whom that Saviour came !

Lo ! every kindred, tongue, and tribe,
Assembled round the throne,
Thy new creation shall ascribe
To sovereign love alone.



REPENTANCE.

MERCY alone can meet my case ;
For mercy, Lord, I cry.
Jesus, Redeemer, show Thy face
In mercy, or I die.

Save me, for none beside can save.
At Thy command I tread,
With failing step, life's stormy wave ;—
The wave goes o'er my head.

I perish, and my doom were just ;
But wilt Thou leave me ?—No !
I hold Thee fast, my hope, my trust ;
I will not let Thee go.

Still sure to me Thy promise stands,
And ever must abide ;
Behold it written on Thy hands,
And graven in Thy side.

To this, this only will I cleave ;
Thy word is all my plea ;
That word is truth, and I believe :—
Have mercy, Lord, on me.

THE DEATH OF A PASTOR.

Rest from thy labour, rest,
Soul of the just set free !
Blest be thy memory, and blest
Thy bright example be.

Now, toil and conflict o'er,
Go, take with saints thy place :
But go as each has gone before,
A sinner saved by grace.

Lord Christ, into Thy hands,
Our pastor we resign ;
And now we wait Thine own commands,
We were not his, but Thine.

Thou art Thy Church's Head,
And when the members die,
Thou raisest others in their stead :
To Thee we lift our eye.

On Thee our hopes depend ;
We gather round our Rock :
Send whom Thou wilt ; but condescend
Thyself to feed Thy flock.

CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.

Come in, thou blessed of the Lord ;
Stranger nor foe art thou.
We welcome thee with warm accord,
Our friend, our brother now.

The hand of fellowship, the heart
Of love, we offer thee.
Leaving the world, thou dost but part
From lies and vanity.

The cup of blessing which we bless,
The heavenly bread we break,—
Our Saviour's blood and righteousness,—
Freely with us partake.

In weal or woe, in joy or care,
Thy portion shall be ours.
Christians their mutual burdens bear;
They lend their mutual powers.

Come with us; we will do the good,
As God to us hath done.
Stand but in Him, as those have stood,
Whose faith the victory won.

And when, by turns, we pass away,
As star by star grows dim,
May each, translated into day,
Be lost and found in Him.



SACRAMENTAL HYMN.

COMMUNION of my Saviour's blood,
In Him to have my lot and part;
To prove the virtue of that flood
Which burst on Calvary from His heart;

To feed by faith on Christ my bread,
His body broken on the tree;
To live in Him my living head,
Who died and rose again for me;—

This be my joy and comfort here,
This pledge of future glory mine.
Jesus, in spirit now appear,
And break the bread and pour the wine.

From Thy dear hand may I receive
The tokens of Thy dying love;
And, while I feast on earth, believe
That I shall feast with Thee above.

Ah! there, though in the lowest place,
Thee at Thy table could I meet,
And see Thee, know Thee, face to face,
For such a moment death were sweet.

What then will their fruition be,
 Who meet in heaven with blest accord?
 A moment?—No: eternity!
 They are for ever with the Lord.

CONSECRATION.

THIS stone to Thee in faith we lay;
 We build the temple; Lord, to Thee:
 Thine eye be open night and day,
 To guard this house and sanctuary.

Here, when Thy people seek Thy face,
 And dying sinners pray to live,
 Hear Thou, in heaven, Thy dwelling-place,
 And, when Thou hearest, oh, forgive!

Here, when Thy messengers proclaim
 The blessed Gospel of thy Son,
 Still, by the power of His great Name,
 Be mighty signs and wonders done.

Hosanna to their heavenly King!
 When children's voices raise that song,
 Hosanna let their angels sing,
 And heaven with earth the strain prolong.

But will, indeed, Jehovah deign
 Here to abide,—no transient guest?
 Here will the world's Redeemer reign?
 And here the Holy Spirit rest?

That glory never hence depart?
 Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone;
 Thy kingdom come to every heart;
 In every bosom fix Thy throne.

MEETING OF CHRIST'S MINISTERS.

Pour out Thy Spirit from on high;
 Lord, thine assembled servants bless;
 Graces and gifts to each supply,
 And clothe Thy priests with righteousness.

Within Thy temple, where we stand
 To teach the truth, as taught by Thee,
 Saviour, like stars in Thy right hand
 The angels of the churches be.

Wisdom and zeal and faith impart,
Firmness with meekness from above,
To bear Thy people on our heart,
And love the souls whom Thou dost love ;

To watch and pray, and never faint ;
By day and night strict guard to keep ;
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
Nourish Thy lambs, and feed Thy sheep.

Then, when our work is finish'd here,
In humble hope our charge resign.
When the Chief Shepherd shall appear,
O God, may they and we be Thine.

PSALMS,
METRICALLY PARAPHRASED.

PSALM I.

THRICE happy he who shuns the way
That leads ungodly men astray ;
Who fears to stand where sinners meet,
Nor with the scorner takes his seat.

The law of God is his delight ;
That cloud by day, that fire by night,
Shall be his comfort in distress,
And guide him through the wilderness.

His works shall prosper ;—he shall be
A fruitful, fair, unwithering tree,
That, planted where the river flows,
Nor drought, nor frost, nor mildew knows.

Not so the wicked ; they are cast
Like chaff upon the eddying blast ;
In judgment they shall quake for dread,
Nor with the righteous lift their head.

For God hath spied their secret path,
And they shall perish in His wrath ;
He, too, hath mark'd His people's road,
And brings them to His own abode.

PSALM III.

THE Tempter to my soul hath said,
“There is no help in God for thee ;”
Lord, lift Thou up Thy servant's head,
My glory, shield, and solace be.

Thus to the Lord I raised my cry ;
He heard me from His holy hill ;
At his command the waves roll'd by ;
He beckon'd, and the winds were still.

I laid me down and slept ;—I woke ;
 Thou, Lord ! my spirit didst sustain ;
 Bright from the east the morning broke,
 Thy comforts rose on me again.

I will not fear, though armed throngs
 Compass my steps in all their wrath ;
 Salvation to the Lord belongs ;
 His presence guards His people's path.

PSALM VIII.

O LORD our King, how excellent
 Thy name on earth is known !
 Thy glory in the firmament,
 How wonderfully shown !

Yet are the humble dear to Thee ;
 Thy praises are confess'd
 By infants lisping on the knee,
 And sucklings at the breast.

When I behold the heavens on high,
 The work of Thy right hand,
 The moon and stars amid the sky,—
 Thy lights in every land :

Lord, what is man, that Thou shouldst deign
 On him to set Thy love,
 Give him on earth awhile to reign,
 Then fill a throne above ?

O Lord, how excellent Thy name !
 How manifold thy ways !
 Let time Thy saving truth proclaim,
 Eternity, Thy praise.

PSALM XXVII.

GOD is my strong salvation,
 What fee have I to fear ?
 In darkness and temptation,
 My light, my help is near :

Though hosts encamp around me,
 Firm to the fight I stand :
 What terror can confound me,
 With God at my right hand ?

Place on the Lord reliance ;
 My soul, with courage wait ;
 His truth be thine affiance,
 When faint and desolate.
 His might thy heart shall strengthen,
 His love thy joy increase :
 Mercy thy days shall lengthen ;
 The Lord will give thee peace.



PSALM XLIII.

JUDGE me, Lord, in righteousness,
 Plead for me in my distress :
 Good and merciful Thou art ;
 Bind this bleeding, broken heart :
 Cast me not despairing hence,
 Be Thy love my confidence.

Send Thy light and truth to guide
 Me, too prone to turn aside,
 On Thy holy hill to rest,
 In Thy tabernacles blest ;
 There, to God, my chiefest joy,
 Praise shall all my powers employ.

Why, my soul, art thou dismay'd ?
 Why of earth or hell afraid ?
 Trust in God :—disdain to yield,
 While o'er thee He casts His shield,
 And His countenance divine
 Sheds the light of heaven on thine.



PSALM LXIII.

O GOD, Thou art my God alone :
 Early to Thee my soul shall cry ;
 A pilgrim in a land unknown,
 A thirsty land whose springs are dry.

Oh that it were as it hath been,
 When, praying in the holy place,
 Thy power and glory I have seen,
 And mark'd the footsteps of Thy grace !

Yet through this rough and thorny maze,
 I follow hard on Thee, my God :
 Thy hand, unseen, upholds my ways ;
 safely tread where Thou hast trod.

Thee, in the watches of the night,
 When I remember on my bed,
 Thy presence makes the darkness light :
 Thy guardian wings are round my head.

Better than life itself, Thy love,
 Dearer than all beside to me ;
 For whom have I in heaven above,
 Or what on earth, compared with Thee ?

Praise with my heart, my mind, my voice,
 For all Thy mercy I will give.
 My soul shall still in God rejoice ;
 My tongue shall bless Thee while I live.

PSALM LXXII.

HAIL to the Lord's Anointed !
 Great David's greater Son !
 Hail, in the time appointed,
 His reign on earth begun !
 He comes to break oppression,
 To set the captive free ;
 To take away transgression,
 And rule in equity.

He shall come down like showers
 Upon the fruitful earth ;
 And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
 Spring in His path to birth.
 Before Him, on the mountains,
 Shall peace, the herald, go ;
 And righteousness, in fountains,
 From hill to valley flow.

Arabia's desert-ranger
 To Him shall bow the knee ;
 The Ethiopian stranger
 His glory come to see :
 With offerings of devotion,
 Ships from the isles shall meet,
 To pour the wealth of ocean
 In tribute at His feet.

Kings shall fall down before Him,
 And gold and incense bring ;
 All nations shall adore Him,
 His praise all people sing :

For He shall have dominion
 O'er river, sea, and shore,
 Far as the eagle's pinion
 Or dove's light wing can soar.

For Him shall prayer unceasing
 And daily vows ascend ;
 His kingdom still increasing,—
 A kingdom without end.
 The mountain-dew shall nourish
 A seed in weakness sown,
 Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
 And shake like Lebanon.

O'er every foe victorious,
 He on His throne shall rest ;
 From age to age more glorious,
 All blessing and all bless'd.
 The tide of time shall never
 His covenant remove :
 His name shall stand for ever ;
 That name to us is—Love.



PSALM LXXVII.

In time of tribulation,
 Hear, Lord, my feeble cries.
 With humble supplication,
 To Thee my spirit flies.
 My heart with grief is breaking ;
 Scarce can my voice complain ;
 Mine eyes, with tears kept waking,
 Still watch and weep in vain.

The days of old, in vision,
 Bring vanish'd bliss to view :
 The years of lost fruition
 Their joys in pangs renew :
 Remember'd songs of gladness,
 Through night's lone silence brought,
 Strike notes of deeper sadness,
 And stir desponding thought.

Hath God cast off for ever ?
 Can time His truth impair ?
 His tender mercy, never
 Shall I presume to share ?
 Hath He His loving kindness
 Shut up in endless wrath ?
 No : this is mine own blindness,
 That cannot see His path.

MONTGOMERY'S TONES.

I call to recollection
The years of His right hand :
And strong in His protection,
Again through faith I stand.
Thy deeds, O Lord, are wonder ;
How are all Thy ways :
The secret place of thunder
Shall utter forth Thy praise.

PSALM CVII.

THANK and praise Jehovah's name :
For His mercies, true and sure,
From eternity the same,
To eternity endure.

Let the ransom'd thus rejoice,
Gather a host of every kind,
As the people of His choice,
Pluck'd from the destroyer's hand.

In the wilderness astray,
A thorn, a thicket, while they roam,
Heardst thou, panting on the way,
Far from refuge, shelter, home,—

Then unto the Lord they cry ;
He inclines a gracious ear,
Sends deliverance from on high,
Rescues them from all their fear.

To a pleasant land He brings,
Where the vine and olive grow,
Where from flowery hills the springs
Through luxuriant valleys flow.

Oh, that men would praise the Lord
For His goodness to their race :
For the wonders of His word,
And the riches of His grace.

PSALM CXXI.

SERVANTS of God, in joyful lays,
Sing ye the Lord Jehovah's praise :
His glorious name let all adore,
From age to age, for evermore.

Blest be that name, supremely blest,
 From the sun's rising to its rest.
 Above the heavens His power is known ;
 Through all the earth His goodness shown.

Who is like God ?—so great, so high,
 He bows Himself to view the sky ;
 And yet, with condescending grace,
 Looks down upon the human race.

He hears the uncomplaining moan
 Of those who sit and weep alone ;
 He lifts the mourner from the dust,
 And saves the poor in Him that trust.

Servants of God, in joyful lays,
 Sing ye the Lord Jehovah's praise :
 His saving name let all adore,
 From age to age, for evermore.



PSALM CXVI.

I LOVE the Lord : He lent an ear
 When I for help implored :
 He rescued me from all my fear ;
 Therefore I love the Lord.

Return, my soul, unto thy rest,
 From God no longer roam ;
 His hand hath bountifully blest,
 His goodness call'd thee home.

What shall I render unto Thee,
 My Saviour in distress,
 For all Thy benefits to me,
 So great and numberless ?

This will I do, for Thy love's sake,
 And thus Thy power proclaim :—
 Salvation's sacred cup I take,
 And call upon Thy name.

Thou God of covenanted grace,
 Hear, and record my vow,
 While in Thy courts I seek Thy face,
 And at Thine altar bow :

Henceforth to Thee myself I give,
 With single heart and eye,
 To walk before Thee while I live,
 And bless Thee when I die.

PSALM CXVII.

ALL ye Gentiles, praise the Lord ;
All ye lands, your voices raise :
Heaven and earth with loud accord,
Praise the Lord, for ever praise.

For His truth and mercy stand,
Past, and present, and to be,
Like the years of His right hand,
Like His own eternity.

Praise Him, ye who know His love ;
Praise Him from the depths beneath :
Praise Him in the heights above :
Praise your Maker, all that breathe.



PSALM CXXII.

GLAD was my heart to hear
My old companions say,
Come, in the house of God appear,
For 'tis a holy day.

Our willing feet shall stand
Within the temple-door ;
While young and old, in many a band,
Shall throng the sacred floor.

Thither the tribes repair,
Where all are wont to meet,
And, joyful in the house of prayer,
Bend at the mercy-seat.

Pray for Jerusalem,
The city of our God :
The Lord from heaven be kind to them
That love the dear abode !

Within these walls may peace
And harmony be found :
Zion, in all thy palaces,
Prosperity abound !

For friends and brethren dear,
Our prayer shall never cease :
Oft as they meet for worship here,
God send His people peace !

PSALM CXXXI.

LORD, for ever at Thy side,
Let my place and portion be ;
Strip me of the robe of pride,
Clothe me with humility.

Meekly may my soul receive
All Thy Spirit hath reveal'd ;
Thou hast spoken,—I believe,
Though the prophecy were seal'd.

Quiet as a weanèd child,
Weanèd from the mother's breast,
By no subtlety beguiled,
On Thy faithful word I rest.

Saints, rejoicing evermore,
In the Lord Jehovah trust ;
Him in all His ways adore,
Wise, and wonderful, and just.



PSALM CXXXII.

GOD in His temple let us meet ;
Low on our knees before Him bend ;
Here hath He fix'd His mercy-seat ;
Here on His Sabbath we attend.

Arise into Thy resting-place,
Thou, and Thine ark of strength, O Lord !
Shine through the veil ; we seek Thy face ;
Speak, for we hearken to Thy word.

With righteousness Thy priests array ;
Joyful Thy chosen people be ;
Let those who teach, and those who pray,
Let all be holiness to Thee.



PSALM CXXXVII.

WHERE Babylon's broad rivers roll,
In exile we sat down to weep ;
For thoughts of Zion o'er our soul
Came, like departed joys in sleep,
Whose forms to sad remembrance rise,
Though fled for ever from our eyes.

Our harps upon the willows hung,
Where, worn with toil, our limbs reclined ;
The chords untuned and trembling rung
With mournful music on the wind ;
While foes insulting o'er our wrongs,
Cried—"Sing us one of Zion's songs."

How can we sing the songs we love,
Far from our own delightful land ?
If I prefer thee not above
My chiefest joy, may this right hand,
Jerusalem ! forget its skill,
My tongue be dumb, my pulse be still.

PSALM CXLII.

I CRIED unto the Lord most just,
Most merciful, in prayer ;
I cried unto Him from the dust,
I told Him my despair.

When sunk my soul within me, then
Thou knewst the path I chose ;
Unharm'd I pass'd the spoiler's den,
I walk'd through ambush'd foes.

I look'd for friends, there was not one
In sorrow to condole ;
I look'd for refuge, there was none ;
None cared for my soul.

I cried unto the Lord : I said,
Thou art my refuge, Thou
My portion ; hasten to mine aid ;
Hear and deliver now.

Now, from the dungeon, from the grave,
Exalt Thy suppliant's head ;
Thy voice is freedom to the slave,
Revival to the dead.

NOTES.



WANDERER OF SWITZERLAND.

p. 1. On St. Gothard's hoary top.

St. Gothard is the name of the highest mountain in the Canton of Uri, the birthplace of Swiss independence.

p. 5. Drew his sword on Brunnen's plain.

Brunnen lies at the foot of the mountains, on the borders of the Lake of Uri, where the first Swiss patriots, Walter Furst, Werner Stauffacher, and Arnold of Melchthal, conspired against the tyranny of Austria in 1307.

p. 5. Thrice o'erthrew his country's foes.

On the plains of Morgarten, where the Swiss gained their first decisive victory over the force of Austria, and secured their independence.

p. 6. And through Sempach's iron field.

In this battle the Austrians presented so impenetrable a front with their projected spears, that the Swiss were repeatedly compelled to retire from the attack, till a native of Underwalden, named Arnold of Winkelried, commending his family to his countrymen, sprang upon the enemy, and burying as many of their spears as he could grasp, in his body, made a breach in their line; the Swiss rushed in, and routed the Austrians with a terrible slaughter.

p. 7. As they sank beneath the flood.

The French made their first attack on the valley of Underwalden from the lake; but, after a desperate conflict, they were victoriously repelled, and two of their vessels, containing five hundred men, perished in the engagement.

p. 9. *When the huge Lavanges break.*

The Lavanges are tremendous torrents of melting snow that tumble from the tops of the Alps, and deluge all the country before them.

p. 18. *From the famine-wasted North.*

There is a tradition among the Swiss, that they are descended from the ancient Scandinavians; among whom, in a remote age, there arose so grievous a famine, that it was determined, in the assembly of the nation, every tenth man and his family should quit their country, and seek a new possession. Six thousand, chosen by lot, thus emigrated at once from the north, and afterwards peopled and cultivated the cantons of Uri and Unterwalden.

THE WEST INDIES.

p. 26. *An Eastern plant engrafted on the soil.*

The cane is said to have been first transplanted from Madeira to the Brazils by the Portuguese, and afterwards introduced by the Spaniards into the Caribbee Islands.

p. 33. *The earth-devouring anguish of despair.*

The Negroes sometimes, in deep and irrecoverable melancholy, waste themselves away, by secretly swallowing large quantities of earth. It is remarkable that "earth-eating," as it is called, is an infectious, and even a social malady: plantations have been occasionally almost depopulated, by the slaves, with one consent, betaking themselves to this strange practice, which speedily brings them to a miserable and premature end.

p. 36. *Leagued with rapacious rovers of the main,
Hayti's barbarian hunters harass'd Spain.*

Alluding to the freebooters and buccaneers who infested the Caribbean seas during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and were equally renowned for their valour and brutality.

p. 35. *Nor in the majesty of storms alone, &c.*

For minute and afflicting details of the origin and progress of the yellow fever in an individual subject, see Dr. Pinkard's *Notes on the West Indies*, Vol. III., particularly Letter XII., in which the writer, from experience, describes its horrors and sufferings.

p. 38. *When Sharpe, on proud Britannia's charter'd shore.*

Granville Sharpe, after a struggle of many years against authority and precedent, established in our courts of justice the law of the Constitution, that there are no slaves in England, and that the fact of a Negro being found in this country is of itself a proof that he is a freeman.

GREENLAND.

p. 116. *Such emanating splendours fill the air.*

The Geysers, or boiling-fountains of Iceland, have been so frequently and so happily described, that their phenomena are sufficiently familiar to general readers not to require any particular illustration here. The Great Geyser, according to Dr. Henderson (the latest traveller who has published an account of Iceland), is seventy-eight feet in perpendicular depth, and from eight to ten feet in diameter: the mouth is a considerable basin, from which the column of boiling water is ejaculated to various heights, sometimes exceeding one hundred feet.

p. 117. *Those cliffs, these waters, shall be sought in vain.*

This imaginary prophecy (1733) was fulfilled just fifty years afterwards, in 1783. The *Schapta*, *Schaptka*, or *Skaftar Yokul*, and its adjacencies, were the subjects of the most tremendous volcanic devastation on record.

p. 120. *Were here becalm'd in everlasting space.*

The incidents described in this canto are founded upon the real events of the voyage of the missionaries, as given in Crantz's History.

p. 127. *The Ice-Blink rears its undulated head.*

The term Ice-Blink is generally applied by our mariners to the nocturnal illumination in the heavens which denotes to them the proximity of ice mountains. In this place a description is attempted of the most stupendous accumulation of ice in the known world, which has been long distinguished under this peculiar name by the Danish navigators.

p. 131. *Of that bright virgin thrond in the west.*

An Icelander, named Bioern, in the year 1001, following his father, who had emigrated to Greenland, is said to have been driven by a storm to the south-west, where he discovered a fine champaign country covered with forests. He did not tarry long there, but made the best of his way back again, north-east, for Greenland, which he reached in safety. The tidings of his adventure being rumoured abroad there, one Leif, the son of Eric the Red, a famous navigator, being ambitious of acquiring fame by discovering and planting new lands, fitted out a vessel, with thirty-five men, and sailed with Bioern on board, in search of the south-west country. They arrived in due time, at a low woody coast, and sailed up a river to a spacious lake, which communicated by it with the sea. The soil was exceedingly fruitful, the waters abounded with fish, particularly salmon, and the climate was mild. Leif and his party wintered there, and observed that on the shortest day the sun rose about eight o'clock, which may correspond with the forty-ninth degree of latitude, and denotes the situation of Newfoundland, or the river St. Lawrence in Canada. When they had built their huts after landing, they one day missed a German mariner named Tyrker, whom, after a long search, they found in the woods, dancing with

delight. On being asked what made him so merry, he answered, that he had been eating such grapes of which wine was made in his native country. When Leif saw and tasted the fruit himself, he called the new region Vinland, or Wineland. Crantz, who gives this account on various authorities, adds in a note, that well-favoured wild grapes are known to grow in the forests of Canada, but no good wine has been produced from them. After the return of Leif to Greenland, many voyages were undertaken to Wineland, and some colonies established there. One Thorfin, an Icelfander, who had married a Greenland heiress, Gudrid, the widow of the third son of Eric the Red, by whom he obtained the inheritance of Wineland, ventured thither with sixty-five men and five women; taking cattle and implements of husbandry with them, for the purpose of building and planting. The natives (probably the Esquimaux), found them thus settled, and were glad to barter with their furs and skins in exchange for iron implements, &c. One of these barbarians, however, having stolen an axe, was dolt enough to try its edge on his companion's skull, which cost the poor wretch his life; whereupon a third, wiser than either, threw the murderous weapon into the sea.

Commerce with Wineland is reported to have been carried on for upwards of a hundred years afterwards.

p. 143.

That crisis comes: the wafted fuel fails.

Greenland has been supplied with fuel, from time immemorial, brought by the tide from the northern shores of Asia, and other regions, probably even from California and the coast of America towards Behring's Straits. This annual provision, however, has gradually been decreasing for some years past (being partly intercepted by the accumulation of ice) on the shores of modern Greenland, towards Davis's Straits. Should it fail altogether, that country (like the east) must become uninhabitable; as natives themselves employ wood in the construction of their houses, their boats, and their implements of fishing, hunting, and shooting, and could not find any adequate substitute for it at home.

p. 144.

Till the Black Death through all the region reigns.

The depopulation of Old Greenland is supposed to have been greatly accelerated by the introduction of the plague, which, under the name of the *Black Death*, made dreadful havoc throughout Europe towards the close of the fourteenth century.

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